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From the original painting by B. B. B.

The Duke of Rutland's Cadland and His Majesty's horse Colonel, racing at Epsom for the Derby of 1828.
By permission of Leopold de Rothschild, Esq.

A HISTORY OF
THE
ENGLISH TURF

BY
THEODORE ANDREA COOK, M.A., F.S.A.

"If I were to begin life again I would go on the Turf to get friends. They seem to me the only people who really hold close together. I don't know why; it may be that each knows something that might hang the other, but the effect is delightful and most peculiar."—*Harriet, Lady Ashburton, to Lord Houghton.*

With Illustrations

VOL. II.



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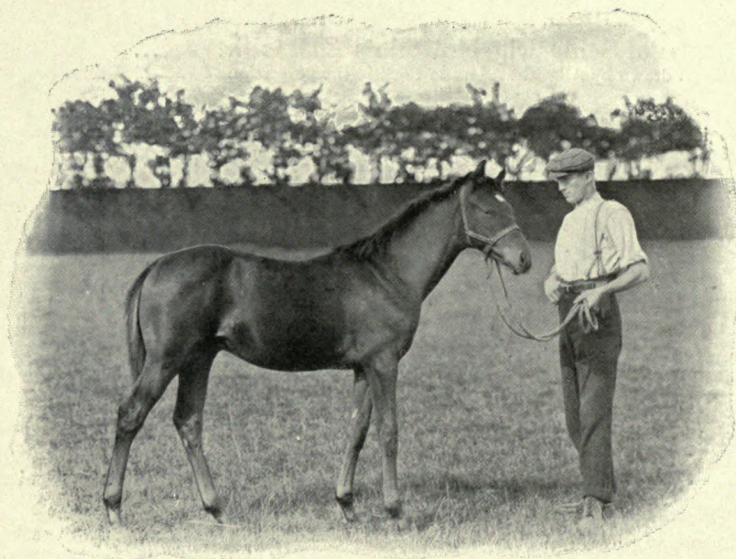
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By permission of
His Majesty the King.

Colt by "Orme" out of "Leveret,"
at the Sandringham Stud (September, 1901).



A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH TURF.

CHAPTER X.

THE JOCKEY CLUB IN THE DAYS OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

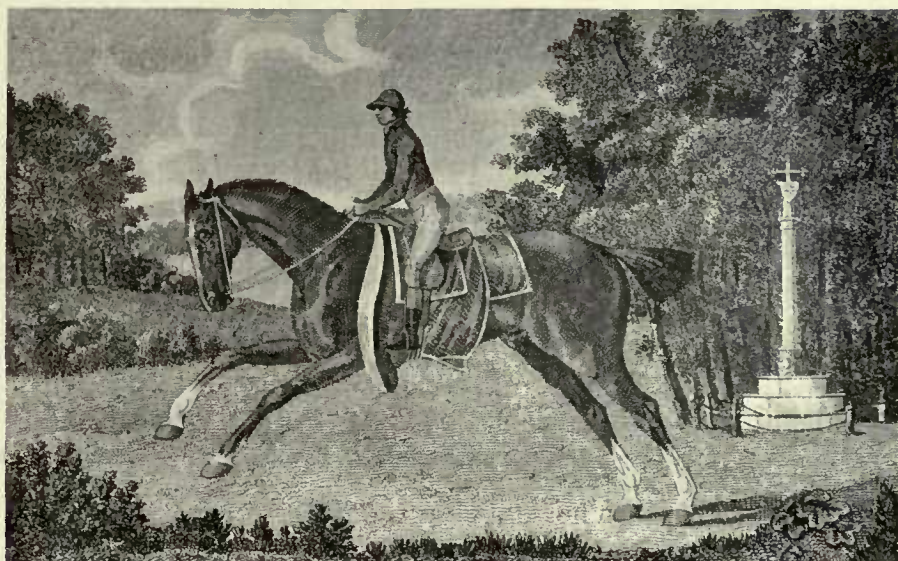
"Nobiles, tyrannosque et principes, omnes filios Assyriorum, juvenes forma egregia, duces et magistratus universos, principes principum, et nominatos ascensores equorum."

IN the second half of the eighteenth century we find the Turf illuminated with some of the greatest, and many of the most famous, names in our history. Some of these names, moreover, are useful to the historian of manners as connecting the middle of the eighteenth century with the beginning of the nineteenth. Sir Charles Bunbury, for example, was a famous figure on the Turf and about Town for sixty years : he was eighty when he died in 1821. "Old Q." lived as long a life ; and when nearer ninety than eighty years of age he was still wallowing in wealth and wickedness, and regarded by many as one whom it was scarcely decent to name because he refused, out of deference to public opinion in 1808, to discontinue a mode of existence which had been a thing of course among the men of 1768. Such names as these carry us from the days when George III. was a cheerful young King to those of the Prince's retirement from the Turf after the incident of Sam Chisney and *Escape*. In all this time there was a regular racing set as there is now. It was not, as in Charles II.'s time, dependent on the taste of a monarch. The King, or his brothers, or his sons, might go or stay away, but my Lord March and Sir Charles Bunbury would be there



King George III.
By permission of Walker & Boutall.

all the same. These were essentially racing men in the sense that racing came first in their lives. In Sir Charles's case there was little or nothing else. In Lord March's there was the opera, with its Zamperini and Rena, and the rest of his interesting friends. But all the same he made a very strict business of the Turf, and his example alone, as that of the greatest "parti" in England, would have ensured that the sport should be fashionable. With him went his friends, the set which corresponded with George Selwyn and formed Horace Walpole's "out of Town" party at Strawberry Hill—Tony Storer, "the bon ton," and Gilly Williams. The name of George Selwyn is beneath the Jockey Club Resolutions of 1767, and his West Indian property and official sinecure in Barbados would have enabled him to



By permission of Mr. Somerville Tattersall.

The Earl of Upper Ossory's "Dorimant,"
by "Otho," dam by "Babraham." (1772.)

race had he cared to do so. But no horse was ever entered in his name, and he was quite unable even to show a French visitor round Newmarket. He was far more interested in the sight (in 1733) of the aged Madame de Quérrouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, who preserved the memory of Stuart dissipations till she was nearly ninety; and it is certainly a thousand pities that the lively pictures of Newmarket which he or Horace Walpole could have written, had they been really interested in it, are not ours to read.

There was material enough, for the Turf then, as now, was heterogeneous in its elements. After the regular racing set came that brilliant company which went racing because it went everywhere, and was keen about racing because it was keen about

everything, which brought with it, more than the others, the flavour of a various life and rushed over from Paris to attend a race meeting before hurrying back to London to upset a Ministry. Of this set Charles Fox was the centre, elegant in his youth as a Macaroni, fat and a trifle slovenly as he grew older, with his great black brows, and big wicked good-natured eyes. With him was that "admirable Crichton," Richard Fitzpatrick, his greatest friend, a dashing soldier, an irresistible spendthrift, and brother to the Earl of Upper Ossory, who bred and owned the chestnut *Dorimant*, by *Otho*, one of the finest horses ever raced. *Dorimant* won the "Great Sweep" of 1776, which was worth 5,200 guineas, four hundred less than *Grey Robin's* next year, but twice as much as *Highflyer's* two years afterwards. The same owner's *Comus* was a bay son of *Otho*, who had been purchased from Mr. "Jockey" Vernon. The title is still preserved in the name of the *Ossory Chestnut Arabian*, which stood at Ampthill, in Bedfordshire. With Richard Fitzpatrick and Charles Fox went the "Hare of many friends," and Lord "Bully," the great Bolingbroke's nephew, and many another brilliant creature who helped to give its distinctive character to that roaring, vigorous, unscrupulous, virile time. "Bully" was divorced from the lady who afterwards became Lady Di Beauclerc, and was "thought to be too much in the graces of the beautiful Coventry." He owned *Paymaster* (by *Blank*), and *Highflyer* (by *Herod*), who had been bred by Sir Charles Bunbury and was afterwards sold to Mr. Tattersall. His name is also illustrated by the *Bolingbroke Grey Arabian*, sometimes called the *Coombe Arabian*, and by that *Bay Arabian* which won a race (B. C. 8st. 7lbs.) at Newmarket "for African and Arabian horses" at the Second October Meeting in 1771.

The ladies of this same set were rather a mixture, too. Great ladies were there, fond of horses, or in the wake of husbands, actual or prospective; and Italian dancers were there, chiefly in the wake of Lord March, who would drive them from town "for the sake of the fresh air." Then came the fashionable blacklegs who were not found out, who belonged to White's or Brooks's, and whom Charles Fox and his friends called "the hounds." Dimly in the background we imagine the common adventurers who had an easier time than now. One modern feature was absent. The professional bookmaker had not arisen in his vociferous glory, and the professional backer was as yet only sketched in the universal brain of Charles Fox, who once, in a late sitting at White's, "planned out a kind of itinerant trade" (Selwyn is writing to Lord Carlisle), "which was going from horse-race to horse-race, and so by knowing the value and speed of all the horses in England to acquire a certain fortune." But neither in that trade nor in any other was a "certain fortune"

to be acquired by Charles Fox. At Brooks's they were betting £500 to ten guineas that he would never be worth £100,000 clear of debts. They betted, in fact, on everything—on the Colonies, on the French, at Macao, at Quinze, at Hazard, on deaths, on births, on appointments, on elections; but it is significant that the first wager recorded is Lord Bateman's ten guineas to General Conway on Lord Bolingbroke's colt (1771). Four years afterwards Mr. Codrington laid a hundred guineas even money against *Priestess* in the match with *Bacchus*. In 1776 Mr. Panton has another hundred with Mr. Pigot on *Bellerophon*. Two years later Lord Derby bets Mr. Hanger fifty on his filly by *Herod* out of a *Snap* mare. Lord March's wagers were chiefly connected with the stud. He wagers, for instance, in 1773, that the *Godolphin*



Mr. Wilson's "Creeper" by "Tandem" out of
"Harriet" by "Matchem." (1786.)
By permission of Mr. Somerville Tattersall.

Arabian and not *Bay Bolton* was the sire of *Mogul*, and, with a curiously persistent suspicion, that *Bay Bolton* was not the sire of *Whistlejacket*. In August, 1750, his lordship netted (among many other hauls) fifty guineas which Colonel Waldegrave (with whom Lord Anson went halves) laid against the famous Chaise match, at White's; and a month later Mr. Taafe is trying to get some of his money back by wagering two hundred that "the horse Mr. T. bought of the D. of Richmond's groom by the name of *Silverlocks* wins two plates of £50 value or upwards in three years." In 1751, also at White's, for his lordship is quite impartial in his favours, Lord March takes fifty guineas from Colonel Vane that the horse to which Mr. Vernon gives a stone in October, in the match with Lord Trentham, wins, play or pay; and another

twenty (in 1753) from Colonel Mostyn that Lord Rockingham's horse *Scampsonade* beats Lord Northumberland's. Three years later Mr. Fanquier bets Sir John Moore ten guineas that Mr. Shafto has not so many horses in training in April, 1767, as he had at the time of the Duke of Cumberland's death. These are flakes of froth upon the surface of the torrent of gambling on every conceivable subject. The ivory counters, valued from 10s. 6d. to 500 guineas apiece, are still preserved, which tell a sufficiently plain tale, even if the records of the time were not there to make it clear enough.

It was not merely the idle, or the youthful, or the foolish, who provided the prodigious frivolity of the eighteenth century. Men of strong intellect, of refined cultivation, of age and high standing, lived openly in England all their lives as a man nowadays would be ashamed to live a week at Monte Carlo. The Duke of Grafton took a mistress to Ascot Races whom he was accused of having picked up in the street. Junius himself could not do justice to the vices of Lord Sandwich. And when these, with such fit compeers as Sir Francis Dashwood or Lord George Sackville, were in office, it became abundantly clear that personal morality was nothing but a party question, and virtue bowed to the convenience of a salary. Yet apart from such ethical considerations, no more desirable lot could well have been imagined than that a man should have been born into that aristocracy at a moment in its culminating vigour, which can only be compared to the days of Alcibiades at Athens or of Mark Antony at Rome. It is at such epochs as any of these three that life has been enjoyed most keenly, and that literature most brilliantly reflects it. Strongly based within its borders that society could safely permit absolute liberty of thought and speech; for its members were numerous enough to argue that their own interests were those of the State, and privileged enough to get the best of everything. The world, in fact, was made for them, and while they cared nothing whatsoever for all beyond the pale, they bestowed an amount of attention on themselves which is inconceivable in days when money counts for more than blood. They enjoyed, too, in their little sallies against each other's failings, a success which only Aristophanes or Juvenal had had before them. Every shot told, for everyone knew everything about everybody else. Unable to surprise, writers were content to amuse. Not having the necessity to work for its living, society was delighted to gamble for it, and England became one vast Casino, the headquarters of which were moved from Bath to St. James's about the end of George II.'s reign. "I could not tell you a teaspoonful of news," writes



*Sir Charles Bunbury,
Owner of "Diomed" and "Eleanor."*

Horace Walpole ; "I could tell you what was trumps, but that was all I heard." In 1765 Lord March wrote to Selwyn : "When I came home last night I found your letter on my table. So you have lost a thousand pounds. . . . As to your banker, I will call there to-morrow." "Old Q." had his good points. Eventually Selwyn gave up gambling for high stakes, but not before he had tried to fleece Wilberforce. The strain upon friendship must often have been excessive. But Charles Fox went through it without losing a single moment of affection.

One interesting example of an "outside interest" is preserved in the bet which Sir Charles Bunbury made with Lord Carmarthen at Brooks's, of five guineas to



Sir Charles Bunbury's "Eleanor"
by "Whiskey." (1798.)

five hundred, "if, on the 24th November, 1785, we are not fighting France, Spain, and America, and Lord North First Lord of the Treasury." Of Sir Charles's younger days there is little to say. One or two letters written to George Selwyn from Spa show merely the good-humoured young man of pleasure who liked to chaff his friends.

He raced from the time he was twenty-three, for his estate at Great Barton, near Mildenhall, was within easy distance of Newmarket ; and from the day when he appears as a Steward of the Jockey Club, in 1768, he became a kind of permanent president of that famous institution, a position he thoroughly earned by creating various records on the English Turf which can never, in the nature of things, be

eclipsed. For he won the first Derby with *Diomed*, he was the first to win both Derby and Oaks with the same mare, *Eleanor*, and he was the first to win both Derby and Two Thousand with the same horse, *Smolensko*. A great friend of the Duke of York, Sir Charles Bunbury was first taught the mysteries of the Turf by Mr. Crofts of Norfolk (owner of *Brilliant* by *Old Crab*). The first good horse he owned was *Bellarion*, who always ran second to *Eclipse*. In breeding he was not very successful, except in the case of *Young Giantess*, from whom and *Whiskey* was descended *Eleanor*. With Mr. Ralph Dutton and the polite Thomas Panton he had, as Steward, the disagreeable duty of taking action in the *Escape* incident, of which I shall have more to say later; but the delicacy of the proceedings may be imagined from the fact that Sir Charles's famous *Eleanor* was once beaten by a common plater at Huntington (10 to 1 on "*Eleanor*"), and next week she beat a first-rate horse at Egham (10 to 1 on "*Bobadil*"). I have hitherto failed to discover any greater proof than this against the Prince of Wales. That Sir Charles did not introduce two-year-old racing will be clear to every reader of my First Volume. But he certainly countenanced it; and though the course called after him at Newmarket was never associated either with that, or with the infinitely worse yearling races, Sir Charles cannot be excused (any more than his contemporary members of the Jockey Club) the blame of allowing yearlings to run at Newmarket. His well-known gentleness to all horses in training may possibly be taken as the explanation of the short-distance races he also favoured; but, on the whole, it is difficult to believe that his influence and his undoubted integrity were not exercised in a generally beneficial manner upon a sport which he fostered not only directly in England but, through the *Lexington* strain of *Diomed*, in America as well.

But besides the undying reputation of having been the first to win the Derby, he enjoyed a distinction which, to be sure, is one of the greatest that can attach to any man, on the Turf or not: he married the most beautiful woman in England. Sir Joshua's portrait of Lady Sarah Bunbury is the portrait of a woman not only extraordinarily beautiful, but possessed of spirit and character. She was the youngest daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, and sister of the lady who eloped with Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, and consequently the aunt of Charles, though about his age, as may be seen in the interesting group I have reproduced which shows them both at Holland House with Lady Susan Fox-Strangways. The best-known circumstance of her life is that George the Third wanted to marry her, but



she has an even greater claim to an immortal place in English History, for, after being divorced from Sir Charles Bunbury she married the Hon. George Napier and became the mother of General Sir Charles James Napier, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief in India; of General Sir George Thomas Napier, K.C.B.; and of General Sir William Francis Napier, K.C.B., author of "The History of the Peninsular War." It was no doubt largely owing to the services of their father that Lady Sarah obtained, in 1805, the pension of £800 she so much needed, through the help of Mr. Pitt and Lady Hester Stanhope. Her correspondence was given to the world as I was writing these lines, and I am therefore tempted to follow her fortunes just a little further before I leave the men and women of the eighteenth-century Turf in order to look rather more closely, in the next chapter, at their horses. Many were the men she fascinated; among them, Lord William Gordon, and that good, kindly, chivalrous young nobleman, Lord Carlisle, who was one of Fox's greatest friends and most staunch allies, who was a member of the Jockey Club when he was two-and-twenty, and who had the love of the Turf transmitted to his veins from the family of which Bernard Howard was the ornament, in the Stuart days. Carlisle's constant pecuniary advances to "Charles" crippled his finances more than any extravagances of his own had been able to do, on the Turf or off it; but it was owing to his membership of the Jockey Club that we indirectly learn some information about Lady Sarah Bunbury at Newmarket during her first years as Sir Charles's wife; for Lord Holland wrote to her some playful verses on the subject of Carlisle's passion, in imitation of Horace's "*Lydia, dic per omnes*":—

"Sally, Sally, don't deny,
 But for God's sake tell me why
 You have flirted so to spoil
 That once lively youth Carlisle?
 * * * *
 Manly exercise and sport,
 Hunting and the tennis court,
 And riding school no more divert.
 Newmarket does, for there you flirt."

It is clear from all the family records that her return to Goodwood House in 1769, after the episode of her flight with Lord William Gordon, was the beginning of a very different life to that of the young and high-spirited girl who had married Sir Charles Bunbury after so nearly becoming Queen of England. She never entered Sir Charles's house again, and lived in comparative seclusion till George Napier insisted on marrying her after the divorce of 1776. Sir Charles behaved admirably,

under most trying circumstances, towards Lady Sarah. "Why should not I?" said he, "you know I'm not apt to bear malice." It is quite possible that he was more attracted by the Turf than by the prospect of continual homage, even to the most beautiful woman in England. To Lady Susan Fox-Strangways, her constant friend, who afterwards became Lady Susan O'Brien, Lady Sarah writes from Barton in October, 1762: "I must now tell you about Newmarket while it is in my head. . . . The Duke [of Cumberland] won two matches, and the Duke of Grafton a plate with a vile horse. *Magpie* ran and was beat. I saw him and his horses in the morning, 'tis a dear soul; I lost my money." Ten days afterwards she writes



"*Hylas*." (1770- ?)

again: "Lord Ossory [John Fitzpatrick, second Earl of Upper Ossory] is with us, and went to the assembly, he is an agreeable, sensible man, and I like him vastly. . . . I danced with Lord Petre, and he is a nasty toad. . . . You need not have envied me, for my devil of a horse is as lame as a dog, and Mr. B. has been coursing, hunting, and doing every pleasant thing upon earth, and poor me sat fretting and fuming at home with Lady Rosse." This looks like "the little rift." But she refused to acknowledge it, and on October 16th, 1763, she writes again from Barton to the same *confidante*: "Pray now, who the devil would not be happy with a pretty place, a good house, good horses, greyhounds, etc., for hunting, so near Newmarket, what company we please in the house, and £2,000 a year to spend

(which we then should have clear)? . . . Newmarket was charming, all the charming men were there. Dear Mr. Meynell lost sums of money on a horse of my brother's, beat by the little mare *Hermione* of Mr. Calvert; its name was *Goodwood*, and got by *Brilliant*; but I hear he has made up all his losses again at cards at Euston, where the Duke and all the Newmarket folks are; he, a fat wretch, has won everything on earth; poor dear Mr. Greville has lost; Sir John Moore has lost near £5,000 between quinze and horses. Lord Orford has taken to hawking larks . . . poor Lord Rockingham was there." Again on July 12th, 1765, she writes from Barton: "There was a meeting of two days at Newmarket this time of year, to see the sweetest little horse run that ever was; his name is *Gimcrack*, he is delightful. Lord



By permission of Sir Walter Gilbey.

"*Gimcrack*." (1760.)

Rockingham, the Duke of Grafton, and General Conway kissed hands the day *Gimcrack* ran. I must say I was more anxious about the horse than the Ministry."

Among the racing ladies whom Lady Sarah would be likely to meet when she was Sir Charles Bunbury's wife, and to hear of when she was a quiet matron, were Lady Cra-

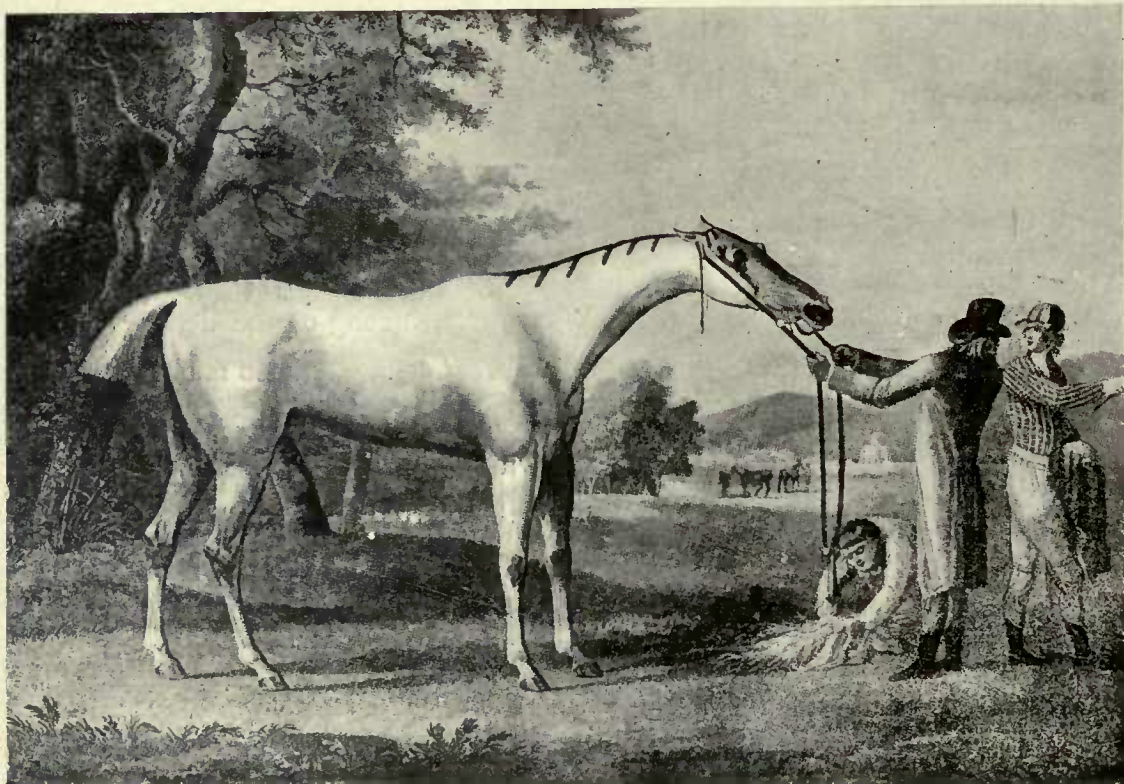
ven (the Margravine of Anspach), the Countess of Northumberland, Lady Catherine Powlett, Lady Bampfylde, Miss Nancy Forster, Miss Martindale, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Essex; and in slightly later years, the lovely Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Williamson, Lady Haggerstone, and the Duchess of Grafton; until at the beginning of the nineteenth century appeared Lady Shelley, and the Miss Alicia Meynell, known as Mrs. Thornton, who rode the famous matches against Captain Flint and Francis Buckle. With this last amazon seems to have begun a period when the ladies of the Turf were both more numerous and less exclusive, and though there was certainly a kind of interregnum during which the best of the fair sex were conspicuous by their absence, that

momentary whim of fashion was amply compensated for by the unparalleled devotion of ladies of the present day to racing in every shape and form, a devotion which Lady Sarah Bunbury's set would have found it as difficult to understand as to forgive.

King George the Third's reason for liking Lady Sarah, apart from her beauty, was, as he told a friend, "because she spoke her mind so frankly and was utterly devoid of guile," a quality which is obvious even from the few extracts of her letters for which I have space here. They throw a better sidelight on details in those times than almost any I have read. In May, 1782, for instance, she tells us: "I am very well, in spite of the influenza, for so general an illness has never been known here in the memory of man." Or again, in September, 1783: "I can tell you no news except that you must sew some black penny ribbon upon every ribbon and gown you have of whatever colour, and say it is '*à la* Malbrook,' as Louisa Bunbury is now doing on an old bonnet; for if you are not '*à la* Malbrook' you are nothing. The reason? Why, the Dauphine's nurse sung a Flemish song of the death of y^e D. of M., and in it his page announces it to y^e Dss., *tout en noir*, and so must your ribbons be." Here and there, too, we hear of Charles James Fox, her constant friend, of his gallantries with Mrs. Robinson, better known as "Perdita," at Sadler's Wells; of the last three comrades whose company he preferred when he was dying—Lord Fitzwilliam, Richard Fitzpatrick, and Lord John Townshend; of his death, holding his wife's hand to the end, and murmuring at the last, to comfort her, "It don't signify, my dearest, dearest Liz."

"I rise at six," wrote Carlisle to Selwyn, from Spa, presumably before the sad results Lord Holland noted, "play at cricket till dinner, and dance in the evening till I can scarcely crawl to bed at eleven. There is a life for you! You get up at nine; play with Raton your dog till twelve in your dressing-gown; then creep down to White's; are five hours at table; sleep till supper-time; and then make two wretches carry you in a sedan-chair, with three pints of claret in you, three miles for a shilling." There was more variety, at all events, in the career which "Old Q." marked out for himself from early youth. From his earliest days, as Earl of March and Ruglen, he is the type of the persistent seeker after pleasure, without scruples, and without the slightest regard for public opinion. The legends of him are awful. But the really most remarkable thing about him is that he brought to this pursuit a quality of hard reasonableness and common sense which seldom go with it. Even as a young man he betrays this in his letters. They are matter of fact, practical, curt.

They have a sort of coldness about them which is rather the coldness of the hard man of business than the selfishness of the profligate, who is more often than not a sentimentalist (like George the Fourth) when he writes to his friends. There is nothing of that sort about "Old Q." Everything with him is matter of fact, and his humour is chiefly shown in grim sneers at people who were not of the same temperament. He had no sympathy with Selwyn's devotion to the child Mie-Mie, the daughter of the Marchesa Fagniani, and plainly told him he was a fool to mix himself



*Sir Charles Bunbury's "Grey Diomed" (1785)
by "Diomed" out of "Grey Dorimant."*

up with that family. Yet all the evidence goes to show that "Old Q." himself was the child's father. He was interested in politics to the extent of continually noting in his letters who was to have this or that place, which from his point of view was all that a man of his class needed to concern himself with. As to the Turf, I have already given instances of his riding his own horses, and it may be well here to add what "Chillaby" Jennings wrote after losing several bets with him. Henry Constantine Jennings, of Shiplake, had Royal blood in his veins, and received the nickname just mentioned from the fact that he was rash enough to match the future

produce of his *Chillaby Arabian* and certain brood mares against the stock to be produced at the same period by breeders of far more knowledge and astuteness than himself. The only colt who proved of any good was Mr. T. Douglas's *Emetic*, winner of the 1,200 guineas subscription at Newmarket; and the "mad Arabian" proved so savage that he was sent to Mr. Hughes's Circus in St. George's Fields. Mr. Jennings was also famous for the antique carving he had bought, which was known as the Dog of Alcibiades. But neither his taste for art nor his knowledge of blood-stock was sufficient to enable him to keep his fortune. He recognised this frankly enough. "Queensberry," said he, "was always honourable in his bets, only he was a far better jockey than any of us." "Old Q.'s" letters to Selwyn almost invariably contain news of his racing projects, of his winnings and losings. In one of them (in 1766) he writes from Newmarket, "Bully, Wilmington, and myself are left here to reflect coolly on our losses and the nonsense of keeping running-horses." But Jesse is wrong in saying that he retired from the Turf when he succeeded to the Dukedom in his fifty-fourth year. Jesse had not seen those letters from Selwyn to Lord Carlisle which the Historical Manuscripts Commission recently published. They mention the Duke's racing at a much later date, *e.g.* in August, 1789, Selwyn writes from Richmond: "I did not come hither till to-day



"Old Q."

because I was resolved to stay to see the Duke set out, which he did this morning for Newmarket, from whence he goes with his doctor to York. He said that he should not go to Castle Howard, which I looked upon as certain, as that the Princes would be there. It would have been in vain to have held out to him the temptation of seeing his god-daughter, and I knew that if I had suggested it he would have laughed at me, which would have made me angry." Another instance of "Old Q.'s" half humorous insensibility is his saying to Wilberforce of the

Thames at Richmond : " I can't see what they admire in this river. There it goes, flow, flow, all the day long." His portrait in advanced age shows a hard, humorous, clever old face, with a touch of Voltaire in it. His manners are said to have been perfect to the end. He is buried—*credite posteri!*—beneath the altar of St. James's Church, Piccadilly, where, let us hope, he rests in peace.

If " Old Q." was a granite rock of self-indulgence, Charles James Fox was a rushing torrent. I have no space here—even if it had not been done so well before by



Charles James Fox.

Sir George Trevelyan and the Rev. William Hunt—to give an adequate account, even on his social side alone, of this the most remarkable Englishman of his century. He had genius of intellect and genius of temperament both. He had great knowledge, though not wisdom, in affairs, and a splendid eloquence. He had taste and scholarship and loved his books ; he had a quick and deep sympathy with others ; he could feel very strong

affection ; he was an all-round sportsman. An inveterate gambler, and *volage* to the core, he half ruined his family and many of his friends, and drank as hard as any of them. Rochester's epigram on his ancestor Charles the Second (whom he resembled in more points than his face) applied most accurately to Charles himself. Only a society so secure and so intimately connected as that into which he had the good luck to be born would have tolerated his social and political excesses. Allowing for them and for the injury he did his friends in money matters we must admit that Fox was the best-loved man of his day. He passed at once beyond barriers over

which Burke and Sheridan never stepped, and did not seek admission to the highest circle because he was a part of it from the first. He was "Charles" to all the world, including George, Prince of Wales, which, when we remember his immeasurable superiority in intellect to the great majority of his contemporaries, is much; for it is easier to forgive many faults than that pre-eminence. What a life it was! Enjoying the most that London and Paris could give him; deep in a classic and loth to be called away; moving the House of Commons, or a mob, as no one else could move them, and going back to Brooks's to keep the bank at Faro; contentedly potting partridges or losing thousands at Newmarket. "Charles," writes Hare to Carlisle in December,

1781, "in the October Meeting lost about £10,000, the greatest part of it in Races and the rest to General Smith at Picquet." Most of it was unwise, but "damme! it was life" indeed. Much of it was inevitable in a period when people entered politics not because they were rich, but because they wanted to become so. The men who were spurred forward by far

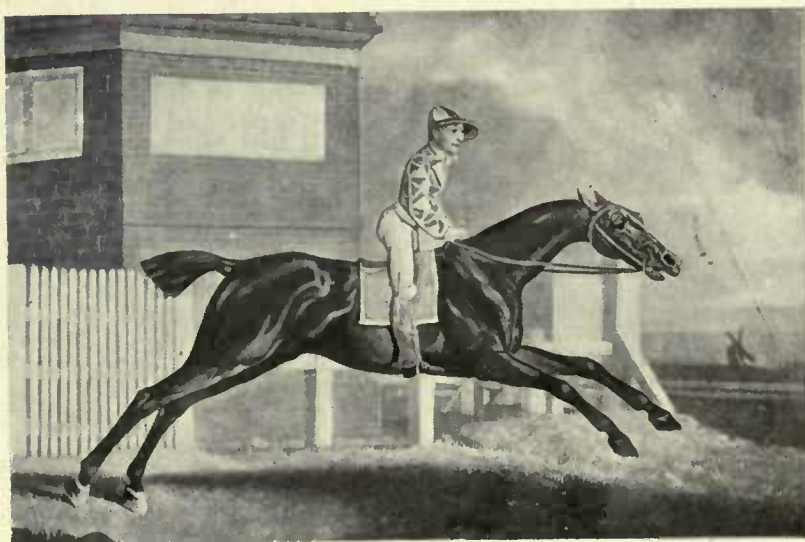


*The Rt. Hon. C. J. Fox's
"Pyrrhus." (1767.)*

sharper incentives and temptations than are ours, are entitled to a far higher credit when they held a straight course than any we can possibly deserve. And whatever else may be said of Charles Fox, it could never be said that he broke up any man's home or ruined any woman. His immense popularity among the men, and the delightful terms of equal friendship on which he stood with such women as the Duchess of Devonshire would, otherwise, have been not merely unlikely but impossible. "I am a bad hater," he would say, and his sympathy did not stop with the fortunate or the great. His heart and his intelligence were large enough for every phase of humanity. Burns, who understood him as well as he liked Burns, wrote of him:—

“Thou first of our orators, first of our wits,
 Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits,
 With knowledge so vast and with judgment so strong
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong ;
 With passions so potent and fancies so bright
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right.”

Fox went to Newmarket with as great a zeal as he went everywhere. “When his horse ran he was all eagerness and anxiety. He placed himself where the animal was to make a push, or where the race was to be most strongly contested. From this spot he eyed the horses advancing with the most immovable look ; he breathed quicker as they accelerated their pace ; and when they came opposite to him he rode in with them at full speed, whipping, spurring, and blowing, as if he would have



Mr. Charles Ogilby's "Trentham."

infused his whole soul into his favourite racer. But when the race was over, whether he won or lost seemed to be a matter of perfect indifference to him, and he immediately directed his conversation to the next race, whether he had a horse to run or not." He was, of course, a member of the Jockey

Club, and with another member, Lord Foley, he owned *Pyrrhus* and *Trentham*, both fine horses. *Pyrrhus* (1767) was a brown son of *Sprightly* out of a daughter of *Snip*, won 10,400 guineas in stakes and matches, and was the best of his year. His most famous match was against *Mambrino* (5 years) at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1774, 8st. B. C. (cross and jostle), for two thousand guineas, which he won by half a neck after his rider had "jockied the rider of *Mambrino* and drove him a considerable way out of the course," within half a distance of the finish. *Trentham* (1766) was a bay son of Lord Gower's *Sweepstakes* out of *Miss South*, and won two Jockey Club Plates. With *Pyrrhus* in 1773 he was engaged in a match by the terms of which both horses were backed to



London, H. Virtue & Co. 1780



From the engraving by J. Watson in the British Museum after the painting by Reynolds.

Lady Susan, Bunbury, Charles James Fox, and Lady Susan, Brangways.

beat *Pincher*, and they did. There is a passage in the "Chatsworth Correspondence" which has sometimes been misunderstood. It runs as follows:—"Mr. Fox returned this morning. He travelled all night and yet won one or two races, which considering his not having been abed, and his size, is doing a great deal." This must, of course, refer to his habit, which was common to many others in those days, of riding in with his horse from the distance, as has just been described; for neither *Pyrrhus* nor *Trentham*, good as they were, could have carried over sixteen stone.

Fox used to complain sometimes, good-naturedly enough, that his horses were fast enough, but never cared to tire themselves. If he ever rode them himself such prudence would be perfectly intelligible, but even his unwearied efforts to reduce his weight stopped short of that. Even with thirty animals in training, some of whom, as we have seen, were well in the first flight, he could not manage to succeed in making both ends meet; and though he once netted



Mr. Thomas Foley's "Firetail."

sixteen thousand pounds by betting against the favourite in 1772, the net result of his racing—which was invariably as honest as himself—may be easily judged from the ruin which befell his no less honourable and beloved partner. Lord Foley, for it was with him that Fox ran his training stable, began his career with £20,000 a year and £100,000 in ready money. He had lost both, and his health as well, before he left the Turf, and he died at fifty-one. Prince, father of a trainer well known in the next generation, trained for him and Fox; South and Chifney were their jockeys; and "Nimrod" has put it on record that distemper in their stables was the final ruin of their stud. But these things did not trouble Fox for long. In the year I have just mentioned, 1772, even

the luxuriously fashionable recluse, Horace Walpole, was tempted from Strawberry Hill, where he was usually wise enough to find his happiness complete, into those ancient haunts at Westminster of which he could have told us so much had he cared to frequent them. On that 7th of April he wrote, "the fame of Charles Fox raised my curiosity and I went this day to hear him." What that fame was, entirely apart from the racecourse, may be gathered from those venomous caricatures by Gilray of which I have inserted one or two to complete the picture of the most versatile



Fox, the Gambler.

Turfite the world has ever seen. "Fox," continues Walpole, "made his motion for leave to bring in a Bill to correct the old Marriage Bill. . . . Burke made a fine and long oration against the motion. . . . Charles Fox, who had been running about the house talking to different persons and scarce listening to Burke, rose with amazing spirit and memory; answered both Lord North and Burke; ridiculed the arguments of the former and confuted those of the latter. . . . Burke was indefatigable, learned, and versed in every branch of eloquence. Fox was dissipated, idle beyond measure. He was that very morning returned from Newmarket, where he had lost some thousand pounds the preceding day. He had stopped at

Hockerel, where he found company; had sat up drinking all night; and had not been in bed when he came to move his Bill, which he had not even drawn up. This was genius—almost inspiration. The House dividing, Lord North was beaten by sixty-two to sixty-one; a disgraceful event for a Prime Minister." When men who could do things like this were on the Turf, it is not surprising to find that Racing benefited as much from their presence as did every other form of human activity in which they took so fiery an interest, and before giving a few more examples of the astonishing characters who formed the Turf Society of Eighteenth-

century England, I must turn to the most important event in the History of Racing with which their names are connected.

It is about the year 1750 (according to Mr. Robert Black, to whose valuable researches in this direction I am much indebted) that the first traces of the Jockey Club can be discovered. It was hardly likely that such important clubs as White's or Brooks's would have long been without their counterpart in more active spheres of life than that which was to be enjoyed in the neighbourhood of St. James's. When the racing men who met each other at White's went down to Newmarket to match each other's horses it was but natural that they should soon use the advantage of a bond of union—and even of self-defence—in the country, very similar to that which gave them so many pleasant social privileges in town. Whether the one form of association was slightly anterior to the other or not is no great matter, for the spirit which produced both was evidently similar, and the necessity for some kind of combination among owners on the Turf was even more apparent than the need for a good private gambling-room in London. Newmarket and its surroundings were far more open to the casual and burly blackguard than was any respectable residence close to Piccadilly; and even in those happy times before the growth of millionaires became a common incident, it may have been found advisable to erect one more barrier, which money alone would not be able to surmount. The very indifference of the reigning monarchs who succeeded Queen Anne was, with those who remembered earlier years, an additional incentive to provide themselves and their legitimate proceedings with a sanction and a tone which had previously been cheerfully given by the sympathy of the Throne itself.

Sir John Carleton's exercise of the Royal authority, delegated to him to warn off undesirable persons from "those places which the King reserves for his own sport," may very possibly have suggested to a few of the noblemen and gentlemen most interested in Newmarket, that if their present Sovereign was not disposed to safeguard the surroundings of their racecourse, they had better find some method of doing so without him. The materials were of course easily discoverable for such an association as may have occurred to them. And the traditions of that racecourse itself were more than sufficient to provide them with a solid foundation for the future; for, as we have so often seen in glancing at the Court of Charles II., in the days when the King owned and rode his own horses, and when both the Duke of Monmouth and the Duke of York did the same, there must obviously have been some kind of an organisation to provide jockeys fit to ride against such illustrious owners,

familiarity of these names to-day is one of the strongest testimonials to the enduring excellence both of the Club and of the Turf in whose interests it was formed.

No doubt one of the greatest influences wielded by the young Club was the publication of the "Racing Calendar" by James Weatherby, their devoted adherent, keeper of the Match Book at Newmarket. The edition for 1779 is before me as I write (vol. vii.), printed by H. Reynell at 21, Piccadilly, and "containing an account of the Plates, Matches, and Sweepstakes run for in Great Britain and Ireland in the year 1779, together with an abstract of all the Matches, Sweepstakes, &c., now made, to be run at Newmarket from the Craven Meeting 1780 to the year 1785, and of several matches, &c., made for York, Bath, and many other places." Among its advertisements is a note that "complete sets of Heber's Books, with several odd volumes of Cheney's," both predecessors of James Weatherby in his important publication, were to be had at 11, Hamilton Street, Piccadilly, where also was to be bought the "Sporting Calendar" for 1772, published by Messrs. Tuting and Fawcener, "both since deceased." The book contains many interesting items long since pressed out by increasing demands of space, such as a list of subscribers, the form of affidavit to prove the qualification of a hunter, the "articles for a cock match," and proper rules for fighting, with a few details of past encounters, concluding with such alluring advertisements as, "Goulard's Original Extract of Saturn," "Mrs. Turmeare's Horse Medicines," "Mr. Wareham's Greyhound Slips," and many other items of interest.

At Newmarket the Club in its first years did not possess an inch of ground, for the importance of ownership of the Heath had not, of course, developed. But they were able to lease a private "Coffee-Room" as early as 1752 from Mr. Erratt, and before their lease was up, Mr. Vernon, a member, bought it and sold shares to other members. He extended the buildings, and when his lease expired the freehold of the "Coffee-Room," the "New Rooms," and their adjuncts was bought outright from the Erratts and conveyed in trust for the Club to three members, Lord Lowther, the Duke of Richmond, and the Earl of Verulam, probably the stewards in 1831. But this transaction only affected the comfort and shelter of members. Far more important were the acquisitions of the land forming the actual racecourse at Newmarket, made in 1798, 1807, 1808, 1819. This was still insufficient; and either by lease or freehold the Club subsequently got possession of Bury Hill, Warren Hill, the Limekilns, and other stretches of ground in the vicinity of Newmarket, a series of purchases which enabled them as early as 1827 to give legal effect to their

"warning-off" by winning an action for trespass against the man to whose presence they objected in the case of the Duke of Portland *v.* Hawkins.

The earliest public mention of the new association is to be found in Mr. John Pond's "Sporting Kalendar," which announces, "A Contribution Free Plate, by horses the property of the noblemen and gentlemen belonging to the Jockey Club," for the 1st of April, 1752, an announcement which evidently pre-supposes the familiarity of the organisation to Mr. Pond's readers ; and by the May Meeting of 1753 we find no less than two "Jockey Club Plates," not only announced, but regularly run for, which were reproduced at Newmarket at the Second Spring Meeting for many years. But it is not alone by a mere record of the racing of its members that the value of the Club in these early years can be properly appreciated. The list of members which these races reveal between 1753 and 1773, the year when Messrs. Weatherby's first Calendar was published, is a strong indication that the objects they suggested as probable for its founders were being rapidly attained. These objects were, it may be suspected, rather negative than positive in their nature. They aimed at exclusion rather than reformation, at amusement with safety rather than at authoritative legislation. It was convenient to be able to bet with a considerable number of people, all of whom were in a recognised position, and able to pay up when necessary. It must not be imagined for a moment that the Jockey Club, at any period of its career, posed as a *Censor Morum* in the matter of betting. Indeed for almost a hundred years the questions arising out of wagers were those which chiefly concerned it, and the announcement of 1842 (that "the Jockey Club, and the Stewards thereof, will henceforth take no cognisance of any dispute or claims in respect of bets") is far from implying that the Club ignore bets, for it was necessitated by the natural desire of members to escape the unpleasantness of constant adjudication in such matters, or at least only to proceed against defaulters after the painful duty of initiating inquiries had been undertaken by the Committees of Tattersall's and the Subscription Rooms at Newmarket. It would have been highly absurd of the original Club to take any measures of this kind, inasmuch as they began without any power to enforce their authority whatever, and themselves provided nine-tenths of the wagers taken and offered on the course. But far larger objects than these soon appeared as the inevitable corollary of this association of men of wealth and distinction. Perhaps the greatest was that bond of union now made possible, with the breeding of bloodstock as its strongest link, between the racing men of the North and of the South ; and the second was like unto it. For the proceedings of a rich

and influential body of men, whose chief ostensible desires were the improvement of the thoroughbred and the encouragement of racing, could not but exercise a gradual but lasting effect upon both these important factors in the successful progress of the English Turf, at a time when England was ripe for some such crystallisation of the spasmodic efforts towards sport that were so numerous in every part of the country. By degrees, as was but natural, their actions became precedents, their advice grew into law. When it became necessary later on to have some really legal foundation for the authority which had without question become theirs, it was no difficult



"Prospero," by "Merlin."
(A light chestnut horse; the jockey wears green jacket and black cap; the groom in yellow.)

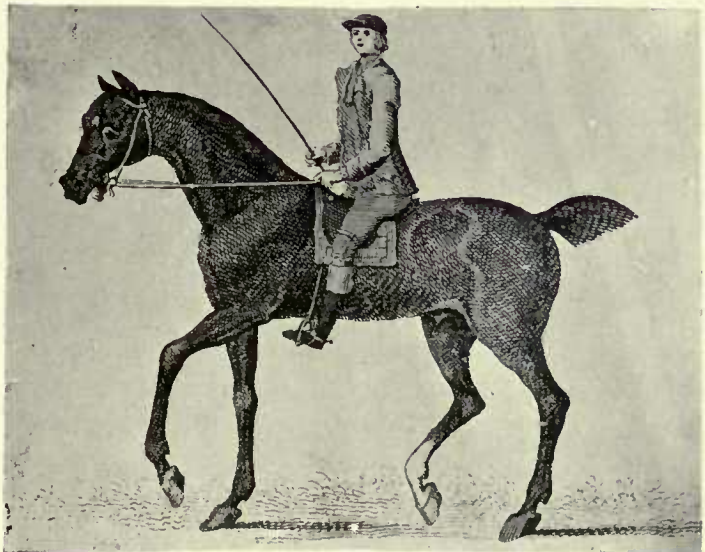
task to provide it. But the position of the Jockey Club owes its true strength far more to the traditions which have grown round it ever since 1753, than to any material or even legal sources. The rapidity with which the Club acquired a position which secured a sufficiently general respect for its own rulings, may be seen from those resolutions of its first twenty years, which were either definitely promulgated over signatures of members, or generally quoted as guiding precedents. The first occurs when the Club recognised that the scarcity of horses which had suggested three or four heats in a single race had now disappeared, and very properly agreed, in

consequence, to decide their races in a single heat, a decision which was not copied by the Master of the Horse for the Queen's Plates until 1861. Dead heats were a natural exception to this. In the same year (1756) their ruling with regard to placed horses was taken as a precedent elsewhere, and quoted thirty years afterwards. In 1758 they allowed two pounds over weight, and "disqualified" riders who failed to declare that they were over weight. In 1759 their "Weights and Scales Plate" of 100 guineas (raised from the weighing fees they imposed) was thrown open to the public; in both directions a very important event, especially at a period so soon after the Club's foundation. In 1762 members agreed on certain colours, instead of the haphazard dress hitherto in vogue, a decision which was repeated in 1770. In 1768 their Challenge Cup was founded, which in 1862 had twenty-five subscribers. In 1769 entries were ordered to be made to the keeper of the Match Book; and by the next year the Club is evidently feeling strong enough to promulgate quite a number of important resolutions, affecting outsiders as well as themselves. These had to do with a dinner on the King's birthday; the election of stewards; watching trials; fraudulent bets; certificates of the age of horses entered; and the punishment of "grooms." In 1770, when Sir Charles Bunbury, Lord Bolingbroke, and Mr. Jenison Shafto were stewards, they officially sanctioned two-year-old racing. The far graver error of yearling races (which were actually not prohibited until 1876) was not made until 1786. In 1771, to complete this catalogue of early legislation, the stewards were given power to settle disputes, with "two referees to be chosen by the parties concerned"; and "the highest weight" was fixed at 8st. 7lbs., which was as great a change from the old conditions as the abolition of heats, and was no doubt the beginning of that light-weight racing concerning which controversy has not yet been able to discover the last word.

It will be convenient, and interesting too, to insert here some slight account of the public legislation passed by Parliament (as opposed to the quasi-private edicts of the Jockey Club just mentioned) in so far as it affected racing and gambling, from the point where I last mentioned it; for after the fatalities which attended the colossal speculations in the early eighteenth century we may well expect that certain traces of the gambling outbreak should have been left upon the laws of England. Charles II. had been careful to pass an Act "to restrain deceitful, disorderly, and excessive gaming," which contains the first official mention of Horse-Racing in the Statute-Book; and it was subsequently held that this important edict prohibited horse races for more than £10 a side, which only shows that certain

enactments are obviously made to be eluded. In 1699 William III. took somewhat similar precautions by imposing a fine of £500 on anyone who kept a lottery, and apparently with very similar results, for the preamble of the Act against gambling passed by Queen Anne shows that previous legislation had been found to be utterly inadequate, and declares that all mortgages and securities connected with gaming or betting were *ipso facto* void. A further edict endeavoured to limit betting to £10, as we saw when discussing the effects of Mr. Frampton's famous match with Sir William Strickland, though Her Majesty's Palaces were thoughtfully and specifically excepted from the operation of this law during her residence. George I. does not seem to have visited Newmarket much more than the one time recorded in October, 1717;

and the only Act in his reign that relates to horses forbids waggoners and carriers and others from drawing any vehicle "with more than four horses in length." The Postal service he left in the same bad state in which he found it; indeed it was not till 1784 that the old untrustworthy system of boys on horseback was abolished. If such a simple reform in these directions did not occur to



Mr. J. Marshal's "Little Driver."

George I., it was not likely that he would trouble about the mistakes in Racing Legislation made by his predecessors; but soon after George II.'s accession the evil effect of £10 Plates had begun to be seriously felt, and in the thirteenth year of his reign was passed the Act of 1740, which provided that all horses were to be entered for races by their real owners, and nobody was to start more than one horse for the same Plate under pain of forfeiting the horse. It was declared illegal to run for a Plate of less value than £50, under a penalty of £200 to the owner and £100 to the advertiser. Every race must begin and end on the same day, the second horse should recover his stake, and gifts left for annual races were not to be altered. Five-year-olds must carry 10 stone, a six-year-old 11 stone, a seven-year-old 12 stone, each

under a penalty of £200. At Newmarket and Black Hambleton alone matches for less than £50 might be arranged. Naturally this drastic and dogmatic announcement of weights could not last long, and five years later it was declared lawful for anyone to run for a £50 Plate at any weights and at any place; for it was hoped that the Royal Plates of a hundred guineas each given by His Majesty every year in various parts of the kingdom would prove a sufficient encouragement to breeders to raise a horse of speed, strength, and staying powers.

Of course, however, this Act of 1745 had much more far-reaching consequences than that of merely withdrawing an unpopular measure. It may almost be considered to have taken the first step towards modern light-weight racing, though the various stages of development cannot be traced just now. The scale of weights prescribed at the same time for the Royal Plates was:—4-year-olds, 10 st. 4 lb.; 5-year-olds, 11 st. 6 lb.; 6 and aged, 12 st.; races decided in four-mile heats. But it is evident that the dead set made by the authorities against small horses did not have very much practical effect—nor were such wonderful animals as *Little Driver*, or *Highlander* (14 hands 1 inch, and the best of his size to win a Royal Plate) who was a stallion at Hampton Court in 1758, or *Gimcrack* likely to encourage any popular belief in such ideas—for the “Give and Take” Plates which were common at the beginning of the eighteenth century lasted till well into the nineteenth. In these the horses entered carried weight for age and weight for inches. They were made to stand upon a stone 6 ft. 4 in. long by 3 ft. 3 in. broad, at each end of which were cut deep lines, 2 ft. long and 5 ft. distant from each other, these last measurements being intended to prevent a horse spreading his fore or his hind feet out too wide, or extending his forelegs too far from his hind ones. The usual scale, says Mr. John Orton, Clerk of the Course at York in 1839 (some time after these races had been given up), was that aged horses of “thirteen hands carried 7 st. and for every additional eighth of an inch an extra 14 oz.” Six-year-olds enjoyed a reduced scale of 4 lb. less weight, and five-year-olds had 12 lb. less, but of course the details were entirely at the option of the promoters of the prize. The Royal Plates numbered 18 in England and Scotland in 1760, and by 1807 there were 23; and no doubt the foundation of the St. Leger, Oaks, and Derby had an effect upon the old conditions, which were certainly altered in 1773 and 1799. It may be noted here that in 1785, the second year of Pitt’s first administration, he proposed a tax on every horse which ran for a Plate. Lord Surrey suggested, as an alternative, £50 on every winner of a certain sum. Pitt imposed both; without, however, affecting the Turf to any noticeable degree.

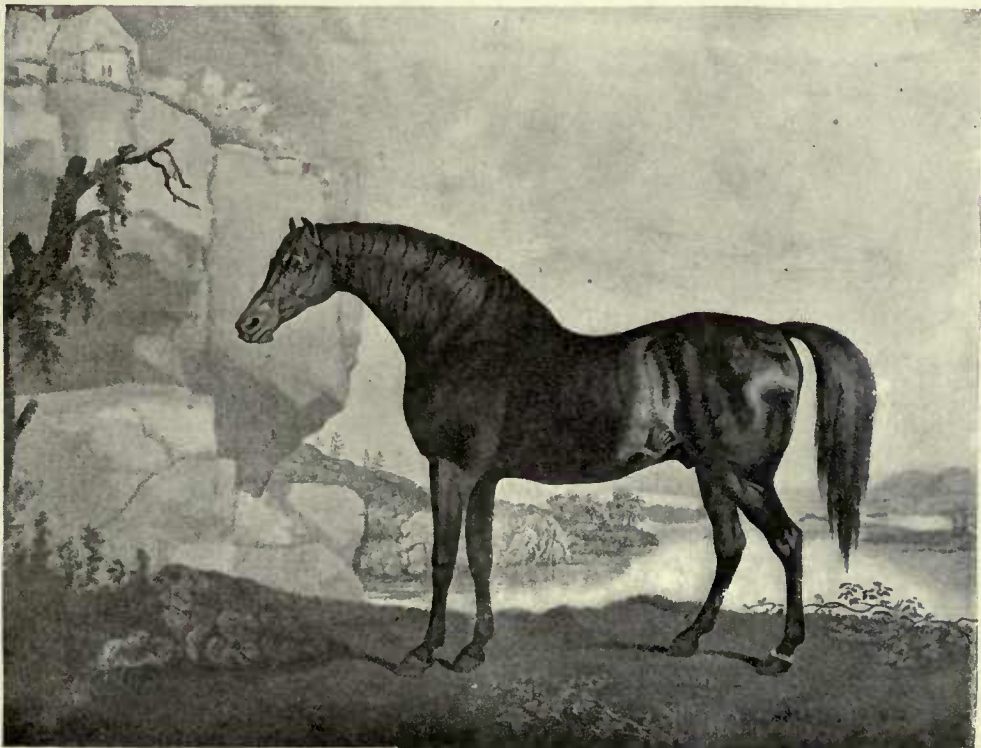
There is no doubt that these King's Plates, which I have had to mention so many times in connection with early breeding and racing, afforded the strongest argument possible to those who maintain that, if Racing served no other purpose whatsoever, it would invariably improve the general breed of horses, and this was usually recognised whenever any legislation on the subject was proposed in the old days. It is certainly true that almost from the very year when these same Royal Plates lapsed into premiums under a Royal Commission, the object proposed by that Commission has not been so well attained as in the times before the opportunities of long-distance Racing were thus diminished. Efforts have been made to supply the deficit as far as the modern Turf is concerned, and the entries for the autumn handicaps in 1901 were certainly sufficiently large to encourage the veriest pessimist ; but it is unfortunately none the less clear that the general horse-supply throughout the country does not attract the attention of Racing men as it used to do. In these days of huge training-stables on the one hand, and of multitudinous small establishments on the other, each of them are as much engaged in running two-year-olds off their legs as they are in hoping for success in later handicaps ; and the consequence is that while foreign countries are slowly but steadily buying up our best bloodstock, our Colonies and the United Kingdom generally are not getting that benefit out of thoroughbred sires and mares which is essential. The useful horse is being elbowed out by the handsome but helpless racer who is encouraged by a premium. The growing practice of gelding "difficult" horses, and the apparently undiminished running powers of such animals as *Democrat*, *Epsom Lad*, or *O'Donovan Rossa*, are also serious dangers to the increase of the best stock. We may still have the best racers in the world. But have we got the best hacks, the best cavalry horses, the best coach-horses, and the best hunters, as was also once the case ? If not, it may well be argued that we do not deserve to have them if we neglect the useful horses who produce them. Mr. Hodgman records that his *Victor* (who won the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot as a four-year-old) became one of the best hunting sires ever known in Ireland after he had sold him for £28 at Tattersall's. If railways and motor cars have lessened the imperative need which the eighteenth and most of the nineteenth century felt for good general stock, our Colonies and our soldiers, at least, have not yet ceased their continuous demand for serviceable horseflesh ; nor, in spite of countless Jeremiads in the last twenty years, have our Masters of Hounds all sold or stopped their Packs. Yet I doubt very much whether we can call upon such good sires for our



The Prince of Wales's "Traveller" by "Highflyer" beating Lord Grosvenor's "Meteor" by "Eclipse" for 500 gs., B.C., Second Spring Meeting, 1790.

hunters nowadays as could Sir Robert Walpole at the beginning of the eighteenth century, or the Prince Regent at the beginning of the nineteenth ; and the facilities that were open to both these gentlemen were in large measure owing to the existence of such King's Plates as those won by *Fox* and by those of his gallant contemporaries whom I mentioned in the last volume.

It will complete the record of the early days of the Jockey Club, from which I have been for a moment diverted by larger considerations, if I add that by 1762 there had been instituted a second October Meeting, and by 1771 the July Meeting,



*"Marske" by "Squirt," his dam by
Mr. Hutton's "Blacklegs."*

the Houghton Meeting, and the Craven Meeting were established. All this constitutes a fine record for an association which possessed no authority as yet to enforce its rulings, and could only appeal to the sympathy of the public with its evident intentions to improve the sport they all loved. Whether the enormous changes produced on the Turf by modern progress will necessitate any alteration in the ancient constitution of the Club, it is too early in these pages yet to discuss. But it was necessary to mark at once the appearance on the Turf of an institution which contributed, as much as any one cause can ever have contributed, to the

success of all we mean by English Racing ; and it may be added that, although that kind of omission which outside critics describe as "obvious" is to be found at every stage of the Club's membership, from its inception to the present day, yet nearly all its early founders were members of one or the other House of Parliament, and owned between them nearly every thoroughbred whose blood is of importance in the Stud Book. For if the *Byerly Turk* and the *Darley Arabian* were born too early, and if the owner of the *Godolphin Arabian* was one of the omissions aforesaid, the members of the Jockey Club owned at one time or another *Matchem*, *Herod*, and *Eclipse* ; and neither now nor then can any body of gentlemen who associate together of their own free will be intelligently criticised—it seems to me—for refusing to enlarge their boundaries at the will of other people.

The owner of *Marske*, when he won the Jockey Club Plate at Newmarket in 1754, was William, Duke of Cumberland, who is thereby proved to have been one of the first members of the Jockey Club. He was a gallant soldier, a very loyal uncle to George III., and a staunch supporter of the Rockingham Administration, who held Cabinet meetings at his house. But he only had time for politics after 1760, and in the last year of his life (1765) he conducted a series of most important negotiations, partly at Newmarket. Luckily for the Turf, he threw himself with characteristic energy into horse-racing. His name is preserved in that lodge in Windsor Great Park where he lived as Ranger, and which is now filled with pictures of the racehorses he loved. His memory is almost equally cherished upon the Berkshire Downs, one of the localities which energetically disputes with the Isle of Dogs, and the Royal Domain, the honour of being the birthplace of *Eclipse*. In a Berkshire Manor House I have seen the old oak writing-desk, as solid still as its first master was, in which the Duke kept his racing memoranda. They have long ago followed their writer into dust and ashes, or I should have a very much more interesting story to tell now. But it is sufficiently established, without their vanished testimony, that His Royal Highness owned not only *Marske* but *Spiletta*, and that in *Cypron* he was the wise possessor of the dam of *King Herod* as well. Such names as these would be more than enough to give immortality to any racing man, for they imply that he was, if not the largest, at any rate the most successful breeder of his time, and they deserve more careful investigation in another chapter. But they far from exhausted the triumphs of Cumberland Lodge, which it is pleasant to see to-day so full of memories of the racehorses the Duke loved. Among the best of his stable were *Dumplin* and *Dapper* by *Cade*,

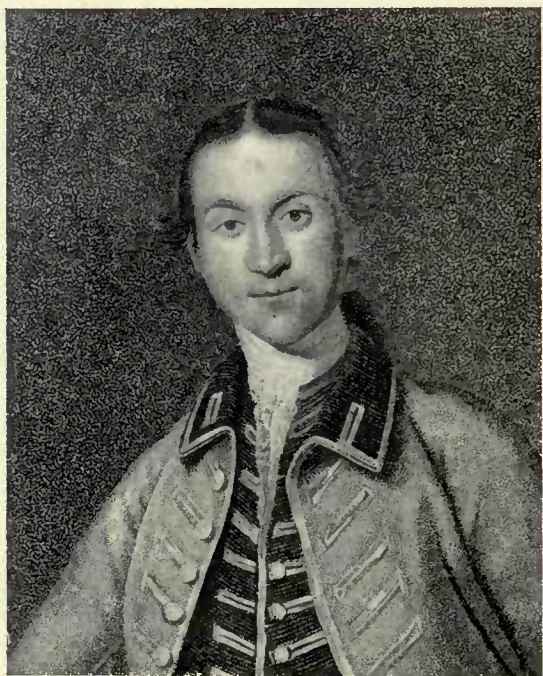
Dorimond by *Dormouse*, *Star*, *Cato*, and his brother by *Regulus*, *Miss Windsor* and *Miss Cranbourn* by *Godolphin*, *Milksop* by *Crab*, and many more; and the stud was continued with the happiest results (in spite of the sale of *Eclipse* to an astute meat salesman) by his nephew and successor, who bred *Don Carlos* by *Sulphur*, *Firetail* by *Eclipse*, *Juniper* by *Snap*, *Nosegay* by *Justice*, *Pomona* by *Herod*, and many other winners. Two matches stand out especially in the Duke of Cumberland's career. In the first, *Marske* was beaten by Lord Sandwich's *Snap* in 1756, as was mentioned in my last volume, and in the second, *King Herod* was matched against the Duke of



"Snap" (1750).

Grafton's *Antinous* by *Blank* over the Beacon Course for £1,000 a side, with side-bets to the value of at least £100,000. It was the year 1764, already to be famous (though the Duke did not realise it) for the birth of *Eclipse*, and the Fortune which had thus begun to smile was not niggardly in her favours, for the Duke won with *King Herod* by the narrow margin of half a neck. It is to him that we are primarily indebted for Ascot Races, the site of which he chose. It has retained its Royal epithet ever since, and remained one of the most fashionable meetings of the racing year. He was only forty-four when he died, being unable to subdue the effects of that corpulence which so impressed George III. with the need of walking exercise

both for his own Royal person and for his courtiers. Horace Walpole once saw him playing at cards, and records his "resemblance to the prodigal son and the fatted calf in one." The benefits he conferred upon the Turf are, however, beyond the reach of any sneer. His efforts to improve racing, said a contemporary admirer, just after his death, were not effected "without an immensity of expense and an incredible succession of losses to the sharks, Greeks and blacklegs of that time, by whom his Royal Highness was surrounded and of course incessantly pillaged. Having however, in the greatness of his mind, the military maxim of 'persevere and conquer,' he was not deterred from the object of his pursuit, till, having just become



Richard, Earl of Grosvenor.

possessed of the best stock, best blood, and most numerous stud in the kingdom, beating his opponents at all points, he suddenly passed to that bourne from whence no traveller returns, an irreparable loss to the Turf, and universally lamented by the kingdom at large."

Three other breeders, Lord Clermont, Lord Egremont, and Lord Grosvenor deserve mention at the same time as the Duke of Cumberland. Of Lord Grosvenor I have already spoken, and of his horses I shall have more to say later. Lord Egremont was always believed by Horace Walpole to have jilted his great-niece Lady Charlotte Maria Waldegrave, who became later Duchess of Grafton. At

the time she was "eight and twenty, handsome, and has between twenty and thirty thousand a year," says the indignant Horace. Mrs. Delany thinks that the engagement was broken off owing to his attachment to Lady Melbourne, and Walpole's only comment was that in that case he was "a most worthless young fellow," a characterisation which was far from being merited. His wealth came from Lord Thomond, whose house at Newmarket I mentioned in the Stuart period, and he more than justified its great traditions, for before he died in his eighty-sixth year, in 1837, he had bred *Gohanna*, the gamest racer ever seen, though *Waxy* beat him; had won five Derbys with *Assassin*, *Hannibal*, *Cardinal Beaufort*, *Election*, and *Lapdog*, and as many Oaks with

Nightshade, *Tag*, *Platina*, *Ephemera*, and *Caroline*. He also ran *Claret* for a Jockey Club Plate in 1787, and with *Cricketer* and *Stumps* he won the Goodwood Cup of 1825 and 1826, at races which legitimately succeeded to those meetings he had held in the park at Petworth. He is worthy of special commemoration, not merely because he recognised in time that marriage was not an institution which could ever recommend itself to his disposition, nor merely that he died worth nearly double the income he inherited, after spending almost £20,000 a year on charitable institutions, but for his patronage of art in a sense even more extended than that of the house of Grosvenor which gave its first real encouragement to the brush of Stubbs. The Turners and Constables Lord Egremont collected may still be seen at Petworth, and a small anecdote may be told of him which shows that racing can never corrupt a fine taste that is inherent. In old age, and being ill, he put up a monument to his Percy predecessors at Petworth, and inscribed it simply "Mortuis Moriturus." Whatever Horace Walpole may have thought of him, Lord Egremont was a splendid man, and one whose devotion to the Turf is a lasting credit to it.

It was the third Duke of Richmond under whose auspices the races given up by Lord Egremont at Petworth were transferred to Goodwood in 1802, where the sport that was already known was at once solidified and improved, though of course it is to Lord George Bentinck in a later day that we owe the meeting so popular at the present time. The third Duke of Richmond succeeded to his title in 1750, and ran *Bounce* for the Jockey Club Plate eleven years afterwards. But the third great breeder in the trio placed with the Duke of Cumberland was Lord Clermont, a great friend of the French Royal Family, by one of whom his *Cantator* was nominated for the Derby of 1784. His intimacy with the Prince of Wales was equally well-known, and his Royal Highness once got a great deal of easy credit for kindness to an aged relative by driving out Lord Clermont on the Heath, who was so carefully wrapped up that people mistook the gay old peer for Princess Amelia, an error which was as great in morals as in sex. But whether "the hoary profligate" he is sometimes described or not, Lord Clermont did much for the Turf when he bred the great *Trumpator*. He also owned *Conductor* and *Mark Antony*, won the Derby of 1785 with *Aimwell*, the only classic winner who is a direct descendant of the *Alcock Arabian*, won the Oaks the same year with *Trifle*, and got first and second in the Oaks of 1792 with *Volante* by *Highflyer*, and *Trumpetta*.

I have mentioned that in 1762 certain members of the Jockey Club announced the adoption of more or less permanent racing colours. Among them was the

"straw" of the fourth Duke of Devonshire who succeeded to his title in 1755, became Master of the Horse, and won the Jockey Club Plates of 1754 and 1759 with *Antelope* and *Atlas*; an ancestor of his is supposed to have won the first race for the Newmarket Challenge Whip some thirty years before, but the racing reputation of the family would have been established by the possession of *Flying* (or Devonshire) *Childers* alone, even if *Basto* and other famous horses, besides several Devonshire Arabians, had not belonged to it. *Dromo*, winner of the Jockey Club Plate of



*Georgina Duchess of
Devonshire.*

1773, was the property of the fifth Duke, husband of the lovely Georgina, of whom I have reproduced an almost unknown portrait by Downman. The Gainsborough painting has, like many other things of personal and historic interest, been purchased by an American. Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, whom Fox loved as much as he respected, owned *Le Beau* and ran him in her own name at Newmarket in 1786 against her sister (Lady Duncannon, afterwards Countess of Bessborough) and Lord Clermont. Her husband's tastes were more studious than sporting, but the title has never since

his day been unrepresented in English Racing, and in the Lord President of the Council of 1902, to whom this second volume is dedicated, the Turf saw one of its firmest supporters, and the new King found another Delmé Radcliffe to carry on the high traditions of the Prince of Wales's racing stable.

In previous pages I have already had to mention several other racing men who were without doubt among the founders of the Jockey Club, for they are intimately connected with that history of English racing which I have endeavoured to trace

before both its proceedings and its records become crystallised by the developments at which we are now arriving. It will be remembered that on the day of Queen Anne's death, Her Majesty's horse *Star* had beaten *Merlin*, whose owner, then Lord Chamberlain, was created the first Duke of Ancaster by George I. In 1723 this nobleman was succeeded by his son Peregrine, owner of the *Ancaster Gentleman*, the *Ancaster Driver*, and other famous horses. The third Duke, who came into the title in 1742, was an original member of the Jockey Club, and became Master of the Horse to George III. His second wife was Mary Panton, of a very famous racing family. His record is preserved in the Stud Book by the name of the *Ancaster Starling*; and his interest in breeding is sufficiently evidenced by his ownership of the *Ancaster Egyptian* and the *Ancaster Bay Arabian*. His son, who volunteered for the fighting in the American colonies, only survived his inheritance for a year, and with him the title became extinct. It is, however, interesting to note that in February, 1902, the claims of the Earl of Ancaster (Baron Willoughby de Eresby) to the office of Lord Great Chamberlain, held by the first Duke, were heard before the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords. The third Duke of Ancaster was succeeded, as Master of the Horse, by the Duke of Northumberland, who, as Sir Hugh Smithson, married Lady Elizabeth Seymour, a daughter of the sixth Duke of Somerset and Lady Elizabeth Percy. The many "Northumberland" Arabians imported by the Duke's agent Mr. Phillips, have been already mentioned, and are a strong evidence of his fitness for membership of a Club which did so much to encourage horse-breeding. He won a Jockey Club Plate in 1764 with *Caesario* by *Matchem*, and with *Narcissus* in the next year. The Duke of Ancaster's brother-in-law, the "polite Tommy Panton" of Newmarket, was, as we have seen, the son of the Keeper of the King's Running Horses who succeeded the famous Tregonwell Frampton in that responsible office, and lived till he was eighty-two. This son enjoyed an even greater longevity, for racing seems to have been a healthy pursuit in those days, though the fact that his sister was a Duchess, and Mistress of the Robes, may no doubt have contributed to the comforts, and even increased the proverbial politeness, of her brother. Mr. Thomas Panton knew his business too, for he won the Derby of 1786 with *Noble* by *Highflyer*, and it was from the *Panton Arabian* that *Hollandaise* was descended (through *Virago*) who won the St. Leger of 1778, the first year in which the famous race at Doncaster definitely received that name.

Scarcely less famous than Tommy Panton was the Hon. Richard Vernon, owner

of *Woodpecker*, with whom he won the Craven Stakes three times. He was one of the earliest members of the Jockey Club, for he won one of its Plates in 1753 at what must be almost its first appearance at Newmarket. In Holcroft's memoirs we get some idea of the way in which his bold and extensive operations impressed the untutored onlooker. Unfortunately the dramatist thought he could go and do likewise, with the result that he lost half his year's wages in a week. It takes a deal of learning before you can safely "stand ten thousand pounds to nothing," as he reports Dick Vernon did on a celebrated occasion. The future



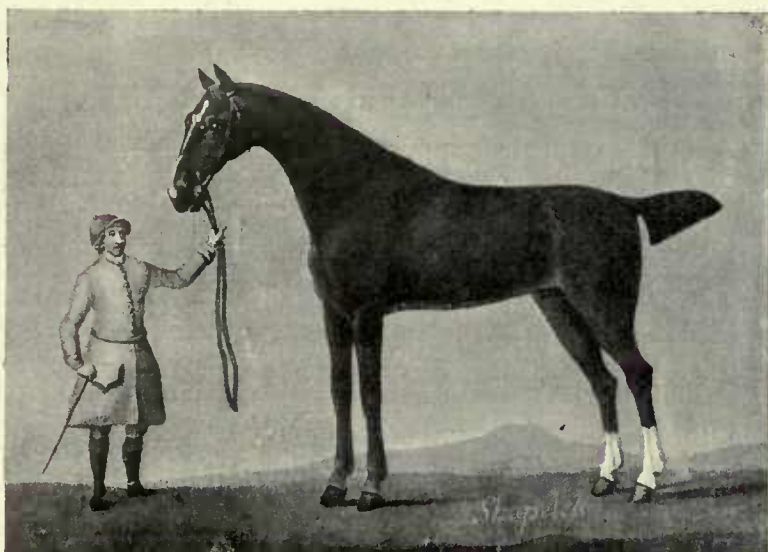
By permission of Sir Walter Gilbey.

"Shark" (1771) with Price, his trainer.
By "Marske" out of a "Snap" mare.

playwright also saw the match run in 1759 (B. C. 500 guineas a side) between Mr. Jenison Shafto's *Elephant* and Mr. Vernon's *Forester*, in which *Forester* savaged his opponent, and to the excited imagination of the spectator seemed actually to hold him back by gripping his underjaw. The episode suggests one of those terrible little coloured drawings by Alken, in which the red nostrils and starting eyes of a horse making its last effort are portrayed with a greater eye for dramatic effect than truth. The preservation of Mr. Vernon's name in the purlieu of Bloomsbury Square recalls the fact that he sat for Tavistock, Bedford, and Okehampton, in the

Bedford interest, which may possibly account for the fact that he was blackballed for "Old White's," though ten of the twelve members present assured him "on their honour (sneers Horace Walpole) that they had put in white balls." In any case he married the Countess-Dowager of Upper Ossory, and furnished another example of the healthiness of the Turf by living till he was eighty-five, after winning the Jockey Club Challenge Cup of 1768, with *Marquis* (by the *Godolphin Arabian*), and the Oaks, with *Annette* by *Eclipse*, in 1787. The manuscript still exists of the wager he laid for 300 guineas at Windsor Lodge in June, 1762, with the Duke of Cumberland's *Dapper*, one four-mile heat against his own horse, over Harleydon Course, at 8st. 7lb. Another early member of the Club was Hugo Meynell, whose name is more indissolubly connected with fox-hunting

than with the Turf, though both probably had a share in giving prolonged vitality and energy to the famous Master of the Quorn. A well-known northerner of the same period was Sir Thomas Gascoigne, of Yorkshire, owner of *Magog*, which he shared with Mr. Stapleton, a fellow-member. This unlucky horse, who was



*The Duke of Bridgewater's
"Shapeless."*

considered gigantic from being sixteen hands high, won a Jockey Club Plate, and furnished the first authentic instance of nobbling, for he was so barbarously treated before the race for the Gold Cup at Doncaster in 1778, that he was unable to start, though he recovered later on, and did well at the stud. Sir Thomas won the St. Leger in 1778, 1779, and 1798, with *Hollandaise* by *Matchem*, *Tommy* by *Wildair*, and *Symmetry* by *Delpini*, and the Oaks of 1803 with *Theophania* by *Delpini*. The traditions of the family were well kept up by his son-in-law, who owned *Soothsayer* and *Ferry*. Another famous sportsman from the north was Mr. William Fenwick, of Bywell, the racing fame of whose family I noticed early in the Stuart period. He was the lucky owner of *Matchem*, by whom he cleared

£17,000 in fees alone, and of *Duchess*. Through Mr. Fenton, a Yorkshireman, the blood of *Engineer* (who lost the Jockey Club Plate of 1763 to *Dorimond*) was transmitted through *Mambrino* and *Messenger* to the United States, where it formed the foundation of the greatest family of trotters. Sir John Moore, of Fawley Court, in Berkshire, is another famous name for all time in the annals of bloodstock, for he bought *King Herod* at the Duke of Cumberland's death, and refused 2,000 guineas for him from the King of Poland. It was from Sir John that *Trentham* (a horse of many owners) was purchased at ten years old by Sir Charles Sedley, who won the Jockey Club Plate of 1776 with this game horse three years later. The name was well known at the Court of Charles II., and the family representative in the reign of George III. was no less before the public, though in a far more creditable light, for, without counting the *Sedley Grey Arabian*, Sir Charles owned many valuable sires and racers which have only been less prominent in history than they might be, because Sir Charles Sedley died in 1778, before the classic races had fairly begun.

Another staunch supporter of the Jockey Club was Mr. John Warde, of Squerries, owner of *Habit*, *Fairplay*, and *Cleaver*, by *Warde's Arabian*. His son, "Glorious John," took to the road instead, and became a veritable Jehu with his mail coach, besides being a Master of Hounds. Sir John Shelley entered his bay filly, *Everlasting* (dam of *Skyscraper*, who won the Derby in 1789), for the Jockey Club Plate of 1774. But his son, the fifth baronet, was a far greater Turfite, and won the Derby with *Phantom* and with *Cedric*. More famous, both for his stud and for his deep knowledge of everything connected with racing, was Mr. Wastell, a Yorkshireman who had emigrated to Bury St. Edmunds. He bred *Conductor*, *Ainderby*, and *Alfred*, all by *Matchem*, out of a *Snap* mare bought from the Duke of Kingston, and he won the Oaks in 1802 with *Scotia* by *Delpini*. As he was one of the few supporters of the eighteenth-century Turf whom knowledge or good fortune enabled to make money by it, a certain Mr. Pigott took great pains to blacken his character, but without much success. This Mr. Pigott came of a family of three brothers, delicately distinguished as "Shark," "Louse," and "Black" Pigott, though Mr. Robert Black propounds the appalling hypothesis that these three names were but variously descriptive of a single personality. If so, it was Charles Pigott who deserved this unenviable combination of qualities. He began well, as a friend of Fox, a gentleman-rider against such jockeys as Sir John Cade or Mr. Walker, and the owner of the famous *Shark*; but whether owing to shady conduct, or to the vitriolic character of his libellous publications, he certainly sold his stud and had to leave the

Jockey Club, which he occupied the remainder of his life in vilifying, until he died in the Sumpter Prison, where he had been confined for debt. Sir James Lowther, created Earl of Lonsdale in 1784, was a more attractive figure, though not a very popular one. He was son of the Governor of the Barbados, and inherited his sporting instincts from his Lonsdale grandmother, whose family are well known to the Stud Book through the *White-legged Lowther Barb*, the *Lonsdale Bay Arabian*, and others. He won the Jockey Club Plate of 1757 with *Fason*, and that of 1763 with *Ascham*, besides making a sporting offer to back his *Mirza* for ten thousand guineas against *Snap*.

The first public document issued by the Club in 1758 contains the signature of another racing man whose name will be familiar to us, Francis, third Duke of Bridgewater, who succeeded his brother in 1748. His father's *Ashridge Ball* had been a famous horse in 1717, and he himself owned a *Cullen Arabian* mare, who was the dam of *Stripling*, *Grasshopper*, *Glancer*, and *Spectre*. A portion of his great wealth went towards the foundation of the canals and of the treatises with which his name is still connected ; but he had



*Francis, third Duke
of Bridgewater.*

no direct heir to whom to pass it on, for his heart—it seems—was never able to recover from the shock of being refused by the beautiful Miss Gunning. This lovely Irish lady was evidently fond of racing, for it was to a brother member of the unlucky Duke that she was first married, and her husband, the sixth Duke of Hamilton, was one of the few gentlemen-jockeys who could ride as well as the notorious Earl of March. I have no doubt that she was among the company who applauded “James’s” victories both at Newmarket and York.

Another early member, who was half Royal in descent, though not at all by title, was Augustus Henry Fitzroy, third Duke of Grafton, whose inheritance of Euston

was foreshadowed in my description of Racing Society at the Restoration. It formed one of the bitterest weapons in the stinging invective of "Junius" later on. He succeeded to the title in 1757 when he was twenty-two, and if his morals somewhat too faithfully reflected the accidents of his origin, he was, at any rate, above reproach as a racing Prime Minister; for he owned *Prunella*, *Penelope*, and *Parasol*; he won the Derby with *Tyrant* (1802), with *Waxy Pope* (1809), and *Whalebone* (1810), and



Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, and Duchess of Argyll.

the Oaks stands twice to his credit with *Pelisse* in 1804 and *Morel* four years afterwards, just three years before his death. "Nimrod" calls him a keen sportsman and an excellent judge of racing, and one of "the few great winners amongst great men." His horses were well and honestly ridden by South, and the success of those just named may chiefly be traced to one mare, *Julia* by *Blank*. She was bred by Mr. Panton, and her blood goes back to *Bay Bolton*, the *Darley Arabian*, the *Byerley Turk*, and even the *Taffolet Barb*. At seven years old she was

put into the Duke's stud and produced *Promise* (by *Snap*) who was the dam of *Prunella* (by *Highflyer*), and of her offspring the Stud Book is more eloquent than any praise. Another Duke who was famous off the Turf, and often ran on it, was Evelyn Pierrepont, who became the (last) Duke of Kingston in 1726. He also was a member of the young and famous Club, and when his stud was sold in 1774, after his death, *Scaramouch* by *Snap*, and *Cronie* by *Careless*, were both thought worthy of purchase

by so astute a person as Colonel O'Kelly, of whom I shall have more to say in later pages. No particular virtue is recorded of this nobleman, but his name runs through Walpole's letters on account of his connection with the famous Miss Chudleigh, at whose expense Horace was fond of making jokes—jokes which perhaps it is best to leave unreported. The Duke afterwards married her, and she (who, it appeared, had formerly married Lord Bristol) was tried for bigamy. His first cousin was Thomas Brand, who ran *Glowworm* (by *Eclipse*) for a Jockey Club Plate in 1776, and who, by his marriage with the Hon. Gertrude Roper, transmitted the blood of the famous John Hampden of the seventeenth century to the distinguished Speaker of the House of Commons in the nineteenth. Another member of his family was a famous gentleman-jockey who raced with Lord Hilton, Delmé Radcliffe, and other bloods of the Bibury Meetings; and his wife also raced in her own name, as, for instance, when her bay mare *Bacelli* won a match for a hundred guineas at the first October Meeting of 1776 against Lady Bampfylde's *Fortune-hunter*. *Glowworm* was bought by the Marquis de Conflans, and, after winning races at Fontainebleau, became the sire of several animals which upheld the honour of the French Turf in England.



*Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke
of Kingston.*

The important resolution signed by members in 1758 also shows the names of Lord Eglinton and Lord Portmore, whose elder brother, Lord Milsington, was a well-known racing man, as we have seen already. Lord Portmore won the Great Subscription of 1751 with *Skim* by the *Bolton Starling*, and he bred Mr. Grisewood's *Partner* (sire of *Gimcrack*'s dam), and *Little Highlander* by *Victorious*. Lord Eglinton was the tenth Earl, and owned *Cripple* sire of *Gimcrack*, and *Omar* by the *Godolphin Arabian*. He is mentioned in those verses on the Jockey Club which Boswell (Johnson's Boswell) wrote on his visit to Newmarket in 1762.

“Lord Eglinton who has, you know,
 A little dash of whim or so,
 Who thro’ a thousand scenes will range
 To pick up anything that’s strange,
 By chance a curious cub had got
 On Scotia’s mountains newly caught . . .
 . . . Newmarket Meeting being near,
 He thought ’twas best to have him there.”

The only reference of any kind to horses, which I remember in Boswell’s “Life,” consists in a question he asked “the great Lexicographer” in 1783, as to what should be done with “old horses unable to labour,” and the omission seems all the



Mr. Jenison Shafto's "Cardinal Puff"
 by "Babram."

stranger because Dr. Johnson's friend, Sir John Lade, was in later years a real member of the Club which Boswell visited.

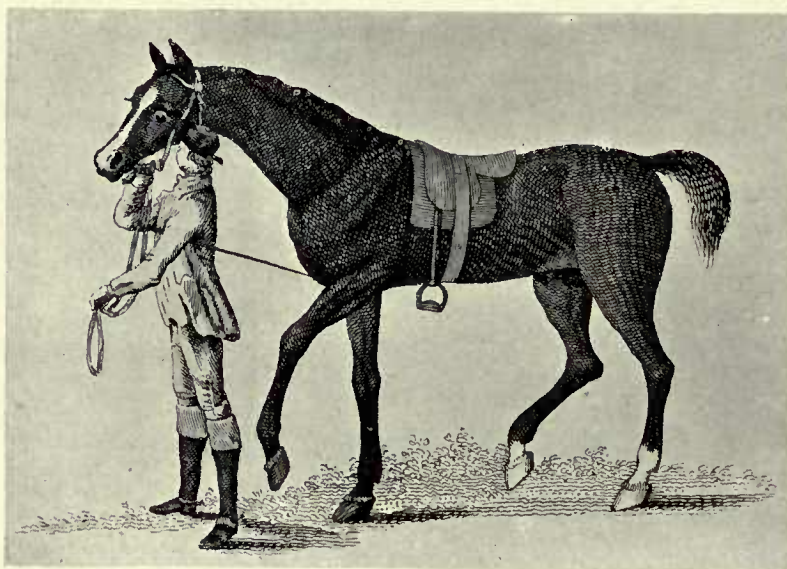
In speaking of the early races run by members, I should not have omitted the name of Lord Gower (owner of the *Gower Stallion*, son of the *Godolphin Arabian*), who won the first Jockey Club Plate in 1753 with *Beau Clincher* a year before his death. The second Earl ran *Clio* in the same race unsuccessfully, and was Lord President of the Council, as another famous owner is to-day. For the Plate of 1754 Lord Strange's celebrated horse *Sportsman* competed unsuccessfully. The same owner's *Jenny*, *Gift*, and *Kitty* were on the Turf about the same time; and his son was the twelfth Earl of Derby, who more than lived up to the sporting reputation of his



By permission of Walker & Boutell.

*Charles Watson Wentworth, second Marquis
of Rockingham, owner of "Alabaculia,"
and Prime Minister in 1782.*

ancestors, and handed it on to worthy representatives of the same family in our own times. The Plate of 1756 was won by the Duke of Ancaster's *Spectator*, who beat *Whistlejacket*, then the property of Sir William Middleton and sold by him in the year before his death to Lord Rockingham. Sir William represented Northumberland in Parliament for almost five-and-thirty years, and owned the dam of the Bartlett's Childers mare, who was sister to the two *True Blues*. Two famous horses of his were *Squirrel* and *Camilla*. Another early member, whose connection with politics was rather by inheritance than by experience, was Sir Robert Walpole's grandson, the third Earl of Orford, who was the last great country gentleman to keep up the



The Marquis of Rockingham's "Cato."

sport of hawking. In other directions his sport was rather too eccentric to be valuable, but he at least showed his acuteness in stud matters by breeding the speedy *Firetail* (by the *Squirrel* just mentioned), and by his ownership of the *Orford Barb Mare*, dam of *Spitfire* by *Eclipse*. In 1757—to conclude this little list of early members—

Sir Charles Turner, of Yorkshire, who was a noted rider to hounds and across country, ran his *Brutus* against Lord Rockingham's *Remus* at Newmarket for 500 guineas, B.C., 8st. 7lbs., giving his lordship 4lbs., and won. The loser is another conspicuous instance at this time of a racing Prime Minister, for Charles Watson Wentworth, second Marquess of Rockingham, who signed the Club's first public document, was the owner of *Sampson*, and *Solon* whom he afterwards used as his charger. In 1768 he won the Whip at Newmarket with *Bay Malton*, beating *Cardinal Puff* easily. But his great claim to the respect of every Turfite is that he won the first St. Leger Stakes (as far as the conditions of the race were concerned) with *Alabaculia*. Two years afterwards he gave its name to the famous Doncaster contest in 1778 from that of his friend and neighbour, Colonel St. Leger of Park Hill.

It was very possibly after this nobleman that Lord Barrymore's *Rockingham* was named who won the Jockey Club Plate of 1788, the same year in which its spirited young owner (then only nineteen) had entered Sir John Lade's *Feenow*, by *Tandem*, for the Derby. He deserves to be recorded as a patron of the Turf, for his devotion was, at



The Marquis of Rockingham's "Bay Malton" (1760) by "Sampson," his dam by "Cade."

all events, enthusiastic, if not always respectably displayed. Lord Barrymore was known as "Hellgate," his second brother, who succeeded him, being



General Grosvenor.

lame, as "Cripplegate," and another brother, a clergyman, as "Newgate." This edifying family—there was a sister, by the way, Lady Melford, whom the Prince called "Billingsgate," in compliment to her vocabulary—were all more or less on the Turf, but Hellgate was the best sportsman and the best fellow. He owned numerous thoroughbreds which he often rode himself, but his chief devotion was apparently to the stage. He had a theatre of his own at Wargrave, and got up mixed companies of amateurs and professionals to act, not unnaturally taking the chief parts himself. After Delpini, a male opera dancer who often assisted at these



Mr. Thomas Grosvenor.

this mad Irishman have been, and to be paralleled without much difficulty from our own time. In the society he amused, and guided by such excellent mentors as "Old Q.," or Charles Fox, the Prince of Wales went on the Turf, though he did not stay on it long. I have seen the manuscript draft of the Prince's Stakes, which was drawn up in 1784, and placed in the rooms of the Jockey Club. "Colts 8 st. 3 lbs., fillies 8 st. New Flat. To be run at the first and second Spring Meetings of 1785, 6 and 7. Sweepstakes of 200 guineas, half-forfeit." The list of entries is

performances, was named a famous racer and sire. It is to his credit that he produced such good things as "The Merry Wives" and "Every Man in his Humour." Selwyn writes rather testily of "that *étourdi* Lord Barrymore . . . playing the fool in three or four different characters." He used to go about with a train of pugilists, and in one way and another ran through £300,000 and encumbered the family estates. He was killed in rather an odd way by the explosion of a gun while he was conducting some French prisoners from Rye to Deal, in his capacity as an officer in the Militia. Not an unattractive figure, on the whole, must



Viscount Belgrave.



London, H. Virtue & Co. Lth



From the mezzotint by Dupont, in the British Museum, after the painting by Gainsborough.

Colonel John Hayes St. Leger (1756-1800)

headed by "George P. (3)," and after him are written Bolton, Earl of Abingdon (3), Foley (1), Thos. Bullock (2), Tho. Douglas (1), Grosvenor (3), Chartris (2), Wm. Davis (1), Derby (2), D. O'Kelly (3), Sherborne (3), Boringdon (1), M. Lade (1), Tho. Panton (3), T. Charles Bunbury (1), Grafton (1), F. Dawson (1), Clermont (2), Egremont (3), Charles Wyndham (2). It is a good epitome of the racing men of the period, and the renewal of the stakes in 1789 shows Lord Grosvenor's name again, with that of Lord Belgrave, who signed for Sir L. Haggerston. The same family sent General Grosvenor and Mr. Thomas Grosvenor to support the Turf as well. On the second list appear the additional names of C. J. Fox, G. W. Cavendish, Rd. Vernon, Barrymore, and Bedford. It is not possible here to enter upon so complicated a subject as the demerits of "George P." But it is only fair to say that when he first went racing, he was nothing worse than a foolish (though by no means stupid) young man; reckless, high-spirited, already selfish, and a little shifty, but still capable of generous acts, anxious to be popular and keen to do everything. He had been hardly brought up, and he was eager to enjoy himself, self-consciously but not unworthily ambitious to be a universal patron. The Turf has had more sinister figures on it than this one.

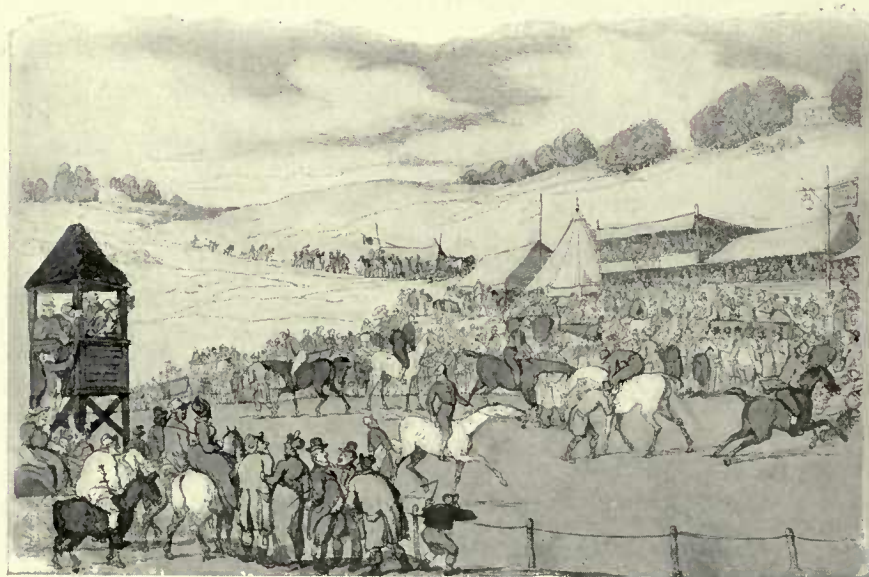


*The Seventh Earl of Barrymore
talking to a friend (1791).*

From such slight sketches of character as the above, the reader, helped out by his own imagination, may reconstruct in some measure the atmosphere of the Turf and the sort of society which supported it in the eighteenth century. Then, as now, there was a small racing set, and a large set which took racing as one of many enjoyments or functions. The difference is that of these men a goodly proportion threw themselves, like "Old Q." or Lord Barrymore, with greater energy and publicity into the life of pleasure than anyone can do now. The tone was louder,

the colours were brighter. It was also a more friendly society because it was closer connected and more intimately acquainted than now. But the spirit was the same. Some men went because they loved horses and a fine sport; others because they hoped to win money; others because it was a cheerful occasion of talk and laughter on a fine day out of doors; others because Lady Sarah flirted at Newmarket. They made more noise, it is probable, and cut a gayer dash. But the great, joyous, good-humoured, open-air spirit of the Turf was the same we know to-day

In the next chapter we shall look a little more closely at the horses in which these men and women were so interested.



Preparing to start in 1809

CHAPTER XI.

MATCHEM, HEROD, AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.—RECORDS AND COMPARISONS.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona.

IN the year after *Eclipse* was foaled, *Regulus*, the undefeated bay son of the *Godolphin Arabian*, followed his famous sire, and died at Low Garterly at the ripe age of twenty-six. Before that the *Cullen Arabian* had paid the debt of nature, too, and the Turf had lost for ever the services of such famous stallions as *Babraham*, *Dormouse*, *Snip*, *Bolton Starling*, *Cade*, *Crab*, *Partner*, and *Flying Childers*, who was buried at Chatsworth, where *Basto* had been laid before him, in 1741. In 1764 *Little Prince* was still alive at twenty-one, *Snap* was only fourteen, *Marske* had another fifteen years to live, and *Herod* sixteen. *Matchem*, the longest-lived of them all, was then sixteen years old, and was not to die till he had reached the great age of thirty-three. *Bay Malton* was a four-year-old and *Goldfinder* was a foal. The period, in fact, was as critical in the story of the thoroughbred horse as it was interesting and brilliant in the development of society. I have indicated something of the latter, and it is time that I should show the importance of the former, both in relation to the early breeders we met in my first chapters and in connection with the present condition of things on the Turf at the beginning of the twentieth century.

It is of very little consequence what the aboriginal horse was which Cæsar's legions found drawn up against them as the first Yeomanry of Kent. Whether the creature was brought here by Celts or Germans as a purely northern product or as an offshoot of that mixed breeding which undoubtedly resulted from Hannibal's incursions into Spain and Gaul and Italy, and from other great migrations, it is certain that the men who invaded this country under the banner of the White Horse attached a certain value to the animal beyond that of the mere "totem." The victories of their descendants in later centuries were celebrated by the carving of the horse in an uncouth and conventional form upon such green expanses as the Berkshire Downs, near Wantage, and elsewhere; and we have seen

that Englishmen soon discovered the admirable sport of racing. In the reign of Edward II. John Gyfford and William Twety had already written two treatises in rhyme on hunting and horses, which still remain in manuscript in the Cottonian Collection. It was not till almost exactly a hundred years afterwards that the first sporting publication ever issued in England was printed in 1481 for Dame Julyana Berners, the predecessor of a long line of lusty followers who have been, most of them, quite unconscious that a petticoat had led the way. This lady insists that a horse should have fifteen "properties," or points, to wit :—

"Of a man, bolde, prowde, and hardy ;
Of a woman, fayrbrested, fayr of heere, and easy to leape upon ;
Of a foxe, a fayr taylle, short eeres, with a good trotte ;
Of a haare, a grete eye, a dry hede, and well runnyng ;
Of an asse, a bygge chyn, a flatte legge, and a good hoof."

This means, at least, that the clumsy creature we see in English drawings of a date before the middle of the sixteenth century was probably not quite so useless for a turn of speed as his unwieldy proportions might suggest.

Clearly, also, the possession of staying-power had soon become a boasted attribute of our horses. Perhaps there is not much authenticity of detail in the first long-distance ride that seems to have attracted definite attention ; but it was certainly his speed in carrying an important message from Richmond to the Emperor, involving a journey across the Channel, which brought the energy of Thomas Wolsey to the notice of his Sovereign. In 1599 Sir Robert Carey, whose pedestrian feats had already won him a handsome wager, rode from London to Edinburgh—about four hundred miles of bad roads—in sixty hours, in spite of a heavy fall, and got to Doncaster the first night after doing 162 miles. His hurry was caused by the somewhat indelicate ambition to be the first to bring the news of Queen Elizabeth's death to James I., and, of course, he must have changed horses on the way many times. In the reign of the new King his son, the promising and unfortunate Henry, Prince of Wales, rode from Richmond to Sir Oliver Cromwell's property near Huntingdon (which I have already had to mention) "before noon" on the same day, a distance of some sixty miles ; and he did forty miles more the next day. In 1604 a performance by one of the King's grooms, called John Lepton, is recorded in Fuller's "Worthies." Within five days he rode the full distance between London and York five times, and, finishing his task in the Northern town on a Friday, he rode back on the following Monday and appeared next day at the Court in Greenwich "in as

fresh and cheerful a manner as when he first began," being no doubt much encouraged by winning the wagers which must have depended on so good a performance. In 1619 Bernard Calvert of Andover is said to have ridden from Southwark to Dover, sailed across the Channel to Calais and back, and ridden home again to St. George's Church, in seventeen hours. He probably made a fair crossing with a favourable wind, as it was the month of July ; but again, there is no record of the number of horses he used, and I have only quoted these instances to show that though men only had their horses to depend upon, they could make very good



"Protector."

travelling, when pressed, and were able to rely upon the good qualities of their animal. Such facts as these are also worth remembering in any estimate of that native British stock which existed here before the arrival of the great Eastern sires in the seventeenth century began that long and baffling process which has resulted in what we call the "thoroughbred." I have by no means that distinct aversion to this word which was so roundly displayed in Captain Upton's interesting publication of some thirty years ago, for it seems as convenient to recognise the word now generally applied to the ideal every breeder aims at as it is to accept the

equally faulty, but none the less widespread, phrase of "Gothic architecture" when applied to buildings of a certain kind. Nor am I quite clear that it would mend matters at all, even if it were remotely possible, to limit "thoroughbred" to pure Arabians, such as Mr. Wilfrid Blunt patriotically imports. For I fear I have already betrayed an opinion which was meant to be reserved for a judicial peroration to the effect that the best horse ever bred, bar none, was the result of the cross between the pure Arab and whatever definition may be given to the breed of horse existing in England towards the end of the seventeenth century. This opinion ought to have as a logical result the coining of an entirely unknown phrase for every animal on the Turf during two centuries, a task which very much more



Mr. O'Kelly's "Soldier"
by "Eclipse" (1779).

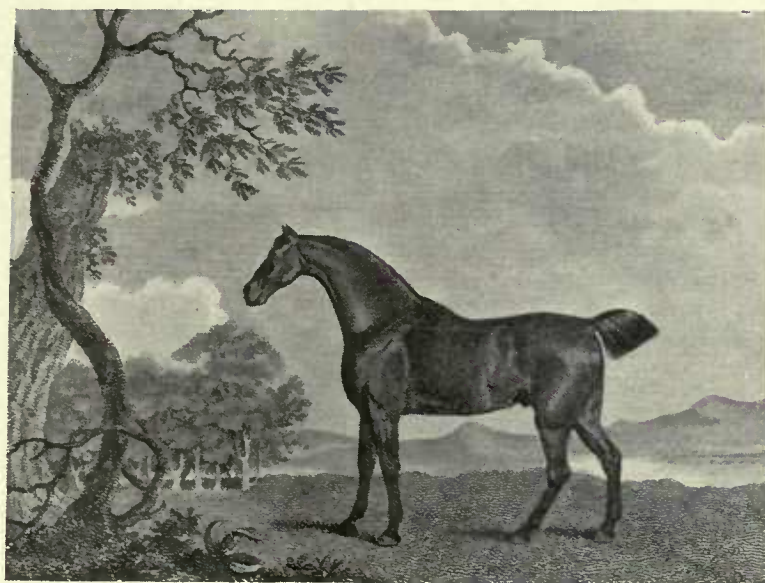
experienced phrase-mongers would not unnaturally refuse. Let it be granted then to my modesty, if to nothing else, that in future pages the word "thoroughbred" will be used in the sense in which every racing man now uses it, the sense which began to be distinct about the time when "half-breds" were called "cocktails," and

were allowed special consideration if they competed against rivals of a better pedigree.

In gathering together, as far as is possible in these pages, the names of both the horses and the owners which were famous in the eighteenth century, I have been guided by two motives especially. Not merely is it necessary to indicate the gradual progress of racing as such, by the most typical authenticated facts, but it is also essential to the principle on which I have ventured to place this work before my readers, that they should clearly understand, as far as surviving facts can help them, the actual condition of affairs when deliberate breeding from Eastern stock, whether Arabian, Barb, or Turk, was first continuously fashionable.

Unless this is clearly grasped, the real meaning of "the English thoroughbred" will, to my mind, never be truly appreciated. It is possible that one or two horses may have had a successful career on the English Turf which have had not a drop of other than Eastern blood in their veins. But to say that all of the best pedigrees of modern blood-stock can be traced back to *The Byerly Turk*, *The Darley Arabian*, and *The Godolphin Arabian*, is not at all equivalent to proving that the English thoroughbred is a pure product of Eastern blood alone. As a matter of fact, the assertion is no more true than it would be true to say that the best Englishmen are a pure product of nothing but English blood. In these days of extended travel and easy communication, marriages between different nationalities are common.

Even if this be denied, it will not be questioned that Englishmen often marry American heiresses; and, charming as these wealthy ladies are, who will be bold enough to assert what is the exact proportion which any nationality can claim in a descent which has produced such fascinating examples of mixed heredity? But there is no need even to take

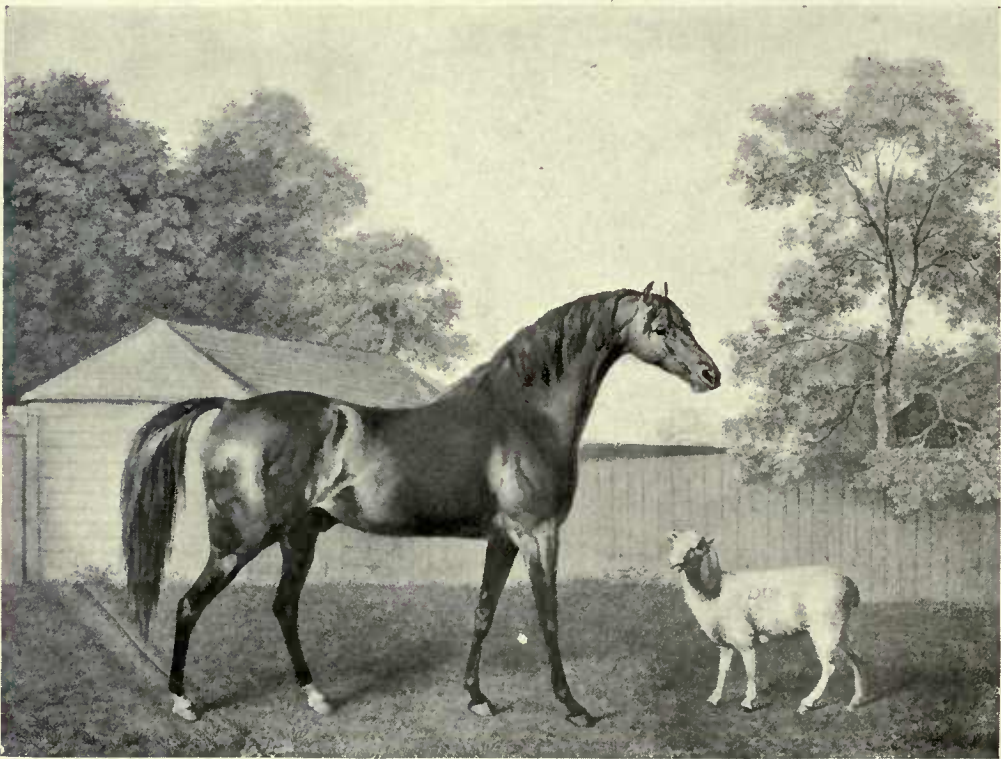


"Phosphorus" by "Eclipse."

the analogy of modern society. Long before Burke was heard of, or Debrett was born, there was an aristocracy in these islands. What was its origin? Was it pure Norman, pure Saxon, or pure Dane? What is our highest family of all? Is it Celtic, or Teutonic, or of what unmixed race? Of none, for it is better than any. Our most representative families are the result of the happiest blend ever concocted in Nature's great Laboratory of Race, the composite of various strains known as the English.

Much the same holds good of the English thoroughbred. I shall never believe that any name in the modern blood-stock upon the English turf is descended of the

same pure Eastern strain (whatever that may have been in each case), as the *Byerly Turk*, the *Darley Arabian*, or the *Godolphin Arabian*, until I have a far more satisfactory proof than I have yet seen of the purity of those great sires *Matchem*, *Herod*, and *Eclipse*, through whom the blood of their three Eastern ancestors has chiefly been transmitted to their modern descendants. *Eclipse*, I venture to think (and I take him only as a typical example) was the result of a very fortunate mixture of Eastern animal, who had been improved by residence in this climate, and the



“*Dungannon.*”

English animal, who had already reached a very considerable pitch of excellence before the results of such unions had really been scientifically appreciated. Nothing is more baffling than breeding, and I can easily believe that if men had begun to breed a racer on preconceived theories we should never have had the materials to produce such a magnificent creature as *Stockwell*, or *Persimmon*, or a dozen more, at all. But the old racing men were very justly favoured by the Providence that has looked fairly well after their interests ever since. They were rewarded for their pertinacity in racing hard with all the material they had by suddenly discovering that

this material, crossed with the imported Eastern stock, produced something much finer than either. The supply appeared when the demand had become pressing. What they already had in endurance they improved in speed, and what was fast was made to last as well.

It would take away much of the romance of the Turf, and almost all interest in its history, if breeding were an exact science. Such awkward yet inspiring facts are constantly recurring as the sudden appearance of a good one after all hope of fast foals out of a great mare had been abandoned. These discoveries have by no means



"Martin" by "Cade," his dam by "Crab."

been confined to the *Tartar* mare sold so cheaply to Colonel O'Kelly, which turned out to be worth as many thousands, after she was twenty, as she had cost sovereigns to her clever purchaser. *Penelope*, who won eighteen races for the Duke of Grafton, was the dam of *Whalebone*, *Web*, *Woful* and *Whisker*; *Pocahontas*, a bad roarer and an indifferent performer on the Turf, became the dam of *Stockwell*, *Rataplan*, and *King Tom*, of *Ayacanora*, *Auricula* and *Auracaria*. Out of another mare, who was so crippled that she could never race, was born a common-looking son who was never in perfect health and was often lame. Among his victories were the Two Thousand,

the Derby, and the Leger ; and his name was *Gladiateur*. On the other hand, how is it that such sons as *St. Gatien* or *Robert the Devil* stood alone, or that *Thebais* was in a different class to all the rest of the family produced to *Hermit* by *Devotion*? But such instances are innumerable. If I have mentioned them at all it is to show that after two hundred years we are not so very much wiser than our ancestors were in the matter of breeding, and also that the point of view of a breeder in the eighteenth century was very different to that with which we are but too familiar in 1902.

Though I have taken the date of *Eclipse's* birth as a typical year round which to group the facts of breeding dealt with in this chapter, it must not be imagined that no horse worthy of note made his appearance between the date reached in my last volume and the year 1764. The portraits of some famous animals, born by 1750, and already described, are inserted in these pages to assist, as far as may be, in comparing the various types developed. Of these earlier horses it is, of course, *Matchem*, a bay son of *Cade*, his dam by *Partner*, who is the most distinguished, not merely from the honest and successful record of his racing since he was a five-year-old in 1753, but from the astonishing fact that between 1764 and 1786 he got 354 winners, among them *Tectotum* (Oaks, 1780) and *Hollandaise* (St Leger, 1778), who scored an average of over £6,569 a year, the highest figure reached being £25,116 in 1772. It is worth noting that the total amount of money run for in that year was £160,650, and that in 1787 it was only £94,420, while in 1797 there were only 593 horses of all ages on the Turf in all. When it is also remembered that *Matchem's* fee, as given in my quotation from the Racing Calendar, was 25 guineas in 1779, and that these sums were won at a date when the large prizes of the modern Turf did not exist, his excellence will be better appreciated if compared with the £28,567 that brought *St. Simon* to the top of the list in 1901.

In *Matchem* occurs the first direct union of *Godolphin Arabian* blood with that of the *Byerly Turk*. The first of his get that started was the Duke of Northumberland's *Cæsario*, winner of the Jockey Club Plate for four-year-olds at Newmarket in May, 1764. *Matchem* had more direct Eastern blood in him than either *Herod* or *Eclipse*. Like the *Gower Stallion* and *Spanking Roger*, his sire *Cade* was by the *Godolphin Arabian*, but the pedigree of his dam *Roxana* shows two unknown elements in the dam of *Why Not* and the daughter of *Spanker* ; and *Partner's* pedigree is equally obscured by our ignorance of the dam of *Makeless* and the grandam of *Jigg*. However this may be, the result was all right, both for the racer and the sire, and the stablemen used to say they could tell a *Matchem* in the dark from the way

he laid his legs to the ground. "*Snap* for speed and *Matchem* for truth and daylight" was the paddock axiom, and *Snap*, who was born in 1750, was almost the only sire of that age whose record ran *Matchem's* close, for between 1763 and 1781 his get secured £92,200 in prizes, the most distinguished of his produce (as was mentioned in his "epitaph") being *Goldfinder*, *Omnium*, and many famous mares, such as *Anglica*, *Snapdragon*, and the dams of *Pantaloon*, *Shark*, and *Alfred*.

Matchem's type was very closely reproduced in *Dr. Syntax* (first foal of a *Beningbrough* mare), that game little champion of the North, scarcely fifteen hands in height, with a mouse-coloured coat so remarkably short that his veins stood out like network after a slight canter. He was the sire of *Beeswing*, the pride of Northumberland, scarcely 15.2, with the sweetest head in the world. It may be remarked that *Dr. Syntax* raced till he was ten years old (winning 32 races), and his famous daughter raced till she was nine, and was hacked in the Park for a year before being sent to the stud. By *Touchstone*, who also ran as an old horse, she had the beautiful *Nunnykirk* and *Newminster*, a pair



H.R.H. The Prince of Wales's
"Anvil," by "Herod" (1777).

whose victories for cups over long distances were wonderful. *Newminster* got the big and bloodlike *Lord Clifden*, whose most famous son, *Hampton*, went back to the smaller strain, and begot *Ladas*, the most perfect in proportion of them all.

The *Conductor* line of *Matchem* blood, famous for *Trumpator* (sire of *Paynator*, whose son was *Dr. Syntax*), *Sorcerer*, and *Penelope*, sprang from a union between *Matchem* and a daughter of *Snap*, the grandson of *Flying Childers*. Through him the blood of the *Darley Arabian* appears for the first time in the line. *Sorcerer's* son was *Smolensko*, sire of *Jerry*, whose son was *Tomboy*, and the small size of the strain came out again in *Tomboy's* grandson *Saucebox*, who was only 14.2. *Sorcerer's* strain,

improved by a cross of *Sir Peter*, continued to flourish for long in *Comus* and his progeny, three of whom (in his first season) came in first, second, and third for the St. Leger; *Reveller* (out of *Rosette*), *Ranter* (out of sister to *Rosette*), and the *Marshal*. Of the rest *Grey Momus* was the most perfect and *Humphrey Clinker* the biggest, who was the sire of *Melbourne* out of a *Cervantes* mare.

Turning for a moment to *Matchem's* influence on female lines of descent, we may note that the family which traces, through the dams, to Burton's Barb mare, owes *Atalanta* to *Matchem*, and from *Atalanta* came *Whitelock*, *Don John*, *Grey Momus*, *Margrave*, and *Sheen*, with such representatives in modern times as *Enigma*, *Lady Yardley*, *Headlong*, and others. In the same way *Matchem* was also the sire of *Miss West*, who was but five removes from the *Massey Mare*, and from *Miss West*, in the female line, came such celebrities as *Gladiator*, *Fille de l'Air*, *Reine*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Kirkconnel*.

I have mentioned these instances of female descent because there is no doubt that both *Matchem* and *Herod* have now been distanced by *Eclipse* in the struggle for male supremacy. Mr. W. Allison thinks that Bruce-Lowe's "Figure system" provides a complete reason for this in the fact that neither *Matchem* nor *Herod* possessed a single strain of the original mares (viz., the dam of the two *True Blues*, the *Bustler Mare*, the *Sedbury Royal Mare*, the dam of the *Brimmer Mare*, and the *Oldfield Mare*) who form the tap-roots of the five "sire families," while *Eclipse* showed strains from three of them, that of the *Sedbury Royal Mare* occurring on each side of his pedigree. But I cannot believe that the English Turf has benefited by the lack of *Matchem's* descendants in tail-male just because caprice in the matter of fashionable sires has almost extinguished a strain which may perhaps be strengthening itself by the far more lengthy if uncertain process of establishing the female line. *Matchem* traces back, on the dam's side, to the *Layton Barb Mare*, the latest of whose descendants are *Common* and *Sir Visto* (through the *Expectation* line), *Seabreeze*, *Rêve d'Or*, and *Sibola*, while among its successful stallions are *Lamplighter*, *Lord of the Isles*, *Thormanby*, and *Goldfinch*; and if it be true that *Matchem's* descendants in tail-male are disappearing all over the world, and not in England only, then it would seem that the excellence of his stock, as long as it lasted, might be due as much to his great ancestress as to the *Godolphin Arabian* himself. Certain it is, at any rate, that the family of the *Layton Barb Mare* comes fifth in the season of 1901, if we arrange the descendants of the original mares in the order indicated by the value of their winnings; while the third on that list is the family of the *Sedbury*

London: H. Virtue & Co. Ltd.



From the original painting by Siphon, in 1766, at the Durdans.

King Herod (1758)
By permission of the Earl of Rosebery

Royal Mare, to which both the maternal grandsire and the paternal grandam of *Eclipse* belong, and the second place in the same list is held by the descendants of *Tregonwell's Natural Barb Mare*, of whom three strains occur in the pedigree of *Herod*, including his sire *Tartar*. But of the difficulties of the "Figure system" I shall have more to say later.

Returning to descendants in tail-male, we find that of the winners of the Derby, Oaks, St Leger, Two Thousand, and One Thousand, between 1878 and 1897, less than 6 per cent. can be traced either to *Herod* or to *Matchem*, while *Eclipse* is actually responsible for 88·11. At no time was *Matchem* superior, on this calculation. The highest point he reaches is 15·27 per cent., between 1798 and 1817, to the 38·88 of *Herod* and the 45·69 of *Eclipse*. Only once is *Eclipse* anywhere but first, and then also it is *Matchem* who is last. For, from 1778 to 1797 the winners traceable to *Herod* are 48·21 per cent., to *Eclipse* 39·28, and to *Matchem* 12·5. This looks bad enough; but if we consider the statistics of English classic winners from 1878 to 1897, so far as their dams are concerned, we shall find the following proportion in the male descent of those dams, viz., *Eclipse*, 71 per cent.; *Herod*, 19; *Matchem*, 10. These figures, taken in combination with the first percentages, must, I fear, finally condemn the future usefulness of *Matchem* blood, in spite of the fact that *Melbourne* and *Young Melbourne* mares were in their day so good; the latter especially through their union with *Hermit*; for it would now be practically extinct in England but for *Solon*, sire of *Barcaldine* and *Philammon*, and some descendants of *Nutwith*; though *West Australian* in France (through *Bagdad* and *Ruy Blas*), *Australian Pehr* at the Antipodes, and imported *Australian*, in the United States, are still preserving the strain in lands far distant from its origin.

In 1758 was foaled *Herod*, a bay horse, by *Tartar* out of *Cypron*, the grand daughter of *Flying Childers*, whose sire was the *Darley Arabian*. *Tartar* was grandson of *Jigg*, who was by the *Byerly Turk* out of a *Spanker* mare. There is more of "the unknown quantity" in his pedigree than in those of *Matchem* or *Eclipse*. Even if we accept *Clumsy* (sire of *Fox*), we can hardly assert anything about the *Sister to Mixbury*, who was *Partner's* dam; while as to both *Snail* and *Shield's Galloway Mare* we know absolutely nothing. Nor are things much better if we turn to *Cypron's* origins, for *Grey Grantham's* dam is quite unknown, and so is the breeding of the mare out of whom he got the *Confederate Filly*. I cannot help pointing out, in this connection, that *Matchem*, the purest in Eastern descent of the three great sires dealt with in this volume, is also the one whose blood has shown most symptoms of decay; *Herod*

seems to have gone too far in the other direction. He had absorbed, in fact, too much of the old English stock, and though that hardy blood has preserved his family in vigour to the present day, it has not enabled it to cope with the absolutely correct (and probably quite fortuitous) mixture which produced *Eclipse*. This may be a merely fantastic explanation of the figures, though it is borne out by the facts; but there seems to be no doubt that *Herod* mares would have their value at the present day, just as in the times when O'Kelly would have nothing else, if he could help it, for union with the *Eclipse* strain, and just as Mr. Tattersall hunted for *Marske* mares to cross with *Highflyer*. A suggestion that deals more with the Eastern blood in each case has also been made to account for the varying vitality in the strains of *Matchem*, *Herod*, and *Eclipse*. As the best of these had most of the *Darley Arabian* in him, so, it is suggested, does the excellence of the other two bear an exact proportion to the amount of the *Darley Arabian*'s blood which is mixed with that of the *Godolphin Arabian* and the *Byerly Turk* respectively. On this theory *Herod*'s superiority to *Matchem* is accounted for by the *Darley Arabian* strain he got through the dam of *Blaze*.

Herod was bred by the Duke of Cumberland. He was a bay horse, without white except a very small star, with a level back and high quarter, and deep in the back ribs. He was bought by Sir John Moore after the Duke's death, after he had beaten the Duke of Ancaster's *Roman* by *Blank* (8st. 7lbs., B.C., 500 guineas) in his first race at five years old at Newmarket; Sir John Moore's own son of *Tartar* out of *Miss Meredith*; Lord Rockingham's *Tom Tinker* by *Sampson* (8st. 7lbs., to *Herod*'s 8st. 13lbs., four miles, 1,000 guineas); and the Duke of Grafton's *Antinous* (8st. 8lbs., B.C., 500 guineas, and again giving him 9lbs., over the same course for twice the money). Only one defeat is recorded of him before his sale, that of 1765, when he was unable to give a stone (as well as a year) to Sir James Lowther's *Ascham* at Newmarket. But, in Sir John Moore's colours, he was beaten again by Lord Bolingbroke's *Turf*. In 1767 he had his revenge on these two latter horses, but could not get his head in front of *Bay Malton* for a sweepstake of 500 guineas a side, 8st. 7lbs., over the Beacon Course, which put a lot of money into the pockets of the Yorkshire visitors. He had broken a blood vessel in his head in the August of 1766, and his last race was a victory over his old opponent *Ascham*. No doubt his weak fore legs had begun to tell, and he was sent to the stud soon afterwards. His offspring began to appear in 1771; between that date and 1787 they won £201,250, besides a large amount of claret, and the Whip (by *Anvil*); the most famous of them were *Highflyer*, *Woodpecker*, *Anvil*,



“Highflyer” by “Herod.”

Calash (dam of *Whiskey*), *Maria* (dam of *Waxy*), *Evergreen*, *Faith*, *Bordeaux*, *Tuberoze*, *Telemachus*, and others, besides the dams of *Gohanna*, *Beningbrough*, *Coriander*, *Dungannon*, and *Precipitate*, with many more.

Herod's blood has chiefly been handed down to us through the lines of *Woodpecker* (1773), out of *Miss Ramsden* by *Cade*; and of *Highflyer* (1774), who was out of *Rachel* by *Blank*; so that both traced back to the *Godolphin Arabian* as well as the *Byerly Turk*, and *Woodpecker* has some of the third great Eastern sire in him as well, through Lord Lonsdale's *Darley Arabian* mare, the great grandam of *Miss Ramsden*.

Woodpecker was himself a large coarse horse with wide lop ears, and for some time Lord Egremont of Petworth inbred him to *Herod* blood persistently. But it was out of *Misfortune*, an unknown daughter of *Dux* (a son of *Matchem*) that *Woodpecker* produced his greatest hit in *Buzzard*, the sire (out of the *Alexander* mare, a granddaughter of *Eclipse*) of *Bronze*, winner of the Oaks, and of that famous trio, *Castrel* (1801), *Selim* (1802), and *Rubens* (1805). *Castrel* was a splendid chestnut of sixteen hands, and would have had few to beat him on the Turf, but that he was a roarer. At the stud he got *Merlin* in 1815, whom Lord Foley bought as a two-year-old for 2,000 guineas. He broke his leg running with *Tiresias* and became incurably savage, though a good racer. He was destroyed at Riddlesworth after savaging and killing the stud-groom. Far greater as a sire was *Castrel's* second son, John Scott's favourite, *Pantaloön*, a big chestnut, covered with dark spots, who had his greatest successes out of Lord Westminster's *Phryne* by *Touchstone*, viz., *Elthiron* (1846), *Windhound* (1847), *Miserrima* (1848), *Hobbie Noble* (1849), and *The Reiver* (1850). His son, *Sleight of Hand* (1836), was bought at Sir Tatton Syke's sale for sixty guineas, and turned out to be the fastest Mr. Parr ever trained. His daughter, the bright bay *Ghuznee*, the very model of a useful short-legged one, and only half an inch over fifteen hands, was out of *Languish*, who also had *Herod* blood in her through *Highflyer*; *Ghuznee* won the Oaks in 1841, in the same year that *Satirist* (a bay brown also by *Pantaloön*) beat *Coronation* for the St. Leger, and *Lanercost* for the Gold Vase at Ascot. Through *Windhound* the blood of *Herod* was transmitted, by way of *Woodpecker*, *Buzzard*, and *Pantaloön*, to *Thormanby* (Derby, 1860), a chestnut son of the famous bay mare *Alice Hawthorn*, whose sire *Muley Moloch* was a direct male descendant of *Eclipse* through *King Fergus*, and whose dam *Rebecca* was by *Eclipse's* great grandson *Tramp*, with the blood of *Mandane* and *Pot8os* in her as well. It may therefore be fairly argued that the *Darley Arabian* has quite as much to say as the *Byerly Turk* in the

matter of the excellence of such *Thormanby* mares as *Rouge Rose*, *Violet*, *Feronia*, *Sunshine*, and *Lady Morgan*, while the direct male line of the *Thormanby* blood seems to have died out, except in the case of his grandson *Le Sancy*, who was so valued in France as to be able to command a 500 guinea fee. He died in 1901, but left some smart horses behind him.

The chestnut *Selim*, a magnificent grandson of *Woodpecker*, was foaled in 1802, and was given by the Prince to Colonel Leigh at the Royal Sale. He was good at all distances, and became the sire of the *Cesario* filly (One Thousand, 1815), *Medora* (Oaks, 1814), *Azor* (Derby, 1817), *Turcoman* (Two Thousand, 1827), *Turquoise* (Oaks, 1828). From a Walton mare (her dam by *Diomed*, grandson of *Matchem*) *Selim* had a chestnut son called *Langar* in 1817, who had two chestnut colts out of *Olympia*, named *Elis* (St. Leger, 1836) and *Epirus* (Derby, 1846), who was the sire of the celebrated *Virago*. For *Bay Middleton*, the great rival of *Elis*, I must go back to *Selim's* greater son *Sultan* (1816), a splendid bay with a blaze and four white feet, who was out of *Bacchante*, and showed her *Eclipse* blood, as it was thought at the time, by his strong resemblance to the *Darley Arabian* in his deep back ribs, fine head, and small ears. He lost the Derby by half a neck to *Soothsayer's* best son, *Tiresias*, who seemed born to be the bane of *Buzzard's* stock. He broke down just before the St. Leger, and passed eventually into Lord Exeter's stud, where he became the sire of *Beiram*, *Ishmael*, and *Jereed*; of *Greenmantle*, who won the Oaks in 1829, one of the famous Burghley mares which made the “narrow blue stripes” a spectre to trainers for four or five years; of the brilliant *Augustus* (out of *Augusta* by *Woful*), who fought sadly in his gallop, but pulled off the Two Thousand of 1830; of *Galata* (Oaks, 1832), and of *Glencoe* (1833), the speedy lowbacked chestnut (sire of *Pocahontas* the dam of *Stockwell*) whom “Tiny Edwards” loved so well, and who showed the value of the *Tramp* blood in his dam by winning the Two Thousand and the Ascot Gold Cup. *Glencoe's* great rival was *Plenipotentiary*, who met him first at the Craven Meeting after *Glencoe* had won the Riddlesworth in a canter, and it was thought that Robinson would have no difficulty in settling a horse that looked like a prize bullock if only he made the running hot at first. But unfortunately “*Plenipo*” went up as soon as Conolly asked him, and beat “the fastest horse alive” by four lengths, a lesson he repeated with even greater severity in the Derby when he almost carried Conolly to the Durdans in sheer delight at winning; and he was only stopped in the St. Leger by the “nobbler.” His blood was crossed with that of *Plenipotentiary* in the still more famous *Blair Athol*, for *Pocahontas* by *Glencoe* was the dam of *Stock-*

well, and *Stockwell* was *Blair Athol's* sire from a great-grand-daughter of *Plenipotentiary*. A similar case of rivals combining in their descendants is seen in *Doncaster*, who was by *Stockwell* out of *Marigold* by *Teddington*, and from *Doncaster* comes the direct line through *Bend Or*, *Ormonde*, *Orme*, and *Flying Fox*. The same thing occurred in the case of those mighty opponents *Flying Dutchman* and *Voltigeur*; for *Galopin* traces from them through his sire *Vedette*, who was by *Voltigeur*, and through his dam *Flying Duchess*, who was by the *Dutchman*; and hence came the *St. Simon* line, which is the most renowned of modern times, though it was a very near thing, for *Vedette* was actually



In the possession of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

"Skyscraper" by "Highflyer."

offered to a well-known Limerick horse-breeder for forty sovereigns in the 'sixties at Diss. Luckily *Victor* went to Kilmallock instead, and became one of the best hunter-sires in Ireland.

Vedette's pedigree is worth consideration from other points as well, especially if it is considered as the direct progenitor of *St. Simon*, and so of *Florizel II.* and *Persimmon*. His dam, *Mrs. Ridgway* by *Birdcatcher*, was of the *Pot8os* line of *Eclipse*, while *Voltigeur* showed the *King Fergus* line of the same sire, and there was also the blood of *Dick Andrews* and *Blacklock* in close removes. But this is not all. *Vedette* shows

twenty-one more crosses of *Eclipse* besides the four already mentioned, seventeen of *Matchem* (inclusive of six of the *Godolphin* from other sources), and no less than twenty-seven in all of that *Herod* whose descendants I am now more particularly considering. It is a pedigree which not only shows how careful breeders used to be in mixing the three great strains, but also proves the efficacy of their labours in *St. Simon's* progeny to-day. But I must turn back at once to the *Woodpecker* branch of *Herod*.

In 1833—if I may omit other winners for the present—was foaled *Sultan's* great son *Bay Middleton*. This splendid winner of the Two Thousand and Derby of 1836, was out of *Cobweb* (One Thousand and Oaks, 1824) who was by *Phantom* out of *Filagree*, by *Soothsayer* out of *Web* by *Waxy*. Lord Jersey had already bred *Middleton*, of much the same blood, a big, rolling horse who preferred a T. Y. C., but won the Derby after drinking a bucketful of water. After both *Web* and her daughter *Filagree* had each thrown an Epsom winner to *Phantom*, *Cobweb* the grand-daughter did better than either when her clear-winded Arab attributes were mated to the stock of *Sultan*. Her son *Bay Middleton* stood nearly sixteen and a-half hands high, without white except on three of his coronets, showing plenty of character. In after life he became more brown than bay, and mottled on his quarters.

At first *Bay Middleton* rather frightened his grooms. Lord Jersey had to beg Jem Robinson to come and ride him, which he did for the first time, to the great relief of Edwards, one morning at Newmarket. The first burst after the martingale was broken took Jem across the Cambridge turnpike like a gunshot and into the Links. He did not get very quickly into his stride, and five furlongs was not his best distance, but whatever race he ran Robinson never heard him blow. His first victory—unnamed—was in the Riddlesworth Stakes at the Craven Meeting, which he won as he liked. For the Two Thousand he beat *Elis* on the post by a neck at a pace which left all the others a very long way off. His Derby he won against *Gladiator*, *Venison*, and *Slane* by two lengths, and *Elis*, his great rival, made up for his absence on that occasion by winning the St. Leger, from which *Bay Middleton* was absent. But the pair of them met for the Grand Duke St. Michael Stakes at the First October Meeting, and frightened twenty-one horses out of the field, and the Derby winner won again as some think owing to the extra stoutness he derived from the greater amount of *Darley Arabian* blood in him, which gave that wonderful stride downhill when *Elis* could not go the pace. “The Druid” has described his head as “wicked”; but the arch of his neck was exquisite and beautifully set in from the

withers, and in brisket, thighs and hocks, he was as good as he could be. His length was exactly equal to three times the length of his head, a matter of proportion which I shall have to examine more fully when we come to *Eclipse*. He lies buried beside his old mate *Crucifix*, and John and Alfred Day each planted a cedar to their memory.

Bay Middleton's offspring were not so good as *Sultan's*, but good enough. The most distinguished of them was *The Flying Dutchman*, a fine-looking very dark brown without white, of whom I reproduced Herring's magnificent painting in my first volume. He was out of *Barbelle* (by *Sandbeck*) and had *Bay Middleton's* splendid arms, though his knee-action was by some critics considered to have accounted for a doubtful Derby performance on the Epsom Hill. But in any case it was good enough to win both that race and the St. Leger, and to revenge his defeat by *Voltigeur* for the Doncaster Cup of 1850, by turning the tables in a two-miles match at York the next year, in 3 minutes 55 seconds. With so renowned a performer it will be appropriate to leave the stock of *Selim* and turn to *Rubens*, the last of the famous trio of *Woodpecker's* grandsons. *Rubens* was only fit for the turn of speed which seems best to suit the class of heavy-topped fleshy horse of sixteen hands he was. The Prince sold him for a cheap thousand to Lord Darlington, who made a very good thing out of the bargain. It is chiefly for his daughters that *Rubens* is celebrated, for he was the sire of *Landscape* (Oaks, 1816), *Pastille* (Two Thousand, and Oaks, 1822, her dam by *Pot8os*) and *Whizgig* dam of *Oxygen*. His daughters, too, were the dams of *Defence*, *Recovery*, *Coronation* and *Ascot*. One of the best of his sons was *Sir Joshua* (1812), a chestnut horse of about fifteen hands out of a *Sir Peter* mare, the vanquisher of the cleverly named *Filho da Puta*, a bay of sixteen and over by *Haphazard* out of *Mrs. Barnet* by *Waxy*.

I have now gone as far as is necessary with the *Woodpecker* branch of *Herod's* line, and it is time to see how the blood came out that was transmitted by way of Mr. Tattersall's famous *Highflyer*, a bay who was bred by Lord Bolingbroke. Though his sons *Noble*, *Skyscraper* and *Spadille* were all winners, and his daughters *Omphale*, *Violante*, *Cowslip* and *Young Flora* were just as good, his most famous offspring was *Sir Peter Teazle*, a brown (out of *Papillon* by *Snap*) who beat O'Kelly and the *Eclipse* party for the Derby, after which there was nothing too good for him at Knowsley, where he stood while *Pot8os* was at Eaton. Like himself his stock were nearly all brown, and nearly all as stout as he was, and took a deal of exercising. Among them were *Sir Harry* (Derby, 1798), *Archduke* (Derby, 1799), *Ditto* (Derby, 1803), *Paris*

(Derby, 1806), *Hermione* (Oaks, 1794), *Parasote* (Oaks, 1796), besides *Ambrosio*, *Fyldener*, *Paulina*, and *Petronius*, all winners of the Leger. But this is not all. *Haphazard* and *Stamford* were both by him out of *Eclipse* mares; the latter is remembered chiefly by his mares, who were the dams of *Mameluke*, *Beiram*, *Actæon*, and *Emilius*. *Haphazard*, "a gay nag-looking horse," was ridden by Billy Peirce, who loved him, in the great race when he beat Buckle on *Marcia* for the Great Subscription Plate at York, by half-a-head. He was the sire of *Filho da Puta*, who won the



Lord Darlington's "*Haphazard*" by "*Sir Peter Teazle*," dam by "*Eclipse*."
(William Pierce is taking off his coat, Sam Wheatley holds the bridle.)

Waterloo St. Leger, and was the first foal of *Waxy's* daughter *Mrs. Barnet*. *Filho da Puta* was full sixteen hands, and went very wide behind, but was "as good as he was good-looking." He became in turn the sire of *Birmingham* (St. Leger, 1830) and *Colwick* the sire of *Attila* (Derby, 1842).

Perhaps the most distinguished of all *Sir Peter's* sons must be considered to be Sir John Shelley's *Walton*, who was somewhat "cobby-looking," like his half-brother. He was out of *Arethusa* (by *Dungannon*), whose grandam *Virago* was by *Snaph* the grandson of *Flying Childers*. Buckle used to say that he was "always on his head

for the first mile." In his first season, out of *Julia* (by *Whiskey*) he got *Phantom*, a Derby winner, and a famous sire of mares, beside such good colts as the two Derby winners *Cedric* and *Middleton*. But his best son was *Partisan*, a bay foaled in 1811 out of *Parasol* by *Pot8os*, and one of the finest-actioned horses ever seen at Newmarket, where he won several matches owing to the advantage of being tried with *Whisker* at the Grafton Stables. After he had begotten *Venison*, *Mameluke*, *Gladiator*, and *Glaucus*, he was sold for 165 guineas. But his memory will live on in his descendants long after his selling-price has been forgotten.

Gladiator, a chestnut with a blood-like head and fine eyes, might have given *Bay Middleton* more work for his Derby if he had not sprung a curb at Suaresbrook a month before the race. He was out of *Pauline* by *Moses* (Derby, 1822), who is generally traced to *Whalebone*. Though he was the sire of *Gladiator's* dam, it is on his son *Sweetmeat* that his fame chiefly depends, a very neat dark brown out of *Lollypop* who was by *Voltaire* (more probably than by *Starch*, as is sometimes held), her dam *Belinda* by *Blacklock*. *Sweetmeat* had a clever straight head and neck, with rather heavy shoulders which he transmitted to his daughter *Comfit*. *Venison*, whose granddam was *Ferboa* (by *Gohanna*, grandson of *Eclipse*), was a game little bay horse with a white reach and both hind fetlocks white, who got all his stock small with grey hairs in the coat and beautiful eyes. He lurched rather in his gait, but was a fine stayer when well ridden, and beat *Mündig* (Derby, 1835) for the King's Plate at Doncaster (four miles) in a canter. A fine picture of Sam Day on *Venison*, with the whole family of Days around him, was painted by Abraham Cooper for the Royal Academy of 1838, and now hangs in Cambridge House, Regent's Park. His son *Ugly Buck* won the Two Thousand of 1844 and his daughter *Clementina* got the One Thousand three years later. Out of *Southdown* (by *Defence* a grandson of *Waxy*) he also got *Joe Miller*, *Kingston*, and *Alarm* (Cambridgeshire, 1845), who had wonderful hips and plenty of his sire's staying power, and *Cruiser*, who was tamed by Mr. Rarey and "was nightly lying down at a word among the sawdust" while his stock were winning at Newmarket.

The last son of *Sir Peter* whom I can mention as transmitting the best of the *High-flyer* blood is *Sir Paul* out of *Evelina* (by *Highflyer*). He was the sire of *Cain* (1822) whose dam was by *Paynator*, and *Cain* was the sire of *Ion* who ran second in *Dou John's* St. Leger. The son of *Ion* and *Ellen Middleton* (by *Bay Middleton*) was *Wild Dayrell* (Derby, 1855) the sire of *Buccancer*, who begot the great *Kisber*, and also had a famous daughter in *Formosa*.

It is perhaps appropriate that our considerations of *Herod's* line should have ended in a mare. For in tail-male that line is sadly weak at the present moment. Taking the first of the two great branches we have examined, the *Woodpecker* blood through *Thormanby* seems to have died out in England, though in France *Le Sancy* is highly valued and *Bay Middleton's* descendants (through *Flying Dutchman*) are numerous, with *Callistrate* at their head in 1900; in America the *Glencoe* stock through *Hanover* are well to the front. Of the *Highflyer* blood we have scarcely more to boast about.



Lord Derby's "*Sir Peter Teazle*"
(Derby, 1787).

Glaucus is still strong, but not on this side of the Channel. *Venison's* line has vanished. Of the *Partisan* stock, which the late Lord Falmouth valued so highly, we have the *Parmesan* line in *Morglay*, *Primrose League*, *Bosphorus*, *Favonian* and *Royal Flush*; and the *Macaroni* branch is represented in *Macmahon*, *Craig Royston*, and a few others. The *Gladiator* family is in fact far stronger in France, in Germany, and in Hungary than in England, where *Poulet* (grandson of *Ventre St. Gris*) has only begotten one decent representative, *Limasol*, winner of the Oaks. Through *Wild Dayrell* alone is the blood of *Sir Paul* surviving, and in *Buccaner* the best of it was

sent out of the country, though some came back in *Crafton*. *Wild Dayrell's* son *The Rake* has indeed transmitted it through *Grey Leg*, but if anything is to be done with *Herod* blood in England it is getting fairly evident that we must get it through the *Fisherman* and *Glencoe* branches which have been refreshed in Australia and America respectively. The fashionable success of *Galopin* blood has for the moment swamped the *Herods*; but it would be little less than fatal to let so great a line die out entirely.

Already in 1898, of the seventy-eight best stallions advertised in the United Kingdom, *Eclipse* was responsible for sixty-four, forty-one being through *Pot8os*, the others through *King Fergus* and *Joe Andrews*. *Matchem* was only represented (through *Melbourne*, *West Australian* and *Solon*) by *Kilwarlin*, *Morion*, *Marco*, *Sir Visto* and *Winkfield*. *Herod* was only represented in eight stallions, viz., *Crafton*, *Despair*, *Dog Rose*, *Grey Leg*, *Macheath*, *Macmahon*, *Morglay*, and *Ocean Wave*, these being through *Castrel*, *Pantaloon*, and *Thormanby*, and through *Ion*, *Wild Dayrell*, *Buccancer* and *See Saw*. If we take the first eighteen stallions from 1894 to 1897 inclusive, all trace to *Eclipse*, except *Despair* who comes from *Herod*.

This leads me naturally to the last and greatest of the three great sires, *Eclipse*, the great-great-grandson of *The Darley Arabian* in direct male descent, who must have a chapter to himself.



Colonel O'Kelly and his Jockey.

CHAPTER XII.

ECLIPSE AND THE MODERN THOROUGHBRED.

*"Effodere loco signum, quod regia Juno
Monstrârat, caput acris equi, sic nam fore bello
Egregiam et facilem victu per sæcula gentem."*

IT probably holds as true to-day, as it did when Carthage was mistress of the seas, that the prosperity of a country is intimately connected with the welfare and the excellence of its horses. If the dawn of the twentieth century showed one lesson that was driven home more clearly than another to Great Britain, it was the necessity of a well-organised Remount Department for the armies of the Empire. One event after another has been chosen as the opportunity for lamentation over the decay of horse-breeding. First it was the railway ; then it was the bicycle and the motor-car. But the horse remains as indispensable as ever, and the backbone of English breeding must remain, what it has always been, the thoroughbred of the English racecourse. So there are very wide general reasons, apart from the everlasting personal interest, why the details about *Eclipse* should be carefully considered in any book which treats of the English Turf as a portion of English social and political life. I shall therefore set before my readers, as briefly as may be, the known facts, and the possible deductions from them, which centre round one of the most famous horses that have ever lived.

In a book called "Essai sur les proportions Geometriales de l'Eclipse par M. Charles Vial de Saint Bel, Professeur du College Vétérinaire de Londres," which was translated in 1791, sold by Shepperson and Reynolds, at "No. 137, Oxford Road," and dedicated to the Prince of Wales, a careful study of *Eclipse* was made with three objects. "(1) As a surer guide to the brush or chisel of the artist, who commonly only employs them in opposition to nature. (2) It

would teach a better choice of the animal, and to exact from it no greater exertion than nature had rendered it capable of yielding. (3) By means of this table we should be enabled to establish the true conformation of the racehorse ; and at any given time to discover whether the breed had degenerated."

On the morning of the 25th of February, 1789, *Eclipse* was seized with a violent cholic, and died at seven in the evening of the 27th, in the twenty-sixth year of his age. He was killed by inflammation of the bowels, as was shown in the post-mortem, and his heart weighed fourteen pounds. In the investigations made to discover the mechanical reasons for his speed and endurance, Saint Bel found that he differed from the table of equine proportions used by the pupils of the Veterinary Schools of France in the following points : (1) His height was not three heads but three and a-half. (2) His neck was not one head in length, but one and a-half. (3) The height of his body was not equal to its length, but exceeded it by about one-tenth. (4) The perpendicular line falling from his stifle did not touch the toe, but fell as much as half a head in front of it. (5) The distance from his elbow to the bend of his knee was not equal to the distance from the bend of his knee to the ground, but was two parts of a head longer. The last two points especially will be recognised as being highly important.

Seeking rather more deeply the causes which underly any resulting speed in certain conformations, Saint Bel showed that long and obliquely-set shoulders were better, because the more they incline backward the further will the arms of the lever be extended in the portion of a circle which it will describe. For the same reason a wide and flat hock in a justly proportioned leg was of service, because the angle formed by the tibia and the calcaneum was larger than in smaller conformations, and therefore allowed the hind legs to be placed obliquely forward under the body, at a distance even beyond the centre of gravity of the whole animal.

By dividing the length of the head of *Eclipse* (which was 22 inches) into 22 parts of equal length, Saint Bel established a common measure for every part of his body. He then showed that 3 heads and 13 parts gave *Eclipse's* height, when properly placed, from the foretop to the ground ; 3 heads exactly from the withers to the ground ; 3 heads and 3 parts his entire length of body from the most prominent part of the chest to the extremity of the buttocks ; 1 head and 19 parts was a common measure for three things, viz., the height of the perpendicular line from elbow to ground, the distance from the top of the withers to the stifle, and the distance from the top of the rump to the elbow ; 1 head and 4 parts provided a common measure

for no less than six things, viz., the thickness of the body from middle of back to middle of belly, the breadth of the body, the distance from summit of rump to extremity of buttocks, the distance from the root of the tail to the stifle (*i.e.*, the articulation of femur with tibia), the distance from the stifle to the hock, and the height from the hock to the extremity of the hoof.

The perpendicular lines in the measurements of *Eclipse* are those which are of most value in the above proportions, especially when taken in connection with the facts that his height from the withers to the ground was 66 inches, and from the top of the rump to the ground 67, while the length of his body from the most prominent part of his chest to the extremity of the buttocks was 69 inches.

The measurements of the bones in his fore and hind-legs were as follows :—

	Ins.		Ins.
Shoulder-blade	18	Os ileon	12
Humerus, or arm	12	Femur	15
Cubitus, or forearm	16	Tibia	19
Canon, or shank	12	Shank or leg	14
Pastern, coronet, and foot	7	Pastern, coronet, and foot	9

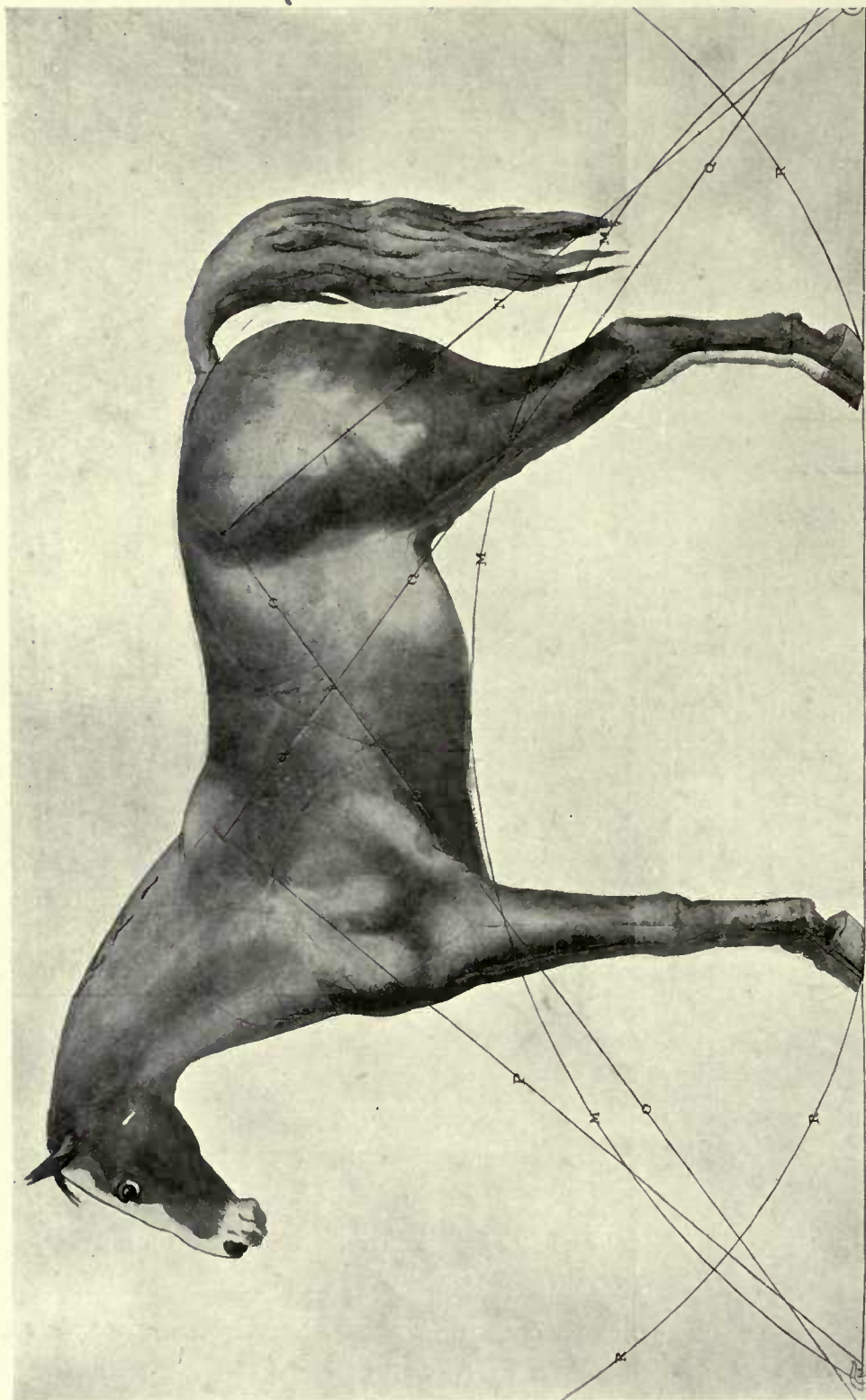
It may be interesting to note here that Lord Rockingham's measurement of *Sampson* (by *Blaze*, foaled 1745), who was 15'2, and supposed to have been the largest-boned blood horse ever bred, are given by Mr. H. T. Morland in 1810 as follows :—

	Ins.
(1) Fore-leg, from hair of hoof to middle of fetlock joint	4
(2) From fetlock joint to bend of knee	11
(3) From bend of knee to elbow	19
(4) Round smallest part of leg below the knee	8½
(5) Round smallest part of hind-leg	9

Taking the centre of motion for the shoulder as the middle of the shoulder-blade, *Eclipse's* shoulder in movement described a portion of a circle equal to 40 degrees; his humerus described an equal angle; his forearm 90 degrees; his cannon 90 degrees; the pastern, coronet, and foot described, one with another in their flexion backward, 100 degrees.

In his hind-legs, the os ileon bent upward and downward in an arc of a circle equivalent to 30 degrees; the femur, or thigh-bone, 50 degrees; the tibia, 80 degrees; the shank, 100 degrees; the pastern, coronet, and foot describe, one with another, 100 degrees.

It will be seen therefore that the total of the flexion in both the fore and hind-legs of *Eclipse* comes to a perfect circle of 360 degrees; and if to this perfect



First published in 1791.

Measured Drawing of "Eclipse," made by M. Vial de Saint Bel to show the movements of the horse's legs.

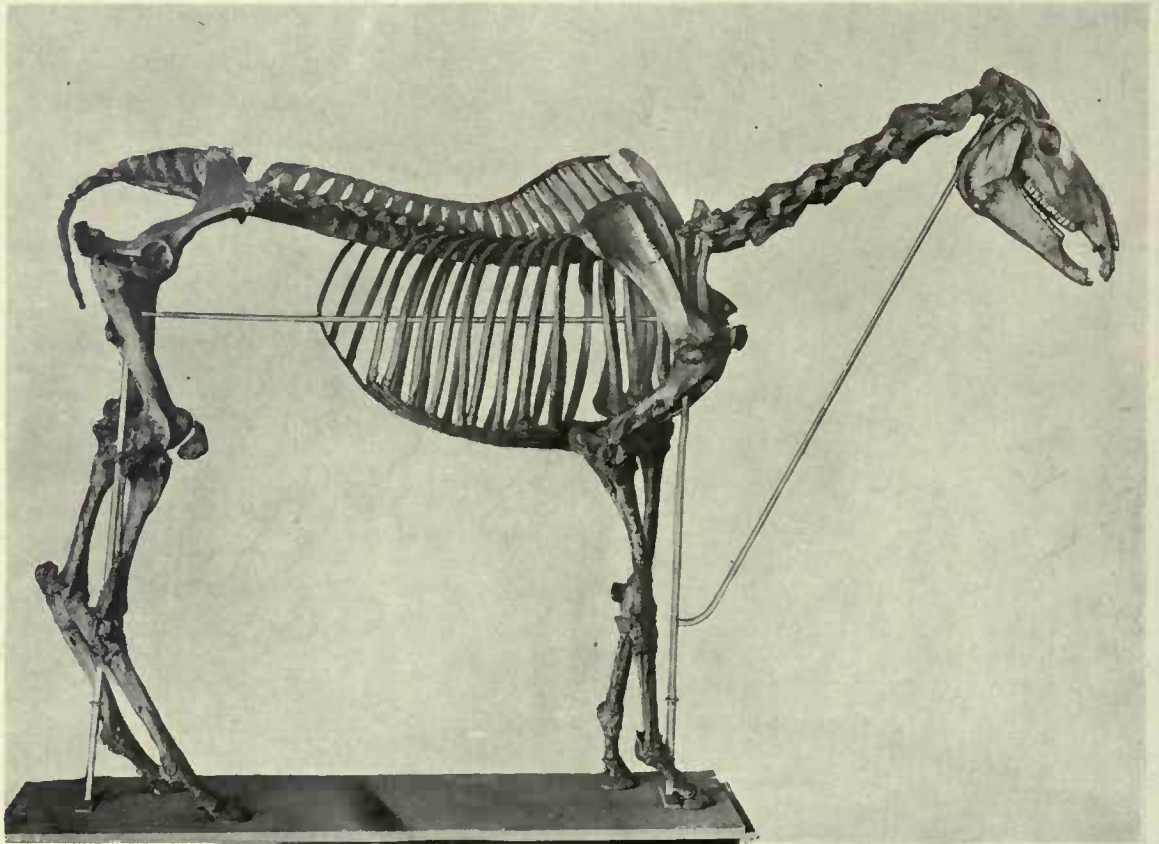
framework we add the muscular development he possessed, we arrive, says Saint Bel, at the fact that it would be possible for him, galloping at liberty at his full speed, to cover 25 feet at each complete action, and to make two and one-third of such actions in each second. This means that with a featherweight on a straight course he would only take two seconds over the six minutes to complete four miles.

In the diagram here reproduced from that made by Saint Bel, to show the motions of *Eclipse's* legs, the great segment of a circle marked M, proceeding from the print of his fore-feet to the print of his hind-feet, shows the total extent covered by the full extension of the limbs. The two curves R and R, proceeding upwards from his fore and hind-feet, indicate the arcs through which the feet pass in their motion. The oblique line N, from the protuberance of the hip-bone to the print of the hind-foot, shows the action of the hind-legs; the line O, from the same point of the hip-bone to the print of the fore-foot, shows the direction of the hind-legs when they come forward at the gallop. The line P, from the summit of the shoulder to the print of the fore-foot, shows the action of the fore-legs; and the line Q, from the same point of the shoulder to the last print of the hind-foot, shows the completed action of the fore-leg. It is curious and interesting to observe that instantaneous photography has completely vindicated the accuracy of these extraordinary movements and positions which Saint Bel originally worked out from purely mathematical measurements a century ago, and which are too rapid (especially in the case of O and Q) to be observed by the human eye.

A reference to the diagram I reproduce here from Saint Bel's monograph will make the foregoing remarks more intelligible, and in the case of so interesting an animal, I make no apology for giving all the material I can to enable modern readers to get the best idea now possible of his conformation. It will therefore be well to compare this diagram, made from careful measurements of the horse's body, with the photograph in this chapter of *Eclipse's* skeleton, which is preserved at the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, in Red Lion Square, London. This invaluable relic was presented to the College by Professor John Gamgee, on the 27th of January, 1871, who also sent the following receipt as a guarantee of authenticity. "18, Giltspur Street, London, 22nd November, 1860. Received of Mr. Joseph Gamgee, for account of Professor John Gamgee of the New Veterinary College, Edinburgh, the sum of one hundred and five pounds for value of the skeleton complete of the renowned horse *Eclipse*, son of *Marske*. (Signed) Bracy Clark." Mr. Bracy Clark, Fellow of the Linnæan Society, wrote a "Short History of the Horse" in

1814, and a "Sectional Figure of the Horse" in 1813, which was republished in 1842. The investigations of Saint Bel would therefore not only be familiar to him as an anatomist, but fresh in his personal memory, and he no doubt acquired the famous subject of them as soon as it was possible to do so, with a zeal which deserves imitation in days when the British Museum of Natural History at South Kensington does not possess a single specimen of similar interest to the horse-breeder.

Though many entirely irrelevant objects are in the same glass case with it,



*The Skeleton of "Eclipse."
As it may now be seen at the Royal College of Veterinary
Surgeons in Red Lion Square (April, 1902).*

the skeleton was thus preserved in the most appropriate place at that time, because, as John Orton records, it was here that these historic bones were originally treated, the muscles being removed, but the ligaments preserved, as may still be seen; and no doubt it was our enthusiastic Frenchman who did the work, for we find from the title page of Saint Bel's quarto that he was "Professeur au College Vétérinaire de Londres." John Orton further records ("Turf Annals," p. 103, York, 1844) that "for many years" this skeleton was preserved "in the Museum of Mr. Edward Bond, Haunch of Venison Yard, Upper Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, London, a pupil

of *M. de Saint Bel*, member of the R.V.C. and Veterinarian to the Duke of Clarence." The photograph of this skeleton should be compared with Stubbs's admirable engraving in my first volume (p. 45). It will be seen, even by the observer who is no skilled anatomist, that the Veterinary College has hardly appreciated the value of the skeleton which ought to be its most cherished possession. A glance at the bones of *Touchstone*, so beautifully kept at Eaton, will further demonstrate that proper preservation and display is no difficult matter. I have reproduced the photo of the skeleton of *Eclipse* exactly as it was in February, 1902, but I shall hope, before another decade is past, to see both these bones and those of *Touchstone* in the British Museum of Natural History at South Kensington, where the two would form a splendid nucleus of the collection of thoroughbred types which is at present only conspicuous by its absence. Perhaps the Museum at York might then be induced to allow the remains of *Blink Bonny* to join the illustrious company. *Hermit* and *Apology* would be notable additions; and there are no doubt others possible, both of the past and in the future.

This is not the only material relic of the most famous English thoroughbred who ever raced. Matthew Dawson had a piece of *Eclipse's* skin, which was sent to the Durdans by his heir on his death in 1898. There it has an honoured place in one of the finest sporting collections in the world, and I have seen the Epsom sunlight shining on the fine light chestnut hair. Beneath it is affixed a letter, signed "R. B. Pitman, July 1865," saying that it is "part of a larger piece given to me by Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Denis O'Kelly" (nephew of *Eclipse's* owner), the proprietor of Cannons Park, Middlesex, where *Eclipse* died, and where his stuffed skin stood in the loft over the stables in 1810.

Another relic of the great racer and sire is to be found in the Newmarket Challenge Whip, said to have been originally given as a prize by Charles II., though no proof of Royal ownership exists, and the arms on the handle are not Stuart. What is more certain is that in course of time the value of this interesting trophy was very much enhanced by the fact that some hairs from the mane and tail of *Eclipse* were woven into its lash and wristband, owing perhaps to the victories of *Pot8os* and *Dungannon* in 1783 and 1786 respectively. Its previous winners were *Sharke*, *Sweet William*, *Gimcrack*, *Malton*, and a horse variously called *Dumplin* and *Dimple*, who existed at a date which is equally vague, and varies from 1702 to 1764. The subject reminds me that in 1821 George IV. may have been following the accepted tradition when he gave a Gold Whip to the Turf Club in Ireland in 1821, to be run

for annually at the Curragh. A third famous whip was that which the celebrated jockey, Francis Buckle, sent over to Germany by the hand of Mr. Richard Tattersall to become a challenge prize, adding by way of commentary that "with it he had won five Derbies, two St. Ledgers, nine Oaks, and all the good things at Newmarket." Before me as I write is the old Race Card for August 12, 1828, headed "Mecklenburgs Pferderennen, Doberaner Bahn. Richter, Str. Königl. Hoheit Prinz Wilhelm von Preussen," wherein it is announced that at eleven that morning will be held "Rennen um Francis Buckle's Peitsche, verehrt durch Herrn Richard Tattersall." Those were the days when German breeding, of which I shall have a little more to say later, was benefiting by such importations as *Brutandorf* (by *Blacklock*), *Plumper* (by *Election*), and *Phantom* (by *Walton*), and when Count Batthyany was about to begin a career upon the English Turf which was crowned by his Derby victory with *Galopin*.

Yet a third relic of the real *Eclipse* that must be mentioned here is his gold-mounted hoof, which was presented, in the year of the Great Reform Bill, by William IV. at his annual dinner at St. James's Palace, on May 16th, to members of the Jockey Club, an institution which is singularly poor in such historic relics. It is beautifully mounted in the centre of a gold salver on a gold pedestal, with an inscription recording the gift and the date of 1832. The top is covered in with gold. Like the Whip, the Hoof was originally given for a challenge race, run on the Ascot Thursday. The King added £200, and there was £100 sweepstakes between members of the Jockey Club alone. The first contest took place on the same afternoon that *Camarine* and *Rowton* ran a dead heat for the Gold Cup, and was run over the same course. There had only been three subscribers, one scratched, and Conolly on Lord Chesterfield's *Priam* beat John Day on General Grosvenor's *Sarpedon*. In 1834 Lord Chesterfield won again with *Glaucus* (Bill Scott up), beating *Gallopade*, who had won for Mr. Cosby the year before. Twelve months later Mr. Batson challenged, but there was no response, and the Hoof remains to this day in the quiet possession of the Jockey Club. It may be hoped that His present Majesty may be able to suggest a way in which so interesting a trophy can once more be put up for a more open competition.

In the apartment of the Jockey Club called "Number One Card-room," there hangs a picture of *Eclipse*, presented by Lord Rivers, in the same room with that of *Pocahontas* (over the door), of the thirty-six-gun frigate "Pique," and a canvas by Stubbs, both these last presented by Admiral Rous. It is said that Lord Rivers



London, H. Kistner & Co. Ltd.



From the original painting by Stubbs at Blenheim Hall.

Eclipse (1764)

By permission of Sir Walter Gifford

found this painting of *Eclipse* at Rushmore, his country seat in Dorsetshire, and that after a sojourn with Admiral Rous in Berkeley Square it passed, by the original desire of Lord Rivers, to the Jockey Club. The name of the artist is given on the frame now as "Garrard," and this may well be the case, for the work possesses none of the skill or actuality which may be seen either in Sartorius or in Stubbs in the same inspiring subject. Indeed, the painting of *Pumpkin* (which is a replica of those at the Durdans and at Cumberland Lodge) in the second card-room is the only good example of that great artist which the Club possesses. By far the finest painting of *Eclipse* I have ever seen is the careful study on rough canvas, evidently done from accurate measurement, which hangs in Sir Walter Gilbey's fine collection at Elsenham Hall. This was undoubtedly the work of Stubbs and no other, and it shows his anatomical skill as much as his artistic feeling. It is sad to think that when Mr. Bracy Clark, whom I mentioned just now in speaking of the skeleton at the Veterinary College, visited the artist in Somerset Street, Portman Square, six months before his death, he found him sadly discontented with the remuneration such fine work had been able to secure. This study of *Eclipse* has never been reproduced before. It is painted on canvas 24½ ins. by 29½ ins., without a background, and was probably taken from life, for the head is as full of character as that of *Gimcrack*, painted by the same artist. Originally in the collection of Mr. H. A. J. Munro, of Novar, it is now, by the kind permission of Sir Walter Gilbey, given in these pages not only that it may be compared with Stubbs' own drawing of a skeleton (Vol. I., p. 45) and with the actual skeleton of *Eclipse* in the Veterinary College, but also because it was the original sketch from which the well-known finished picture was painted, as may be seen on page 151 of my first volume, where it will be noticed that a slight mistake in the colour of the off hind hoof in this sketch has been corrected in the finished painting. This same sketch must also have been used for an equally interesting and less well-known painting (40 ins. by 50 ins.), evidently made to Mr. Wildman's order by Stubbs, for it represents this fortunate owner himself seated by a tree, with two boys, one of whom holds *Eclipse* by his bridle. The horse is in exactly the same position as in the sketch, and the boughs of the tree over his head make a beautiful contrast to his chestnut coat. As a composition the painting is much superior to that which I refer to later (No. 3) at the Durdans. It was sold at Christie's in March, 1902, by the executors of Mr. J. R. F. Burnett, grandson of Mr. Wildman, and is now most appropriately placed at Elsenham in the collection which already contained so many fine examples



by the same artist. The sketch from it which was painted evidently established itself as a type of what the rendering of *Eclipse* should be by any artist, for in the beautifully-coloured painting by J. N. Sartorius, at the Durdans, in which the horse is represented with Oakley (in red with a black cap) in the saddle, the attitude of the head and the position of the legs are identically similar, as may be observed in the reproduction which Lord Rosebery has courteously allowed me to make for this volume. For many reasons, therefore, we may take it that these two pictures give us the nearest representation now possible of *Eclipse* as he really was, and this con-



"*Eclipse*," ridden by T. Oakley
(in red with black cap).

clusion will only be strengthened by anyone who examines them more closely by the aid of the diagrams and measurements made by Saint Bel. I cannot complete this portion of my subject without adding that the wonderful collection at the Durdans also contains the following paintings of *Eclipse*: (1) by F. Sartorius in 1770, a picture very like the well-known Stubbs' (Vol. I., p. 151), but without the jockey and with a different background; (2) by Stubbs, showing the horse cantering at exercise in his clothing, not a very successful work; (3) the original of the well-known engraving by Stubbs; (4) a sketch for this original, showing only one jockey; (5) a somewhat impossible Sartorius, depicting the animal "at full stretch," with his jockey riding

him ; (6) a better Sartorius, showing the horse in repose ; (7) another by J. N. Sartorius ; (8) *Eclipse* beating *Corsican* at Newmarket, on October 3rd, 1770, by F. Sartorius. I fear my readers must take it for granted that it is only after careful comparison of these and many others that I have arrived at the selection now presented to them, for the most indulgent of publishers can afford me no more space for artistically commemorating the merits of a single animal.

"He was a big horse," wrote Mr. Percival, the veterinary surgeon, "in every sense of the word, tall in stature, lengthy and capacious in body, and large in his limbs. For a big horse his head was small and partook of the Arabian character ; his neck was unusually long ; his shoulder was strong, sufficiently oblique, and although not remarkable for, not deficient in depth. His chest was circular ; he rose very little on his withers, being higher behind than before ; his back was lengthy, and over the loins roached ; his quarters were straight, square, and extended ; his limbs were lengthy and broad, and his joints large, in particular his arms and thighs were long and muscular, and his knees and hocks broad and well-formed." Mr. John Lawrence says : "When I first saw him, his shoulder was very thick, but extensive and well placed ; his hindquarters appeared higher than his forehead ; and it was said that no horse in his gallop ever threw his haunches with greater effect, his agility and his stride being on a par."

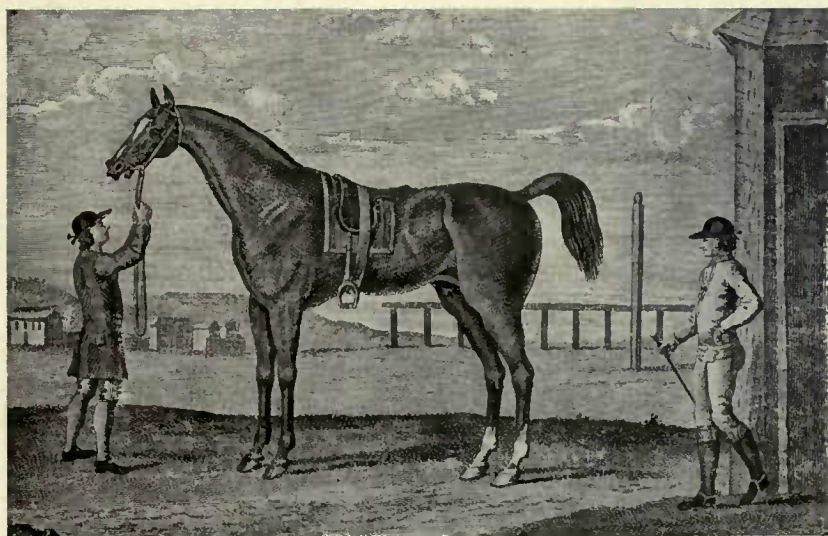
Whatever picture may result from the various testimonies I have brought together it is certain that *Eclipse* was never beaten. He never had a whip flourished over him or felt the rubbing of a spur ; outfooting, outstriding, and outlasting every horse that started against him. His pedigree appears in the appendix to my last volume, and though he is certainly the great-great-grandson in direct male descent of the *Darley Arabian*, it must not be forgotten that the following strains of Eastern blood also entered into his composition :—*The Lister Turk* (5), *The D'Arcy Yellow Turk* (5), *The D'Arcy White Turk* (5), *The Helmsley Turk* (2), *The Byerly Turk*, *The Oglethorpe Arabian*, *Pulleine's Arabian*, *the Ancaster Turk*, *the St. Victor Barb*, *the Fenwick Barb*, *Hutton's Grey Barb*, *Hutton's Bay Barb*, *the Godolphin Arabian*, and various "Royal Mares" who are supposed to have been of pure Eastern blood. It should also be noted that through his sire *Marske* he inherited the blood of that *Bustler* mare who was fourth dam of the *Coneyskins* mare on page 7 of the General Stud Book, Vol. I., from whose family came *Orville*, *Sultan*, *Newminster*, *Ayrshire* and *St. Serf* ; through his dam *Spilletta* he traced back to that Royal mare from whom came the *Montagu* mare, on page 13 of the first volume of the General Stud Book, in whose

line occur *Saltram*, *Voltaire*, *Weatherbit*, *Adventurer*, *Sterling*, and *Springfield*; while *Regulus*, his maternal grandsire is descended from the Sedbury Royal mare who was the dam of *Miss D'Arcy's Pet Mare* (General Stud Book, Vol. I., 15), and in whose line are such names as *Birdcatcher*, *St. Simon*, *Royal Hampton* and *Orme*.

The Darley Arabian was a bay of the family called by the Arabs "Managhi." He was not "Koheilan Ras-el-Fedawi," as Captain Upton thought. He had a white snip down his face, like his great descendant, and of his three white feet *Eclipse* also kept one. I have mentioned him here because there is a most interesting note in Mr. Tattersall's First Album, stating the opinion that not *Marske*, but *Shakespeare*, was the sire of *Eclipse*, "for *Shakespeare* was a large and strong chestnut with white legs and face, who got chestnuts and was a good runner. *Marske* was a bad runner, a brown, who got brown or bay. Mr. O'Kelly's groom says *Eclipse's* dam was covered by both, and first by *Shakespeare*." If this were true, *Eclipse* would trace back through *Shakespeare* to *Hobgoblin*, *Aleppo*, and so to *Flying Childers*. But I cannot accept "Mr. O'Kelly's groom" as evidence of what went on in the Duke of Cumberland's stables, and the general consensus of expert opinion has long ago decided that the real line is from *Bartlett's Childers*, own brother to *Flying Childers* by the *Darley Arabian*, and so by way of *Squirt*, to *Marske*. I have already given reasons for thinking that the greater impurity of this line in the matter of Eastern blood, as compared with the other line, need be no argument against the excellence of its progeny, and judged by the rough standard of results it would be difficult to find better than *Eclipse* provided, though it is much to be regretted that he never had an opportunity of racing *Goldfinder* by *Snap*, a horse of his own age who was a grandson of *Flying Childers* and therefore a representative of the line from the *Darley Arabian* which has sometimes been considered superior in breeding to his own.

H.R.H. The Duke of Cumberland owned both *Marske* and *Spiletta*, so that the greatest credit that can ever be given to human agency in the production of their famous offspring is due to him. The colt that was foaled in the year of the great eclipse, and took his name from that sympathetic disturbance of the elements, has been claimed by many localities. An old thorn tree on Sir Francis Doyle's property at Mickleham, Dorking, is mentioned as his birthplace; so are the Berkshire Downs between Ilsley and Wantage; and even the Isle of Dogs; besides the most probable of all, Cumberland Lodge in Windsor Great Park. In any case, his owner and breeder did not have the satisfaction of living long enough to see the beauty he had got, for he was sold for about eighty guineas at the Duke's death, when little more

than a yearling, to Mr. William Wildman, an astute salesman in Leadenhall Market, who had a stud at Mickleham (whence, perhaps, the thorn-tree legend) and knew a good thing when he saw one. He came late for the sale; found it had begun too early; and insisted on the lots being resold, which was accordingly done. Being in no hurry to "realise," and having no large outlay of capital for which to recoup himself as soon as possible, the meat-salesman conferred an inestimable benefit upon the Turf by keeping *Eclipse* till 1769 before he raced him, and by patiently finding the right jockey when the colt first showed temper. Had *Eclipse* been born in the year of grace and enlightenment 1901, there is every probability that he would have been raced off his legs for all the two-year-old prizes in sight, and so "treated" for "vice" that he would never have had any posterity at all. The sportsmen of the twentieth century may therefore perhaps reconsider the verdict that has been somewhat too hastily passed on the days of Dennis O'Kelly.



Mr. Meredith's "Shakespeare" by
"Hobgoblin."

It was on a 3rd of May that *Eclipse* first faced the starter as a five-year-old at Epsom, 8st., six-year-olds 9st. 3lbs., four-mile heats. John Oakley had nothing to do but sit quite still. He beat Mr. Fortescue's *Gower* (by *Sweepstakes*), Mr. Castle's *Cade* (6 years), Mr. Jennings' *Trial* (by *Blank*), and Mr. Quick's *Plum*. In the second heat, O'Kelly, who had speedily realised that "something good" was on hand, made the famous bet that he would place all the horses. He won, with "*Eclipse* first, and the rest nowhere," for the chestnut distanced all his competitors with the greatest ease, and in the last mile fairly ran away with his jockey till he passed the winning-post. Before the 13th of June O'Kelly had bought a half-share in him from Wildman for 650 guineas, and on that day he won the King's Plate at Winchester for six-year-olds at 12st., giving away a year to Mr. Turner's *Slouch* by

Blank, the Duke of Grafton's *Chigger* by *Slouch*, Mr. Gott's *Juba* by *Regulus*, and distancing Mr. O'Kelly's *Caliban* by *Brilliant*, and Mr. Bailey's *Clanville*. Two days after he frightened all the other horses out of his race. He only raced for one more year, yet he won eleven King's Plates, one of them at 12st., walked over for seven, and beat his horses with great ease in the others. It was almost impossible to get on other matches for him unless he was backed to distance his opponents, and when O'Kelly completed his purchase by giving 1,100 guineas for the other half, it was about the best bargain he ever made. The betting was often "ten to one *on*," and only on one occasion was anything approaching to equality displayed, when he beat *Bucephalus* at Newmarket in April, 1770, B.C., 8st. 7lbs., a race which nearly broke the heart of this stout north-country son of *Regulus*. An even more creditable performance was his victory at Guildford on the 23rd of August, four miles, the Subscription Purse. He had distanced Mr. Wentworth's *Tortoise* and Sir Charles Bunbury's *Bellarion* (both aged) by half-way, and won as he liked. At the October Meeting that year he made his last appearance on the Turf at Newmarket, beating Sir Charles Bunbury's *Corsica* by *Swiss*, B.C., and after walking over the Round Course for the King's Plate, 12st., he was taken out of training with an unbeaten career. I can quite imagine that many owners gave a sigh of relief, and that many more interesting years than 1769 and 1770 have been known in the history of English racing. Nowadays we might consider it an unfortunate symptom if a single animal stood head and shoulders above all his contemporaries. Certainly the season of 1901 showed enough in-and-out running to satisfy anybody; and left 1902 in as pleasing a state of uncertainty as could possibly be desired. But in the days when "O'Kelly's gang" are supposed to have fleeced every race-meeting, one horse won everything, and it was almost impossible to get any profitable bets on the result. This deserves remembering, for I have only reproduced sufficient of *Eclipse's* performances to fill in the portrait of one of the best horses ever seen, by showing that his excellence was not only owing to the races he won, but even more clearly to the astonishing ease with which he won them, and to the fact that in addition to his undoubted speed and stride, he possessed sound wind, an ability to carry heavy weight, and an endurance over long distances which could never be thoroughly tested, for its limit was never reached.

But O'Kelly's triumphs were far from over when *Eclipse* left the race-course. A long and animated rivalry almost at once began between the *Eclipse* stock and the *Highflyer* division, who swore by *Herod* blood, as may be seen in the book published

by their apostle, Mr. T. H. Morland, in 1810. He would hear of nothing else, and seemed to think that *Eclipse* only existed to provide mares for *Herod's* sons. When the mourning population round Cannons were eating funeral cakes and ale in 1789 O'Kelly's poet flung one last defiance at Mr. Tattersall.

" True, o'er the tomb in which this favourite lies
No vaunting boast appears of lineage good ;
Yet the Turf Register's bright page defies
The race of *Herod* to show better blood."

It was fifteen years before the good horse died that the first of his get ran in public, the grey colt *Horizon* (out of *Clio* by *Young Cade*), who won 390 guineas at Abingdon in 1774 when two years old. In twenty-three years 344 winners, of whom he was the sire, won £158,047, "an enormous sum for those cautious days," as "The Druid" says in a passage which is usually misprinted to bring the figures up to half a million. In the former sum a few victories by *Pot8os*, *Empress*, *Young Eclipse*, *General*, *Dungannon*, *Gunpowder*, and *Meteor* (between 1779 and 1789) are not included ; and it should be added that O'Kelly reckoned his profits from the stud fees at £25,000, which is probably under the mark.

Eclipse first stood as a stallion at Clay Hill, near Epsom, at 50 guineas. In 1788 he was removed to Cannons in a two-horse van with the groom inside, which is probably the first instance of such a careful transit. He died a year afterwards. He was the sire of three Derby winners, *Young Eclipse* (1781), *Saltram* (1783), and *Serjeant* (1784), and of *Annette*, winner of the Oaks in 1787. His blood was handed down chiefly through his sons *Pot8os*, *King Fergus*, *Joe Andrews*, *Mercury*, and *Alexander* ; and modern thoroughbreds can trace their debt to him in the pedigrees of *Whiskey*, *Gohanna*, *Tramp*, *Waxy*, *Orville*, *Whalebone*, *Whisker*, *Blacklock*, *Touchstone*, *Harkaway*, *Newminster*, *Stockwell*, and *Weatherbit*.

Good judges have risked the assertion that *Pot8os* was the best horse of the eighteenth century, and Mr. Joseph Osborne has pointed out that if the prints of him are correct, his shape was almost exactly reproduced in *Birdcatcher* and in *Kingwood*, who has fine strains of him. He was a chestnut with some white on his face, bred by Lord Abingdon in 1773 out of *Sportmistress*, tracing back to Mr. Thwaites' famous dun mare by the *Ancaster Turk* ; and he was inbred to the *Darley Arabian*, besides having two strains of the *Godolphin* and four of the *Byerly Turk*. Between 1776 and 1783 he won thirty-five out of forty-six races, most of which were over the 4 miles 1 furlong and 143 yards of the Beacon Course, and the first meeting at

which he made his appearance at Newmarket would deserve a special mention, if only for the fact that two great founders of the American Turf especially distinguished themselves, namely, Mr. Piggott's *Shark* by *Marske*, who won 1,000 guineas in his match against Mr. Greville's *Postmaster* by *Herod*, Rowley Mile, 8st., and Sir John Shelley's *Sarpedon* by *Snap*, who was beaten by Lord Ossory's *Dorimant* by *Otho*, in the Great Sweepstakes (now the Two Thousand), worth £5,500. The same two owners met again, and with the same result, when *Comus* (another *Otho*) beat *Hudibras* by *Herod*. Among the other horses were Lord Grosvenor's *Little Gem* (by *Gimcrack*), Mr. Piggott's *Bellerophon* and *Salopian* (by *Marske*), Sir L. Dundas's *Pontac* (by *Marske*), who beat O'Kelly's *Horizon* and five others over the Beacon Course, the young Duke of Cumberland's *Eclipse* colt, who beat Mr. Vernon's *Zerbino*, and Lord Clermont's *Johnny* (by *Matchem*), who beat Lord Rockingham's *Cincinnatus* (by *Sampson*).

At the Craven Meeting of 1778 Lord Abingdon won the sweepstakes of 1,200 guineas with *Pot8os*, but was so little consoled for his defeat in the previous year by Lord Grosvenor's *Grey Robin*, that he sold him during the race to Lord Grosvenor for 1,500 guineas, with the result thrown in, which may be taken as an example of a bad bargain. Under the yellow and black cap *Pot8os* promptly began a victorious career on the Turf, which was only equalled by his successes at the stud, and compares most favourably with the records of such favourites as Lord Ossory's *Dorimant* (£13,363), Lord Rockingham's *Bay Malton*, or *Shark's* "£15,507, eleven hogsheads of claret, and a cup worth 120 guineas." It may be mentioned that the owners who had registered their colours about this time were the Dukes of Cumberland, Grafton, Devonshire, Northumberland, Kingston, Ancaster, and Bridgewater, the Marquis of Rockingham, the Earls of Waldegrave, Oxford, March, Gower, Grosvenor, and Farnham, Viscount Bolingbroke, Sir T. C. Bunbury, Sir John Moore, Sir James Lowther, Messrs. R. Vernon, Greville, Jenison Shafto, C. J. Fox, Piggott, Blake, Ogilvy, and Wentworth; a small list when compared to the 590 of 1862 and the enormous number at the present day.

Whatever the majority of these gentleman may have thought of the merits of *Pot8os*, Lord Grosvenor soon made up his mind that he had got a treasure at the Eaton stud, where this great stallion became the sire of 165 winners of prizes amounting to £57,595, the best of whom was *Waxy*, who has been thought to have brought more "high quality" into English bloodstock than any other single sire. *Waxy* was a bay, foaled in 1790, his dam *Maria* (by *Herod*), through whom he went

back once more to the *Darley Arabian* through *Blaze*, the son of *Flying Childers*. He was peculiarly fortunate in the mares sent to him by the foresight and intelligence of the Duke of Grafton, who was the owner of *Prunella* (by *Highflyer*) from whom he had already bred *Penelope* by *Trumpator*, *Parasol* by *Pot8os*, *Pelisse* and *Pioneer* by *Whiskey*, and *Podargus* by *Worthy*. All except *Pioneer* were winners, and he became the sire of *Advance*. When *Prunella* visited *Waxy* she became the dam of *Waxy Pope*, *Pledge* (dam of *Tiresias*), and *Pope Joan*. As soon as *Penelope* had



By permission of Mr. Somerville Tattersall.

Lord Abingdon's "Pot8os"
by "Eclipse" (1773).

finished winning her eighteen races, she was in her turn sent to *Waxy*, and the result was one of the most extraordinary families ever bred by any mare. In 1807 appeared *Whalebone*, in the next year *Web*, in 1809 *Woful*, and in 1812 *Whisker*. Of these three *Whalebone* proved to be the most distinguished, for he was the sire of two bay Derby winners in *Lapdog* and *Spaniel*, and of a third bay who won the Oaks in *Caroline*. His line was handed down by *Camel*, *Defence* and *Sir Hercules*, and it is the "cart-horse-quartered *Camel*" who produced *Caravan*, and the two own-brothers *Touchstone* and *Launcelot*.

Touchstone was a brown, foaled in 1831, and you may see his skeleton to this day, near old *Bend Or's* loose box at Eaton. His dam *Banter* was by *Master Henry* who was by *Orville*, grandson of *King Fergus*. He was scarcely 15'2, with rather coarse roots to his ears, and galloped wide behind, "as many stayers do." He did not run for the Derby, but won the St. Leger like his brother *Launcelot*, and became the sire of *Cotherstone* and *Orlando*, winners of the Derby, of *Surplice* who won the Derby and St. Leger for the first time since *Champion* (by *Pot8os*) did the trick eight and forty years before, of *Mendicant* (Oaks, 1846), of *Blue Bonnet* (St. Leger, 1842), and of *Newminster* (St. Leger, 1851). In the breeding of nine-tenths of our present horses we find the influence of *Touchstone*, who traces to *Pot8os* through *Waxy*, *Whalebone*, and *Camel*; of *Birdcatcher* who goes back to the same source through *Waxy*, *Whalebone*, and *Sir Hercules*; and of *Harkaway* who is also descended from *Pot8os* through *Waxy*, *Whisker*, and *Economist*. On *Touchstone's* descendants I must not linger any further for the present, though I cannot refrain from two remarks, on the *Newminster* and the *Ithuriel* branch respectively. In 1880 that marvellous mare *Kincsem* (who was by *Cambuscan* the son of *Newminster*) was sent to the stud after a career on the Turf which will never be forgotten in the annals of Hungarian breeding. She ran in fifty-four races over every kind of ground, in any weather, and at any distance, and was never beaten. Even *Crucifix*, who ran twelve times unbeaten in twelve months and won over £10,000 in public stakes alone, will not stand beside these famous four years of untarnished excellence. Mr. Burrow's bay mare *Catherina* (by *Whisker* out of *Alecto*) ran her first race in the Oaks of 1833, and her last in 1841 at Hednesford; but though it is true she competed one hundred and seventy-one times between these dates, her victories numbered seventy-five, many of them over a distance of ground, and several in heats. Some of her stout blood was in *Kincsem*, but infinitely improved by the *Newminster* strain. As to the *Ithuriel* branch of *Touchstone*, which comes to us through *Musket*, the Duke of Portland has done well to bring back the strain from Australia in *Carbine*; and *Trenton* is another sire of the same stock whose produce are bound to be of service to the English Turf. The house of *Orlando* only preserves the blood of *Touchstone* in 1902 in *Diakka*, *Victor Wild*, *Xury* and *Golden Crown*. It will be remembered that *Touchstone's* direct line produced three Derby winners in his sons *Cotherstone*, *Orlando* and *Surplice*; three more in his grandsons *Teddington*, *Musjid* and *Hermit*; and seven more in his great-grandchildren *Pretender*, *Shotover*, *St. Blaise*, *George Frederick*, *Merry Hampton*, *Ayrshire*, and *Ladas*; it must be obvious therefore that the blood is of the best, and deserves not only to be

kept in this country, but to be fairly treated, as what it used to be called nearly sixty years ago, "the touchstone of merit."

It was said, not longer ago than the days of Admiral Rous, that eight animals of the highest class were bred each year in England. We are now almost half a century later, and if matters had been improving, we should have had more "of the highest class" in 1901 than was the case in 1854. But what are the facts? The total number of annual produce is indeed very greatly increased, but to find our "eight animals of the highest class" we should have to look through no single season,



The Duke of Grafton's "Penelope."

but a decade. One great reason, that we breed when both sires and dams are too young, has already been suggested. But the opportunity to enforce it a little more plainly is a good one. At least the probabilities of future excellence may be accumulated, and I shall be very much mistaken if all the probabilities and most of the facts as well are not against a pair of too-juvenile parents.

In the matter of sires, *Stockwell* and *Voltaire* were twenty-one when *Doncaster* and *Voltigeur* were foaled. The sires of *Blink Bonny*, *Fisherman* and *Minting* were twenty. I have already said that *Dr. Syntax* was

twenty-two when he sired *Beeswing* out of a sixteen-year-old mare, and that his famous daughter raced till she was nine and bred *Newminster* when she was fifteen. *Orville* was twenty-two when the Derby winner of 1823 was foaled; *Whalebone* was nineteen when he sired *Sir Hercules*. *Vedette* was eighteen when *Galopin* was born, *Harkaway* and *Touchstone* and *Ion* were seventeen when *King Tom*, *Newminster*, and *Wild Dayrell* came into the world. *Springfield*, *West Australian*, *Kingston* and *Bay Middleton* were the offspring of sixteen-year-old sires. Both sire and dam of *Catherine Hayes* were fifteen years old. As to the mares, *Pocahontas* at twelve, thirteen and fourteen bred in succession *Stockwell*, *Rataplan* and *King Tom*. *Emma* produced *Mowerina* (dam of *West Australian*) when she was nineteen. The dams of *Beadsman*, *Kettledrum*, *Blink Bonny*, *Flying Dutchman*, *Birdcatcher* and *Voltigeur* were all ten years old and over. These last few names remind me that we are indebted to one breeder, Mr. Theobald, of Stockwell, for both the extraordinary lines of *Touchstone* and of *Stockwell*, for this gentleman had bought *Camel*, refused all offers for him after *Touchstone's* victories, and later on bought *The Baron*, whom he put to *Pocahontas* (by *Glencoe* out of *Marpessa*), with the result of *Stockwell* in 1849 and *Rataplan* in 1850, while *King Tom* was produced by the same good mare in 1851 to *Harkaway*. None of these successful and fortunate results would, I venture to think, have been attained if sires and dams of four and even three years old—as are found nowadays—had then been used. The mature animal of either sex must stand a greater chance of transmitting the best qualities to posterity.

Going back to the sons of *Whalebone* we find that *Defence* cannot be omitted from the slightest sketch of the *Eclipse* blood. He was a brown foaled in 1824 out of *Defiance* by *Rubens*, and was the sire of *The Emperor*, a chestnut foaled in 1841, who won the Ascot Cup in 1844 and the Emperor's Plate in 1845. As the reputed sire of *Monarque*, *The Emperor* must be considered the accepted grandsire of *Gladiator*, whose dam was a daughter of *Gladiator* by *Partisan*.

The line of *Whalebone* through *Sir Hercules* has been more prolific, for it continues to *Irish Birdcatcher*, *The Baron*, *Stockwell*, *Doncaster*, *Bend Or*, *Ormonde*, *Orme* and *Flying Fox* in direct succession. The pedigree of *Birdcatcher* deserves a slightly more extended notice, for it is of great and complicated interest, and unites the blood of *Eclipse* with that of *Herod* through the latter's two sons *Tom Tug* and *Chanticleer*. *Tom Tug* begat *Commodore*, and his son, *Irish Escape*, begat *Flight*, from whose union with *Bob Booty*, son of *Chanticleer* and a daughter of *Eclipse*, sprang *Guiccioli*. *Bob Booty's* dam, *Ierne*, had a curious ancestry, in which occur the names of *Traveller*, *Hartley's Blind Horse*, the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin*

Arabian, Bay Bolton, Curwen's Bay Barb, and others. It was out of *Guiccioli* that *Birdcatcher* was bred by her union to *Sir Hercules*, the coal-black son of *Whalebone*, a round-made horse of barely 15.2, with a small star on his forehead, a few grey hairs at the butt of his tail, and his body ticked with grey hairs. In Ireland *Sir Hercules* also begat *Faugh a Ballagh* (St. Leger and Cesarewitch, 1844), *Maria, Cruiskeen* (Cesarewitch, 1838), and many others. In England his offspring were *Coronation* (Derby, 1841), *The Corsair*, *Gemma ai Vergy*, *Knight of the Shire*, *Leamington*, and others. He was twenty-eight when he begat *Lifeboat*, and thirty-one



(The figures on the left are Trotter, Hardy, and Thomson, in that order. Tod holds the bridle.)

The Earl of Darlington's "Muley Moloch" by "John Bull" out of "Mistletoe" by "Pot8os."

when Sir John Shelley bred another *Sir Hercules* from him, which shows his great vitality, inherited not merely from *Pot8os*, but from his dam *Peri*, who was closely inbred to *Eclipse*. There is no doubt that *Guiccioli* was a most appropriate mate for him, as *Birdcatcher* proved certainly worthy to hand on the strain to *The Baron* and to *Stockwell*. It is also in the blood of such modern sires as *Bendigo*, *Brag*, *Isonomy*, *Master Kildare*, *Melton*, *Minting*, *Robert the Devil*, *Saraband* and *Springfield*. For *The Baron* as well as his dam, the English Turf is indebted to Mr. Watts, of Jockey Hall, Curragh, a Devonshire veterinary who settled in Ireland, and thoroughly believed in the cross between *Blacklock* and *Waxy*. It happened that in 1837 there

died a Captain Gamble, who had brought over to Westmeath a mare called *Miss Pratt* by *Blacklock*, out of *Gadabout* by *Orville*. She was bought at the auction (as Mr. Joseph Osborne has recorded) by Mr. Watts for 120 guineas, and on her arrival at the Curragh she was put to *Economist*, the sire of *Harkaway*, with the result of breeding a big, fiddle-headed filly called *Echidna*. At only three years old (for she was never raced) *Echidna* was put to *Birdcatcher*, and the result was *The Baron*, a dark chestnut with a small star on his forehead, a white spot at the muzzle and the rear hind-foot white. His greatest son *Stockwell* produced the winners of the Derby of 1864, 1866 and 1873, of the Oaks in 1865, and of the St. Leger in 1860, 1861, 1862, 1864, 1866 and 1867, besides many other winners. Of them all *Blair Athol*, a chestnut with a white face, has been a prime favourite. His dam was the celebrated *Blink Bonny*, by *Melbourne*, out of *Queen Mary* by *Gladiator*.

I have mentioned *Economist* in speaking of the breeding of *Echidna*. Like *The Colonel*, he was a son of *Whisker*, and therefore brother to *Whalebone*, and, as the sire of *Harkaway*, he founded the line which went on with *King Tom*, whose dam was *Pocahontas*, dam of *Stockwell*. Ireland has again a good deal to say in the breeding of *Harkaway*, for his grandam *Miss Tooley* was brought to Newry by Mr. Jason Hassard, as the only cargo of the "Lively Nancy," which had sailed for the Liverpool market with a load of bullocks. She won races in 1812 and 1813, and in 1815 Lord Cremorne won the Mares' Plate at the Curragh with her and then sent her to the stud, where she bred a filly to *Nabocklish* a son of *Rugantino* who traces back in direct male line to *Herod*, through *Tom Tug*. Known only as the *Nabocklish* mare, this filly was given to Mr. Thomas Ferguson, the crack steeple-chaser, who called her *Fanny Dawson* (out of compliment to her first owner's family), and in 1834 she produced *Harkaway*, who was more of a pale yellow sorrel than a chestnut, with a blaze face and his near fore-foot white to the fetlock. He stood sixteen hands two, and was a horse of great power, especially in his quarters, galloping very wide behind. His excellence has often been thought to be as much due to his being inbred to *The Godolphin* and to *Herod* as to the fact that his sire was great-great-grandson of *Eclipse* in the direct male line.

The *Pot8os* branch of *Eclipse* having been thus sketched out, it is time to turn to his other son *King Fergus*, a chestnut foaled in 1775, out of *Creeping Polly* by Sir Ralph Gore's famous *Othello* (1743), a stallion as well known at the Curragh as at Newmarket, and the son of a *Tartar* mare. Mated with a mare by *Herod* (out of *Pyrrha* by *Matchem*) *King Fergus* got the bay *Benningbrough* (St. Leger, 1794), who produced another bay, *Orville* out of *Evelina* by *Highflyer*. *Orville's* lungs and



"John Bull" (1789).

courage seemed inexhaustible. He once tied up *Haphazard* in a four-mile trial at Lewes at four o'clock in the morning, and won the King's Plate that afternoon after a punishing race with *Walton*. He was a difficult beast to ride, being rather inanimate and dead-skinned, with something of the look of a coach-horse, and he stood very much over on one knee. One of his sons was *Andrew*, to whom Belvoir owed its Derby winner *Cadland*. Through *Muley Moloch*, the beautiful *Alice Hawthorn* traced back to him, a mare who was very much inbred to the *Darley Arabian*. From his son *Muley* came *Little Wonder* (Derby, 1840), a brilliant bay of 14 hands 3 inches. But far the best of *Orville's* stock was *Emilius* (a Derby winner like his brother *Octavius*), who was a bay horse out of *Emily* by *Stamford* by *Sir Peter*, and stood about 15 hands 2 inches, with an almost faultless symmetry of build, but a plain head like his sire. All his get were good-looking, and from *Recovery*, the handsomest, was modelled the horse for the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. Two sons of *Emilius*, *Priam* and *Plenipotentiary* (a rich chestnut, over 15 hands 2 inches), were Derby winners; his daughter *Oxygen* won the Oaks; his son *Mango* won the St. Leger. *Priam* (foaled in 1827) was a bay from *Cressida*, sister to Sir Charles Bunbury's famous *Eleanor* by *Whiskey*, and among his daughters were *Miss Letty*, *Industry* and *Crucifix*, all winners of the Oaks, the latter having secured both Two Thousand and One Thousand as well. Her pedigree goes back to the *Darley Arabian* through *Marske*, and through *Flora* to *King Fergus*, to whose son *Hambletonian* I must now turn.

This magnificent bay, winner of the St. Leger of 1795, was out of a *Highflyer* mare, her dam *Monimia* by *Matchem*. His best sons were *Whitelock* and the light grey *Camillus* through whom came *Rowton* and *Virago*. *Whitelock's* great son was *Blacklock* (his dam by *Coriander*, a son of *Pot8os*), a rather plain and coarse animal, with a stride that required half-a-mile to settle it, and an ugly head. But he had in him four strains of *Eclipse*, four of *Herod*, two of *Matchem* and four of *Cade*, and at the stud this wonderful blend of blood soon showed its excellence, and is proving its vigour still in *St. Simon*, son of *Galopin*. *Blacklock's* best sons were *Velocipede*, *Voltaire*, *Brutandorf*, all of whom showed great depth from withers to shoulder-points, muscular neck, and immense roundness of rib from the spine. *Velocipede* (1825) was a chestnut, his dam (a half-sister to *Camarine*) was by *Juniper* a son of *Whiskey*. He had a rough Roman head with a white blaze and a flesh-coloured nose, and first went to the stud at Ainderby under the Hambleton hills. He sired *Amato*, winner of the Derby of 1838, and *Queen of Trumps*, a slashing brown who won the Oaks and St. Leger of 1835, her dam by *Castrel*. *Brutandorf* was the son of *Mandane* (by

Pot8os), and was both gluttonous and thick-fleshed, and got splendid coachers. But his two sons *Physician* and *Hetman Platoff*, the latter out of a *Comus* mare, were better; and it was by the latter that *Cossack*, a chestnut from a *Priam* mare, was sired, who won the Derby of 1847. *Voltaire* was a brown, with a fine barrel and a ringbone on the off fore-foot, foaled in 1826 out of a *Phantom* mare, with *Matchem* blood in him. He sired *Charles XII.* who won the St Leger after a dead heat with *Euclid*, son of *Emilius*; *Semiseria*, the quickest of all his get, who showed her speed not only by beating *The Cure* at Newmarket, but by her famous match with *Queen of the Gipsies*; and *Voltigeur* (his dam *Martha Lynn* by a son of *Catton*), who had all the *Blacklock* build in ribs and neck, as Sir Edwin Landseer's painting of him (with his cat) very clearly shows; he defeated the unbeaten *Flying Dutchman* for the Doncaster Cup. The best of his get were *Vedette*, *Buckstone* and *Skirmisher*.

Harking back again to *Eclipse* we find two more of his sons still left to deal with, *Mercury* and *Joe Andrews*. *Mercury* was from Colonel O'Kelly's famous *Old Tartar* mare, dam of *Jupiter*, *Volunteer* and *Queen Mab*, and great-grand-daughter of the *Byerly Turk*, her dam by a grandson of the *Godolphin Arabian*. He was the sire of *Gohanna* who was, like *Waxy*, out of a *Herod* mare, but was far less stylish, and got great power on a short leg with an average of 15 hands 1 inch, broad foreheads, and a big eye. By *Gohanna* was the bay *Golumpus* foaled in 1802 from a *Woodpecker* mare, her dam by *Trentham*. His son *Catton*, another bay (1809), was the first foal of *Lucy Gray*; he was a stout, well-seasoned horse with capital legs, and was sire of *Mulatto*, of *Mundig* (out of *Emma* by *Whisker*), of *Tarrare*, of *Royal Oak* (sire of *Slane*), and of *Princess*. *Mulatto* won the famous Doncaster Cup race at which *Fleur-de-Lys*, *Memnon*, *Actæon*, *Longwaist*, and *Tarrare* were in the field.

The bay *Joe Andrews* (originally named *Dennis-oh!*) was the sire of *Dick Andrews* (1794), a long, lean horse (from a *Highflyer* mare), with a head full of character, who gave *Tramp* and *Altisidora* to the English Turf. *Tramp*, a good level bay of 15.2, was foaled in 1810 from a *Gohanna* mare, and was wonderful at four miles. At York, on May 17th, 1814, when the property of Mr. Watts, he beat Sir W. Maxwell's grey horse *Viscount* by *Stamford* (five years, 8st. 7lbs., W. Peirse), when he was four years old (7st. 12lbs., J. Jackson), for the Gold Cup at York, when the betting was 2 to 1 on *Viscount* for the three-mile race. At the August meeting, over the same course, his sister, *Altisidora*, won for Mr. Watts a match against Lord Fitzwilliam's b.c. *Camelopard* for 500 guineas, two miles, 8st. 2lbs., and another race of the same distance (which she completed in 4 min. 43 sec.) against *Catton*, *Langold* (by *Stamford*), and *Georgiana* (by *Seim*), both when she was a four-year-

old. In the Subscription Purse for four-year-olds, 8st. 7lbs., four miles, Sir Mark Sykes's *Prime Minister* by *Sancho* just beat *Tramp*, after a splendid struggle, in 8 min. 19 sec., amid the greatest excitement. *Tramp* was the sire of *St. Giles* and *Dangerous* (Derby, 1832 and 1833), of *Barefoot* (St. Leger, 1823), of *Lottery*, the best of his year, a brown, foaled in 1826 from *Mandane* by *Pot8os*, and the sire of *Sheet Anchor*, through whom came *Weatherbit*. *Lottery* had a good deal of the temper of *Tramp*'s get, but was a very bloodlike horse; *Liverpool* (another *Tramp* colt out of a *Whisker* mare) was, on the contrary, light in the fore-legs, ragged in the hips, and thick in his jowl, but he got *Lanercost* from *Otis* (by a son of *Buzzard*), who won the Cambridgeshire of 1839, against *Hetman Platoff*. His first year's produce was *Van Tromp* (St. Leger, 1847), *War Eagle*, and *Ellerdale*. Then came *Catherine Hayes* (Oaks, 1853), *Loupgarou*, *Colsterdale*, and others.

Tramp's great-grandson, *Weatherbit*, was a brown foaled in 1842 from *Miss Letty* by *Priam*, her dam by *Orville*. He was a good-looking horse, with a level top, high quarters, and good hocks. He was the sire of *Bel Demonio*, of *Bismarck*, and of *Beadsman* (from *Mendicant* by *Touchstone*), who, in turn, begot *Blue Gown* (Derby, 1868) and *Pero Gomez* (St. Leger, 1869).

This is indeed a fine (though incomplete) list of descendants from the splendid animal who died in 1789, and was born in "the year of the great eclipse." It would have consoled the mourners at his death had they been able to foresee it. In his descendants *Eclipse* still lives, and to them, and their descendants in turn, no better motto can be wished than was given to the founders of Old Rome: "Pugnent ipsique nepotesque." May they have many a good race, and may we be there to see!



The Betting Post in 1789.
(The veteran on the cob is Col. O'Kelly, owner of "Eclipse.")

CHAPTER XIII.

RACING AT THE DAWN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

“SURE life's but a race where each man runs his best ;
If distanced or thrown a bad match is the jest ;
Each strives to be foremost and get the first in,
For he is but a bubble who don't wish to win.

A statesman starts eager to get to the post
Where he who can jockey his rival gains most. . . .

The world may be properly called the Round Course
Where sweetness and management often beats force.
A match that's made well here makes Noblemen smile,
When a feather beats weight o'er the Abingdon Mile.”

THE sporting poet who indited the verses which I have placed at the head of this chapter had keenly appreciated, in 1776, the large share which the Turf had taken in the social and political life of the time. I have sketched in earlier pages of this volume a few of the more prominent men and women who were as distinguished in one direction as they were in the other ; and I have indicated the most famous of the horses which from this period onwards have influenced the fortunes of every racecourse in the world. But before the nineteenth century begins it remains for me to name a few more of those thoroughbreds who were by no means less interesting to contemporary owners because their future influence upon posterity has not been so striking as in the case of other animals, and I must also fill in a little more of the light and shade in the picture of the sportsman's life which I am endeavouring to place before my readers. This is not a complete chronicle of Racing. Nothing short of a small library could hold that. But it is an attempt to select a few typical instances out of a very large number, which may serve as a basis for certain generalisations, and may be verified from the more extended records that are open to the investigations of all. It seems to me that just as Racing and all the strength of its fiery impulses and ambitions have been too often omitted from previous characterisations both of eras and of men, so the influence of these men them-

selves, and of their other varied pursuits and interests, have been to some extent neglected in former accounts of the English Turf which have gone far more deeply into its many technical details. We live ourselves in a whirl of complicated occurrences, without often recognising the broad tendencies of the main stream on which we float. To us a few details of contemporary interest shine with vivid clearness as the turning points of our individual career, in Racing or in any other form of active life. But it is quite probable that these details have no commanding influence upon the general trend of that particular occupation considered as a whole; and in the same way I am endeavouring now rather to depict the movement of the older periods, as we can value them by the light of a century's added knowledge, than to record



By permission of Sir Walter Gilbey.

"Looby" at full stretch.

every fact in a vast mass of ancient chronicles which are in many cases as dead as the men who gave them birth.

But it would be obviously as improper to leave the eighteenth century with the suggestion that *Matchem*, *Herod*, *Eclipse*, and their nearest relations were the only horses worth mentioning, as

it would be to assert that horses were the only things which their owners cared about. Those who have done me the honour of following my illustrations with a seeing eye, will have noticed long ago that an improvement in the build of the horses has by this time made its appearance, which is not merely the result of a great increase in the artistic skill with which they are represented. It will be worth while, for instance, to compare such animals of a slightly older date, as *Shapeless*, *Chatsworth*, *Martin* (by *Cade*), *Little Driver*, *Cato*, *Sportley* (a trio foaled in 1748), or *Aaron*, not perhaps with such an example as *Looby* (who seems a survival of an older epoch), or with Mr. Thomas Foley's *Firetail* by *Squirrel* (1770), or even with Mr. Ayrton's *Bay Malton* (by *Sampson*), but with such evidently more highly developed animals as *Gimcrack*, *Goldfinder*, or *Pumpkin*.

"The sweetest little horse that ever was!" exclaimed Lady Sarah Bunbury, when she saw *Gimcrack* win his race, and forgot all about the new Ministry; and "the sweetest little horse" he has been to every lover of the Turf from that day to this, not only because a Club was founded nine years after his birth to keep his memory green, but for his own sake and for the sake of the memories that have gathered round his name from 1769 to the present year of grace. *Gimcrack*, a grey colt, was bred by Mr. Gideon Elliott, of Murrell Green, Hants, in 1760, and was got by *Cripple*—*Miss Elliott*, by Grisewood's *Partner* (a grey horse, son of *Partner*—Hutton's *Grey Barb Mare*, and back to *Woodcock*), her dam by *Partner*—*Grey Brochlesby*, with a strain of the *Lister Turk* through the *Hobby Mare*. *Cripple* was got by the *Godolphin Arabian* out of *Godolphin Blossom*, a daughter of the famous grey horse *Crab*, son of the *Alcock Arabian*, dam by *Flying Childers* out of *Miss Belvoir*, who had strains of the *Brownlow Turk*, the *Leeds Arabian*, and the *Old Morocco Mare*. This is high-class breeding, though an unusual blend, and neither in size nor colour would



Mr. Wentworth's "*Chatsworth*"
by "*Blank*."

Gimcrack have satisfied the connoisseurs of a later day. *Gustavus* and *Frederick*, who won the Derby in 1821 and 1829, were both greys; Mr. Elmore's *Grimaldi*, who died on the post in the St. Alban's steeplechase of March, 1830, was a grey; and so was *Chanticleer*, as late as 1848; but the predominance of the bays soon asserted itself, after winning sixteen Derbys and seventeen St. Legers between 1825 and 1855; and after it chestnuts and browns seem in that order to be the usual colours for a good one. There was, however, nothing much amiss with a horse which could win twenty-seven out of his thirty-five races for very various owners. *Gimcrack* first faced the starter at Epsom on May 31, 1764, and won a £50 Plate, two-mile heats, in a field of six, distancing three of his competitors. At Guildford, Winchester, Bedford, Barnet, Reading, and Burford, he won similar plates

for his first owner, Mr. Green, and was then bought by Mr. Wildman, the purchaser of *Eclipse*. For him he beat *Prophet*, *Treasure*, and another, over the last four miles of the Beacon Course, and was then bought by Lord Bolingbroke, under whose colours he beat Mr. Panton's *Rocket* by *Blank*, in a match for a thousand guineas, B.C., 7st. 4lbs., on the same day when another of *Blank's* sons (*Antinous*) was being beaten by *Herod*. In the next July Lord Bolingbroke was equally successful with him against Lord Lowther's *Ascham* by *Regulus* over the same distance, but was unable to give Lord Rockingham's *Bay Malton* seven pounds and a beating, though



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Mr. Benjamin Rogers' "*Aaron*."
Drawn and engraved from life by T. Burford.

he gave no less than twenty-one pounds to the Duke of Cumberland's *Drone* by *Young Cade*. These perpetual successes over long distances induced Count Lauraguais to buy *Gimcrack* and take him to France in order to accept a wager that no horse could travel $22\frac{1}{2}$ miles in the hour, which the gallant little grey promptly won for him, and, when they both returned to England, went on winning under his French owner's colours at Wisbech, Ascot Heath, Marlborough, and Wells, but was beaten over the Round Course by the Duke of Kingston's *Tyrant*, and at Wantage by Major Brereton's *Otterley* (another grey), and at Odsey by *Tortoise*, a son of *Snap*. In 1768 he picked up his form again, and scored more victories at Epsom,

at Ascot (four-mile heats), and Salisbury (four-mile heats), after which he was bought by Sir Charles Bunbury, and though defeated by the Duke of Grafton's *Guardian* in a race from the Ditch In, he signalised his return to British ownership by beating a field of six in two heats of four miles for the Odsey £50 Plate. In 1769 *Gimcrack* showed a still greater appreciation for his famous owner at Newmarket in the Spring, by beating *Hermione* and *Amazon*, *Baber* by *Blank*, *Cardinal Puff*, *Bay Malton*, and many others. He now reached the legitimate goal of every good horse's ambition in those days, and was bought by Lord Grosvenor for 1,200 guineas, promptly showing his approval of the transaction by beating Lord Rockingham's *Jacko* over the Beacon Course. His first attempt on the Knavesmire at York was not so success-

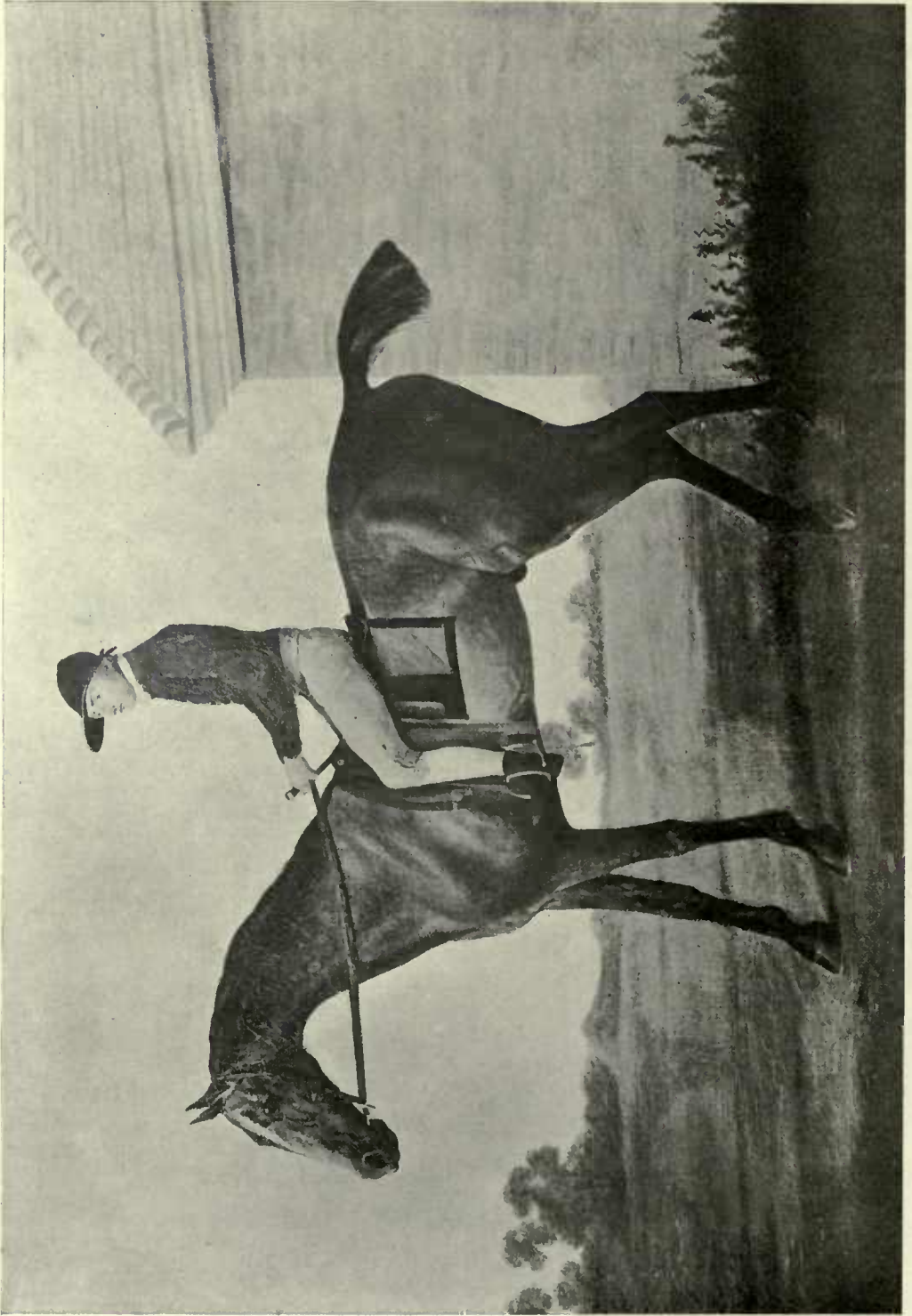
ful as usual, for, on August 24, 1769, he was placed third (ridden by John Pratt, gst., four miles) to Sir L. Dundas's *Chatsworth* by *Blank* (C. Dawson), and Mr. Wentworth's *Tortoise* (L. Jewison), with *Morwick Ball*, *Bay Malton*, and *All Fours* behind him, after a close race. In 1770 he won the Whip at Newmarket, and it should be remembered that all this excel-



By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

"Sportley" (1748).

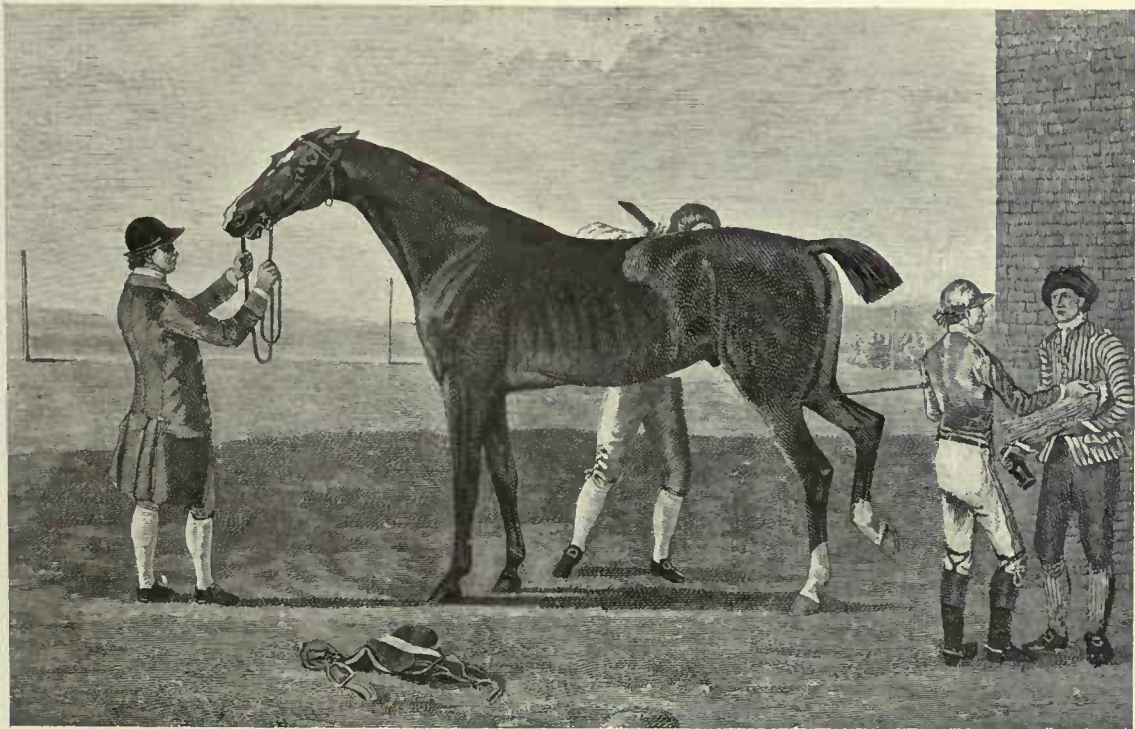
lence was packed into a fraction over fourteen hands. In 1771 he had his revenge over Sir Charles Bunbury's *Bellario*, by beating him over the Round Course, in the good company of Lord March's *Sportsman*, Lord Bolingbroke's *Chalfont*, Lord Orford's *Hemp*, Lord Farnham's *Guardian*, Lord Rockingham's *Tantrum*, Mr. Wentworth's *Myrmidon*, and Mr. Cox's *Teetotum*. Thinking this a good enough bouquet to finish with, *Gimcrack* now left the Turf for the amenities of the Eaton stud-farm. I should like here to speak also of the Duke of Cleveland's *Dainty Davy*, a small bay son of *Traveller*, who won the first Gold Cup at Richmond in 1759, and beat Lord Rockingham's *Scrub* at York, in two four-mile heats, in 1760; but I must pass on to that famous son of *Snap*, Mr. Jenison Shafto's good bay *Goldfinder* (his dam by



"Gimcrack."

Blank), who won a sweepstake of 200 guineas at the First Spring Meeting of 1768. He possessed such good speed and power that he was never beat, and never paid forfeit ; but it must be added that he broke down in his exercise in 1770, just before he was about to meet *Eclipse* for the King's Plate. He was the sire of many good horses at Nuttall Temple, near Nottingham, where he stood for Sir Charles Sedley, who bought him in 1771 for 1,350 guineas.

Another celebrated horse of the same period was Mr. Foley's *Firetail*, bred in 1769 by the Earl of Orford, by *Squirrel* out of *Jett*, a daughter of *Othello*, her dam by



By permission of Sir Walter Gilbey.

"Goldfinder."

Bartlett's Childers. At the Spring Meeting of 1773 he beat *Pumpkin* (8st. R.M. 500 guineas) in what is said by Mr. J. C. Whyte to have been the extraordinary time of 1 minute $4\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. *Pumpkin* himself was a chestnut, by *Matchem*, out of his breeder Mr. Pratt's famous *Old Squirt Mare*, and was also sold to Mr. Foley. His first race was one of his best, when he beat Mr. Ogilvey's *Denmark*, in 1772, Ditch In, 500 guineas, by half-a-neck. Over the same Course he was also victorious over *Firetail* and *Conductor*. In 1776 he beat *Mambrino* and *Trentham* in a sweepstakes of 200 guineas each, B.C., and completed a record of sixteen successes out of twenty-four starts. Stubbs painted him several times, being very fond of his characteristic



By permission of His Majesty the King.

"Pumpkin" (1760) by "Matchem" out of a "Squirt" Mare.

head and face, which are quite reminiscent of *Eclipse*, and there are good pictures of him at Cumberland Lodge and at the Durdans. Of *Mambrino* I reproduce here a highly finished painting by the same artist, from Eaton, evidently the original of the engraving in my first volume. He was a grey like *Gimcrack*, bred in 1768 by Mr. John Atkinson of Scholes, near Leeds, a grandson of *Sampson*, by *Engineer*, out of the *Cade* mare, and was sold to Lord Grosvenor. He won the King's Plate at Newmarket in 1775, and at the Second Spring Meeting he beat *Trentham* for the Jockey Club Plate, B.C., after running a dead heat and starting again. In 1777 he was matched against *Shark* (by *Marske*) for the Whip, and in that year was advertised as a stallion in the good company of *Sweetbriar*, *Gimcrack*, and *Sweet William*, at Oxcroft Farm, near Balsham. He was the sire of *Messenger*, who was imported into the United States, where he founded a distinguished line of trotting horses.



"Mambrino."

Trentham is not merely famous for the interest Charles James Fox had in him, for he was one of the best horses of his day, as is set forth in the eulogium beneath the print of him that was done by G. D. Stubbs, after the picture by Stubbs, now in the possession of Lord Cobham at Hagley Hall. "The terrible horse *Trentham*, late the property of Charles Ogilvy, Esq. He won eleven times without loosing a match, he beat *Bellario*, *Metaphysian* and *Young Eclipse*, and many more of the most capital Horses in England, he is only 5 years old, and was sold to Patrick Blake, Esq., for fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds. *Trentham* was got by the famous horse *Sweepstakes* who covers at Moor Park in Hertfordshire, at 20 guineas a mare and 5 shgs. the groom, published in 1772, by Rob. Sayer, 53, Fleet Street." This fine bay, the first son of *Miss*

South, won £8,450 besides two Jockey Club Plates, and stood at Lord Egremont's Stud at Petworth. Lord Ossory's *Dorimant* by *Otho* (1772) and the Prince of Wales's *Anvil* by *Herod* (1777) were also good horses of the time, and the latter beat *Pot8os* and *Diomed*. Stubb's painting at the Durdans shows *Anvil* as a dark bay with a high crest, black legs, mane and long tail, with a star on his forehead.

It may be interesting to draw attention here to a group of the sons of *Eclipse*, who were all running about this time. Colonel Thornton's *Jupiter* was an especially fine one. The picture of him by Stubbs at Elsenham Hall shows his chestnut coat changing



By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

Sir F. Poole's "Satellite" by "Eclipse."

to bright cream, with black mane, full bushy tail, light hoofs, and white on his off hind fetlock. I reproduce the engraving done from this original. The painting of *Dungannon* is also preserved at the Durdans, as a bright bay with black legs, and the two hind fetlocks white. *Soldier*, *Phosphorus*, and *Satellite* were other examples of the direct *Eclipse* blood, whose lines will be interesting to the breeder for that reason. *Volunteer* was a chestnut son of the famous *Old Tartar Mare* foaled in 1780. He beat *Saltram* (by *Oscar*) who afterwards won the Derby, and of whom there is a magnificent picture by Garrard at Windsor Castle, which is given in these pages by His Majesty's gracious permission.



From the original painting by Savard in Windsor Castle.

H. R. H. The Prince of Wales's Stallion (Dewy 1783) by Eclipse.

By permission of His Majesty the King.



Among the fiercest opponents of the *Eclipse* stock were, of course, the offspring of *Highflyer*, and I reproduce a portrait of his bay son *Skyscraper*, out of *Everlasting* by *Eclipse*, as an interesting example of the blend of the bloods, bred by the Duke of Bedford in 1786, and winner of the Derby in 1789. There is a good painting of him by Sartorius at the Durdans, and a capital picture of *Vestris* (1780), by the same artist, hangs at Cumberland Lodge. Another example of the son of an *Eclipse* mare is *John Bull* (by *Fortitude*), who won the Derby for Lord Grosvenor in 1789. Sartorius has also left a fine painting (also in Lord Rosebery's collection) of the Duke



By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

"*Vestris*" (1780).

of Bedford's *Grey Diomed* who beat the Prince of Wales's *Traveller*, 8st. 7lbs., B.C., 500 guineas, at the Second Spring Meeting of 1790. But a capital instance of the rivalry between the Tattersall and the O'Kelly factions is the match depicted by Sartorius in the same collection between the same *Traveller* (by *Highflyer*) and Lord Grosvenor's *Meteor* by *Eclipse*, who was beaten on almost exactly the same terms at about the same date, so His Royal Highness saved his money. A good example of the son of a *Matchem* mare is Mr. Wilson's *Creeper* by *Tandem*, who combined the blood of the *Godolphin Arabian* and the *Belgrade Turk*. He was foaled in 1786 and



"Jupiter" by "Eclipse" (1778).

was the property of the Prince of Wales, as was *Baronet*, who beat Mr. Barton's *Express* and seventeen others for the Oaklands Stakes at Ascot, on June 28, 1791, winning 2,950 guineas, besides a number of very large bets, in a crowd of some forty thousand persons, after which the race was transferred to Newmarket.

In the last decade before the eighteenth century ended I have chosen as typical examples, *Baronet*, *Haphazard*, *Hambletonian* and *Diamond*, *Ambrosio*, *Penelope*, and *Eleanor*, not perhaps as the best or the most famous of their time, but as those who best exhibit in their shape or peculiarities some of the effects of the



"*Baronet*."

breeding of that day. In another chapter I shall deal with early years of the St. Leger, the Derby, and the Oaks, but there was many a good race on the English Turf before a single fixture had become "classic," and by this time many an owner too, who, far from having royal blood in his veins, had not even a handle to his name. Wildman and O'Kelly are two instances that will at once occur to the readers of these last pages, and there are others too. The earliest examples of "warning off" are provided by Messrs. Quick and Castle. Dick England was another notorious ruffian of the period, while at Jack Munday's Coffee House in the Strand you could find many more like Jack Tetherington, Bob Weir, or Tom Hull. The

Jockey Club itself had several commoners, as we have seen, among its most cherished members, like Mr. John Pratt of Askrigg, part of whose "epitaph" is worth recording, even without the splendour of the original type. It runs as follows :—

"A character so eccentric, so variable, so valuable, astonished the age he lived in. Though small his patrimony, yet, assisted by that and his own genius, he for upwards of thirty years supported all the hospitality of an Ancient Baron. The excellent qualities of his heart were eminently evinced by his bounty to the poor, his sympathetic feeling for distress and his charity for all mankind. Various and wonderful were the means which enabled him with unsullied reputation to support his course of life in which he saw and experienced many Trials and many vicissitudes of fortune, and though often hard pressed, whipped and spurred by that jockey necessity, he never swerved out of the course of Honour."

Here follows a long and humorous recitation of the various horses he owned, which ends as follows :—

"Though never famed for gallantry, yet he had in keeping, at different periods, a *Virgin*, a



Maiden, an *Orange Girl*, and a *Ballad Singer*, besides several *Misses*, to all of whom his attachment was notorious; and, what is still more a *Paradox*, though he had no issue by his lawful wife, yet the numerous progeny and quick abilities of these very females proved to him a source of supply. With all his seeming peculiarities and foibles he retained his *Purity*

By permission of Sir Walter Gilbey.

"*Hambletonian*" being rubbed down after his race with "*Diamond*."

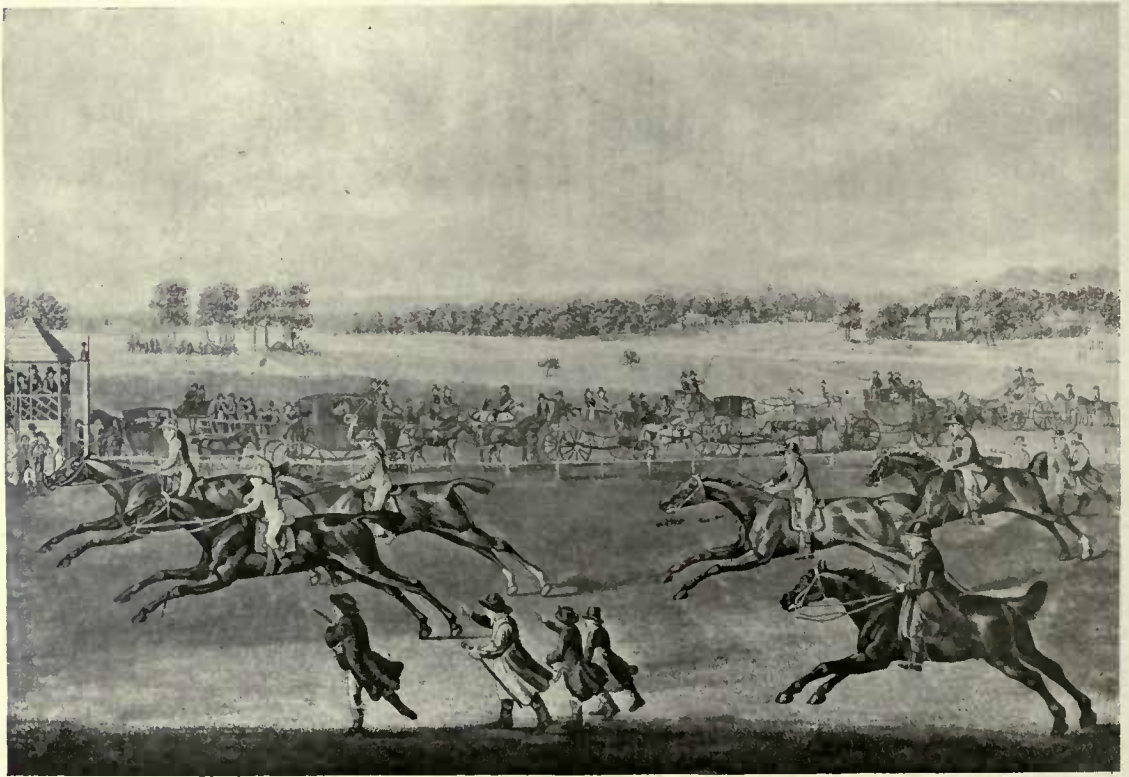
till a few days before his death, when the great *Camden* (afterwards *Rockingham*) spread the fame thereof so extensively as to attract even the notice of his Prince, who thought it no diminution of Royalty to obtain so valuable an acquisition by purchase, and though he parted with his *Purity* at a great price, yet his honour and good name remained untarnished to the end of his life."

As the owner of *Regulus*, Mr. Martindale entirely eclipsed his previous reputation as a saddler. Two of the early St. Legers were won by an ex-stable boy, Mr. Hutchinson, with *Young Traveller* and *Beningbrough*, and it was he—as I mentioned in the last volume—who bred that other great winner *Hambletonian*, a bay grandson of *Eclipse* by *King Fergus* out of *Grey Highflyer*. He was foaled in 1792, and did splendidly as a three-year-old for Sir Charles Turner. In 1796 he repeated his victory for the Gold Cup at Doncaster. His most famous match was one more case of rivalry between the two fashionable sires, for *Diamond* was a brown son of *Highflyer*



Sir H. Vane-Tempest's "Hambletonian" (Buckle) beating Mr. J. Cookson's "Diamond" (Fitzpatrick) over the Beacon Course, March, 1799.

of the same age, who beat *Hermione* for the King's Plate at Newmarket in 1797. It was at the Newmarket Craven Meeting of 1799 that Sir Harry Vane-Tempest matched *Hambletonian* (with Frank Buckle in the saddle) against Mr. Joseph Cookson's *Diamond* (Dennis FitzPatrick up, 8st.) for three thousand guineas over the Beacon Course. Buckle (at 8st. 3lbs.), who was considerably cooler-headed at the crisis than his employer, managed to gain some ground between the Ditch and the Turn of the Lands, which compensated for the pace of the smaller horse up the hill, and after a rousing finish, which Sartorius has



The Oatlands Sweepstakes at Ascot.

brilliantly depicted, the *Eclipse* blood just asserted its superiority by a head. A fine painting by Stubbs of this stout-hearted horse, being rubbed down after that punishing race, is now in the possession of Lord Londonderry at Wynyard Park, and as the canvas measures no less than 13 feet by 8, I have chosen it as a good example of the typical points of a racer whose blood is in most of the best pedigrees to-day. My illustration is from the engraving by J. B. Pratt. The starter gave the signal between one and two o'clock on the 25th of March, and the St. Leger winner held the lead until *Diamond* challenged in the last half-mile, and from then on both horses seem to have been cruelly punished, *Hambletonian* being only just lifted

in ahead by Buckle's splendid riding in the last few strides. The distance is said to have been done in "about eight minutes and a-half," and the Newmarket people lost fairly heavily, though the betting varied from six to four on *Hambletonian* to evens. Sir Harry Vane-Tempest determined never to race him again.

It was not every owner who thus remembered that his favourite thoroughbred was not a mere machine for making money. I fear, in fact, that the advance of the Turf has always been due as much to gambling as to any other single motive, and the clubs of St. James's Street still contain records of those times, which throw an astonishing light on the way men betted upon everything. They betted on the longevity of their own fathers; on the probability of Mademoiselle Heinel dancing at the opera; on Thurlow getting a tellership of the Exchequer for his son; on the total of the audience at the Pantheon; five guineas down to receive one hundred if the Duke of Queensberry dies before half an hour after five in the afternoon of June 27, 1773; a hundred guineas that Lord Derby does not see the next general election; heavy wagers that Dr. Dodd



By permission of Mr. Somerville Tattersall.

Mr. Lowther's "Ambrosio" by
"Sir Peter Teazle."

would be executed within two months, that he would commit suicide, that he would use a pistol for his final act. Politics, of course, opened a large field for a speculation which ranged the compass of existence. Five hundred guineas to ten were laid that none of the Cabinet would be beheaded by that day three years, and the melancholy contingency found a hearty backer even in days when "pro-Boers" were neither born nor thought of. But cards offered the easiest opportunity of all. Walpole used to say that the things best worth finding were the longitude, the philosopher's stone, the Duchess of Kingston's first marriage certificate, the missing books of Livy, and all that Charles James Fox had lost. The atmosphere seemed charged with prodigality. Five thousand pounds were

staked on a single card at Faro, and £70,000 changed hands in a single evening. General Scott made a fortune at cards, and married one of his daughters to Canning and the other to the Duke of Portland, father of Lord George Bentinck. Pitt himself was a partner in a Faro-Bank at Goosetree's. Gilray's caricatures are full of terrible satire on the fashionable vice against which even Lord Kenyon's fulminations seemed powerless. "At some of our first boarding schools," says "The Times" for November 2, 1797, "the fair pupils are now taught to play whist and casino. . . . At a boarding school at Moorfields the mistress complains that she is unable to teach her scholars either whist or pharo." Panton Street, near the Haymarket, records the winnings of a gambler, who was as famous in the card-room as we have found him on



An E.O. Table.

the Turf. The organisation of a gambling-house of the period is easily reconstructed. First came the Commissioner, who audited the accounts with a Director under him to superintend the rooms, and an Operator to deal cards. Then there were Croupiers who gathered money for the bank; Puffs to decoy the

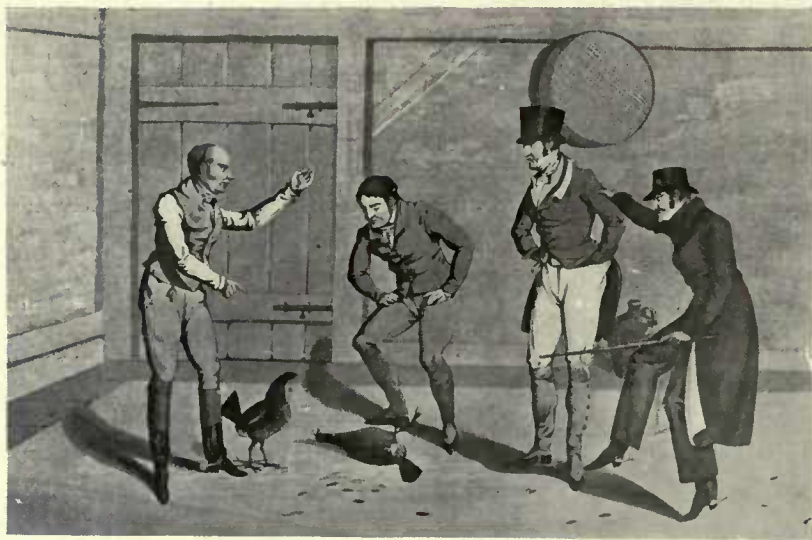
players; a Clerk to check the Puffs; a Flasher to swear the bank was broke; a Dunner to get losses out of needy gentlemen; a Captain to fight any discontented player; a sharp Attorney to draw up any necessary deeds whenever wanted; waiters for the candles and refreshments; ushers to conduct the company up and down; runners who got half-a-guinea every time they warned the porter that there were constables without; and a whole gang of unattached ruffians in the shape of linkboys, coachmen, chairmen, drawers, common bail affidavit men, and braves of the lowest type. Hogarth adds a characteristic touch in the highwayman, whose pistols peep out of his pocket, waiting by the fireside till the heaviest winner goes, so that he may recoup his own losses in the speediest fashion.

Of the numberless queer wagers made that were based on a certain degree of

skill, I have no space to speak. "Old Q." was great at discovering and winning them. He once backed his man to trundle a wheel faster than a certain speedy barber of Oxford Street could run the same distance unencumbered; and as the terms of the bet specified that one of His Grace's own carriage-wheels must be employed, he had a long platform built, so that the axle might come to exactly the right height required by his performer, and won the bet. When he was Lord March, Messrs. Theobald Taafe and Andrew Sprowle were so unwise as to bet that he and Lord Eglinton would not carry one person on a carriage with four running wheels and four horses nineteen miles in one hour. Whereupon Lord March got Mr. Wright to build him a carriage weighing only 24 stone, including the postilion it carried, with a box seat of velvet hung with straps, and very thin leather harness covered with silk. The wheels had boxes built above them, which dropped oil gently on the axles, and the traces were so arranged that they would run back on springs instead of hanging slack. The two leaders, ridden at 8st., were Mr. Greville's *Tawney* and Mr. Stamford's *Roderick Random*. The wheelers (7st.) were the Duke of Hamilton's *Chance* and *Peeper*. The course, on Newmarket Heath,

*The Trimmed Cock.*

lay between the Warren and the Rubbing Houses, through the Running Gap to the right, and three times round a circle of four miles, and back to the start. Lord March won easily, for the distance was done in 53 minutes 27 seconds. When the Prince of Wales was at Brighton, a number of less orthodox wagers were brought off, in which athletic ladies took a prominent part; or Tom Onslow drove his phaeton and four at a gallop twenty times through the gates of Grove House; or "a military gentleman, ridden by a jockey weighing 7st. 5lbs., booted and spurred, ran with a fat bullock unmounted across the Steyne for a hundred guineas," and won them easily against odds of four and five to one, about the same time as "Cripplegate" Barrymore rode a



By Henry Alken (1821).

Fashionable Cockfighting.

horse upstairs to the topmost room in Mrs. FitzHerbert's house, and had to have it dragged down again by the main force of two blacksmiths, so much did the artful animal appear to relish its new quarters.

The cock-fighting at which Mr. Tregonwell Frampton proved so successful,

lasted for nearly a century and a-half after his days as a fashionable sport. As late as 1830, a room in Westminster, where the Privy Council held their sittings, was commonly called "the cockpit" (in Greville's Memoirs, and in "The Times" for January 29, 1801), because it was on the site where Charles II. had often watched a main at Whitehall; and in nearly every Race Course of the eighteenth century the cockpit was as essential an attraction as the E.O. Tables. All bone and muscle; with his large, quick eye, his big and crooked beak, the gamecock seemed built by Nature for a fight, and animated by an almost unique passion for the extermination of the males of his own species. Arming him with spurs only ended quicker what might otherwise have been a cruelly protracted struggle; the pugilist, in fact, became a swordsman. Special breeds were eagerly



By Henry Alken (1821).

The Beauties of Bull-baiting.

sought after; "Spangles," as the parti-coloured birds were called, were never found to be so high-spirited, so good in feather, blood, or heel, as the complete blackreds. Consummate art was needed in feeding up the champions for a three days' battle, or in handling and setting the birds at the moment of the contest. Far less were the excuses for that much more ignoble form of "sport" known as bull-baiting. But this, too, lasted much too long in English country-life, and it may perhaps be put down to the credit of the Turf that many found a substitute in horse-racing for the cruelties and brutalities of the bull-ring.

As the organisation of racing went on, we find King's Plates established in many places which might otherwise have satisfied the universal gambling instinct of the people with much

less creditable and useful attractions. I have reproduced an incident that happened at the Lincoln Meeting in 1797. There were also King's Plates at Newmarket, Salisbury, Ipswich, Guildford, Nottingham, Winchester, York, Richmond (Yorkshire),



By permission of Mr.
Somerville Tattersall.

"Hornpipe" leaping over "Pepperpot" and the
Farmer's Son, at Lincoln Races, Sept. 1797.

Lewes, Canterbury, Lichfield, Newcastle, Bradford, Carlisle, Ascot, and Warwick. Though Yorkshire was easily first in the number of its race meetings, Cambridgeshire could boast of four at least in Newmarket alone, Suffolk had four, and there was scarcely a county that was not patronised at least once in the year, except Devonshire and Cornwall. But it was naturally at Newmarket, Ascot, Doncaster, or Epsom that were to be seen most often the purple waistcoat with the gold-trimmed scarlet sleeves of the Prince of Wales, the purple and gold of the Duke of York, the sky-blue of the Duke of Grafton, or the deep red of the Duke of Queensberry. With them was the Earl of Derby, who married Miss Farren, the actress whose "Lady Teazle" in Sheridan's brilliant comedy had stormed the footlights of the town. He was the founder of the famous race that



Miss Farren and the Earl of Derby.

bears his name, and he won it in 1787 with *Sir Peter Teazle*, the appropriate omen of his wedding. The first race was won by Sir Charles Bunbury's *Diomed* (by *Florizel* out of a *Spectator* mare going back to *Flying Childers*), who beat *Captain O'Kelly* and seven others, and conferred the highest honours of the Turf upon the pink and white stripes and black cap. Sir Joshua Reynolds has been kinder to the first winner of the Derby than Gilray was to its founder; nor has the famous Duke of Bedford, another prominent racing man of the time, got off much better at the hands of the vigorous caricaturist, who spared nobody, and was probably much more true to nature than is sometimes imagined.

With the advent of the classic races the whole machinery of the Turf began to be organised at its regular headquarters, and already the names that are still familiar to all racegoers begin to appear in the places that have known them so honourably and so long. Mr. James Weatherby was keeper of the Match Book, and began his successful dynasty in 1774, when he took over the publication not only of the Calendar but of the still more famous Stud Book. Something in the nature of a record of the racing at Newmarket had been kept by Mr. John Nelson, and sold by him as long ago as 1670. In 1727 Mr. John Cheney got together with infinite industry



The Duke of Bedford.

the first volume which gave a corrected account of thoroughbred stock, and it is significant that he obtained most of his details from the ranks of those sporting clergy who have been well represented by the Rev. Mr. Tarran, the Rev. Mr. Hewgill (breeder of *Priestess*), the Rev. Mr. Goodricke, who won several St. Legers, Parson Harvey, and that clerical Fellow of Corpus, Oxford, who owned and ran *Apology*. From Mr. Cheney's dying hand, one Reginald Heber seized the torch of fame, not without struggles with Mr. John Pond, and bore it till his death in 1768.



Richard Tattersall, d. 1795.

The following year was convulsed with rival publications by Mr. B. Walker, and Messrs. Fawconer and Tuting, who seem to have combined the functions of Secretary to the Jockey Club and Keeper of the Match Book. But in 1774, after a slight altercation, Mr. James Weatherby vindicated his right to the publications his family has ever since controlled, and began a course of intimately allied business which grew so large that by the beginning of the twentieth century the Jockey Club found themselves compelled to reorganise the affairs which the genius of the Weatherbys had so enormously increased and improved. From Hamilton Street, Park Lane, to Bury Street, St. James's, to Oxenden Street, Haymarket, and finally to Old Burlington Street, its present locality, their place of business has moved at one time or another, always retaining its reputation and continually increasing its value and its multifarious operations. Solicitor, treasurer, agent, keeper of the Match Book, publisher of the Calendar and stake-holder—all these things a Weatherby has been since 1750, and all of them have been accomplished to the credit of the Jockey Club and of the English Turf.

No less important, and no less honourable, was the connection that began at this same period, when Richard Tattersall, an honest Yorkshireman of humble origin, set up as an auctioneer of horses in London, after leaving his post of superintendent of the stables of the Duke of Kingston. The architect of his own fortunes, Mr. Tattersall left his descendants an untarnished name that has become a household word in every country where racing is encouraged; a fine business in full swing; Highflyer Hall and an estate near Ely. Perhaps his little expedition into Journalism was the one thing that might have been regretted, from the financial point of view, but it had no effect upon his reputation, and after living for many years to give the toast of "The Hammer and Highflyer," he died. "Yet," says the epitaph that then appeared, "as long as the recollection of honest work, sociable manners, and hospitality unbounded shall be dear to the memory of man, the remembrance of him shall live: surviving the slender aid of the proud Pyramid, the boasted durability of Brass, and the Wreck of Ages!" His place of business has now been removed from Hyde Park Corner to the no less convenient site at Albert Gate, Knightsbridge.

In 1772 was appointed the first regular Judge at Newmarket—to complete this slight sketch of Turf officialdom—in the person of Mr. John Hilton, who was to be seen at Epsom, Bocket Hall, Bibury, and elsewhere. He was succeeded by the family of Clark, who seemed likely to establish a dynasty as long lived as the Weatherbys or Tattersalls, till the last of them was succeeded by Mr. Robinson.

There appear also a Clerk of the Scales (John Hammond), and a Starter (Samuel Betts), to show that everything was in proper order by the time the nineteenth century was about to begin. And I shall introduce that century appropriately by considering in my next chapter the jockeys who, like Francis Buckle, had made a name for themselves when it began, or who were soon to lend lustre to its earlier decades. Among them the name of Chifney stands out with especial clearness, and it is in connection with that I shall have something more definite to say concerning the racing career of the Prince of Wales, who became afterwards King George IV



A Race Meeting in 1789.

CHAPTER XIV.

HISTORIC JOCKEYS AND A ROYAL OWNER.

“Take a pestle and mortar of moderate size :
 Into Queensberry’s head put Bunbury’s eyes,
 Pound Clermont to dust—you’ll find it expedient,
 The world cannot furnish a better ingredient—
 From Derby and Bedford take plenty of spirit,
 Successful or not, they have always that merit,
 Tommy Panton’s address, John Wastell’s advice,
 And a touch of Prometheus, ’tis done in a trice.”

[*A Receipt to make a Jockey.*]

IT must have been obvious to the earliest supporters of the Turf that however good they bred their horses they would never win a race—or pocket a bet—unless those horses were well ridden ; and the ballad of Gatherley Moor, quoted in the Appendix, will show that this great truth had been realised as early as the first quarter of the seventeenth century. Even if the foundation of the Jockey Club had not drawn attention to the importance of this question, the retirement of the Prince of Wales must have very sharply emphasised some of its aspects, and I therefore take the name of Chifney—with which that retirement was connected—as the starting-point for a consideration of a few of those important details which are suggested by any list of famous jockeys. I do not pretend to give anything like an exhaustive list of “these little gentlemen of the pigskin” ; and I shall avoid, as far as possible, any particular criticisms or appreciations of those whose work in the saddle my readers can observe on any modern racecourse ; but it will be a convenient opportunity to gather together here several notes on famous jockeys whose career would not otherwise be connected with that period of Turf History at which we have chronologically arrived. Certain comparisons and conclusions, inevitable in such a subject, will also be more appropriately considered from the standpoint we are now taking, the beginning

of the nineteenth century, than from any arbitrarily determined point in the modern history which we shall reach later on.

The suggestion was once made by an enthusiastic Turfite, who was also a fine writer, that a book entitled "From Buckle to Archer" would, in capable hands, be one of the most interesting ever written. I am not aware that it has yet been done, and I commend the idea warmly to any budding author with sufficient time on his hands and experience in his head. Though Archer's history must be dealt with in later pages, I have given in this volume a photogravure from Mr. Brodrick Cloete's painting of him on *Paradox*, which will enable my readers to



"Miss Coiner."

compare him with his earlier rivals. Of this "old school," "The Druid's" opinion was that no more brilliant quartette were ever seen at Newmarket than Buckle, Chifney, Robinson, and Harry Edwards, of whom Tommy Lye once confided to a friend that he "would as lieve ride against Sattan"; and an ardent admirer quoted Shakespeare to the effect that—

"I saw young Harry, with his beaver on
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship."

But it is my own belief that even those four might be matched among their successors; for though such art as was the best of theirs is not a question of time, or even of experience, but a joy for ever, unfettered by the flight of years, yet it cannot be denied that far greater calls are made upon a jockey now than ever was the case a hundred years ago. He has far more mounts in a season. His judgment of pace must be far keener. The old idea of starting at a canter—



From the painting by J. H. Wheeler.

Fred Archerson, on Paradox (1882)
By permission of W. Brodick-Blake, Esq.



sometimes even at a walk—has been abandoned. A race is fought out from start to finish; and the man who ventures nowadays to depend only on a run-in from the distance and a neat victory by a head, will not often find himself justified in giving so much indulgence to the pleasure of cutting it fine. But if the character of the first part of a race has generally changed, the value of a determined finish has, if anything, increased. Those who remember Fordham on *Sabinus* in the Cambridgeshire, Archer on *Melton* in the Derby, Tom Cannon on *Isonomy* at Manchester, Chaloner on *Caller Ou* in the St. Leger, or John Watts on *Thais* for the Thousand Guineas, will not be likely to admit that these finishes were ever greatly surpassed by any of their predecessors. For a more startling difference, both in methods

and in men, we should have to go to the trainers of our own time. Between these men and the majority of the farriers who dedicated their somewhat absurd volumes to Sir John Lade or "Tommy Onslow," there is as much difference in comprehension of the noble animal as in uprightness and integrity; a difference which the late Duke of Westminster perceived, and no doubt wished to emphasise, when he gave Fred Archer £500 for winning the Derby but bestowed double that amount on Robert Peck who trained *Bend Or*. The formidable sums considered justifiable as presents at the beginning of the twentieth century to a jockey already in receipt of a larger income than a Cabinet Minister, are no more an indication of increased excellence in riding than the huge fees now asked for stallions, or the inflated prices for a fashionably bred yearling, are a guarantee that bloodstock has improved.



"Moll Tonson" and "Harefoot" at the Well Gap, Newmarket.

A few of the famous jockeys of the eighteenth century have already been mentioned, and their exploits were celebrated all over the country in their time, though the chronicles are somewhat too silent as to their doings, save in such forms

as that song which records how John Tow (in red) met the redoubtable Matchem Timms (in yellow) one famous August at York in 1700 :—

“Come all ye noble sportmen that love to show fair play,
I'll tell you of a valiant match that was run at York one day
Between Mr. Warren's *Careless*, which I tell o'er and o'er,
And the Duke of Devonshire's *Atlas* that never was beat before.”

I am not sure that “fair play” is an exact description of the “cross and jostle” which was somewhat prevalent in Yorkshire and elsewhere when this spirited ballad



was first popular ; but it is not often that a more trustworthy word is obtainable of the doings of the period. One jockey's mounts, however, I have been able to trace in a rather more connected manner from the old race-cards, and the name of John Singleton will serve as well as any other to introduce us to the Old School, for he died only five years before the nineteenth century began and he spent no less than fifty in the saddle.

Born at Melbourne, near Pocklington, in Yorkshire, John Singleton began as a cattleherd on Ross Moor, but was soon attracted towards his master's stables. Mr. Read was a sporting farmer on the Wolds. In 1735 his bay mare

John Singleton. *Rachael*, by a son of *Bay Bolton*,

raced at York, and in 1734 at Hambleton ; in 1733 his ch. g. *Tantivy* was beaten for the Galloways' Plate at York, and in 1732 his grey mare won His Majesty's 100 guineas at Hambleton, thus making a capital beginning with the first entry of his which I can find recorded, and he was no doubt glad enough to get a boy with good hands to win a country wager now and then. This boy was given a ewe one day for a clever bit of work, and with the price of her progeny he paid the fee of *Smiling Tom* (by the *Conyers Arabian*) for covering his master's mare. The foal was a good one, and John Singleton rode his own horse past the post in the Subscription Plate at Hambleton, and also at Morpeth, Stockton, and Sunderland.

Mr. Read, who was a persistent racer, won the Hunters' Purse of twenty guineas (owners up) at York, in 1739, with *Three Legs*. At that date Matchem Timms was still riding, but I find no mention of Singleton on the Northern cards before 1743, though in view of his first purchase it is most interesting to see that Mr Read's b. *Lucy* (by Gallant's *Smiling Tom*, who also sired Mr. Darley's gr. h. *Piunder*) was fourth for His Majesty's 100 guineas, for five-year-old mares at Hambleton in 1737. She was beaten at York in 1736. Singleton's fine riding had soon attracted the attention of the Marquis of Rockingham, who eventually made him both his rider and his trainer; and he used to attend at Newmarket in the spring and Thixendale in the summer. Riding the Marquis's *Bay Malton*, he beat *Herod* at Newmarket, and seven years afterwards celebrated his fiftieth year in the saddle. He died at the advanced age of eighty years in 1795, and was buried near his old master's grave by Ross Moor.

We begin the contrasts already; for where could we find a jockey nowadays who only

served two masters all his life, and was buried in the same church with his first employer by the desire of each? Singleton made money and founded the fortunes of his family at Great Givendale, where he was universally beloved. In 1769 he had married the widow of Peter Jackson, a name well known in the annals of the saddle. His own son John did not ride, but his nephew rode Lord Rockingham's *Alabaculia*, and had a son of the same name as himself, the third John Singleton, who won the Derby of 1797 for the Duke of Bedford, and also the St. Leger for Lord Fitzwilliam in *Orville's* year, but died young. To the end of his life the original old John could lift a full glass of port without a tremor, for his head and nerves remained as cool as his chest and arms were strong and solid. He could ride 8st. 7lb. when he was fifty-seven years old, as may be seen from the card of the



"Oscar" by "Saltram," from a "Highflyer" mare.

York Meeting of August, 1772. One of the best of his North Country predecessors was Thomas Jackson, who rode and trained for Mr. Cuthbert Routh, of Snape Hall, near Bedale, and for Mr. Jenison Shafto at Newmarket, who died at the age of sixty-two, "worn out in the service of his friends," as his epitaph in Nunnington Church declares, though a stern accuracy compels me to relate that he left the Turf in consequence of the opinions held concerning his riding against Leonard Jewison at York, which also led to his being supplanted as principal rider by Anthony Wheatley in the stables so successfully managed by his brother, Christopher Jackson, who rode



Lord Darlington's "Rubens" (1805) by "Buzzard."

Matchem for Mr. Fenwick of Bywell, and afterwards trained at Middleham for Messrs. John Pratt of Askrigg, John Coates, William Bethell, Jenison Shafto and others, until his death in 1790.

When Singleton retired, Lord Rockingham gave the green jacket to Christopher Scaife of Bedale, a pupil of the Christopher Jackson just mentioned, and husband of one of Singleton's nieces, on the recommendation of Mr. John Pratt. After Lord Rockingham's death in 1782 Scaife continued his work for Lord Fitzwilliam, until an accident in 1793 compelled him to retire, for Sir William Lowther's *Minion* fell

backwards over him and broke several ribs. His saddle was taken by young Singleton, and his training stables went to his son, John Scaife. Another famous Northern jockey was Mangle, who rode first for Isaac Cape at Tupgill near Middleham, whose training establishment he subsequently took on, being responsible for the horses of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Henry Peirse, Mr. William Bethell, Mr. John Pratt and others, with such success that he built a new house and stables at Brecongill, near Ashgill, afterwards occupied by the Dawsons. He won five St. Legers, four for Lord A. Hamilton, whose *Paragon*, *Spadille* and *Young Flora*



"Selim" by "Buzzard"

won in three successive years, and he was known as "Crying Mangle," perhaps because so much success had spoilt him for bearing up against reverses. His chief jockeys were John Jackson and Benjamin Smith. He died quite blind and very old, in 1831. That Yorkshire was particularly successful about this time may be judged from what was done by James Croft of East Wilton, near Middleham, who learnt his riding under Mr. John l'Anson, of Newmarket, but went back to his own moors to train, where he prepared *Filho da Puta*, *The Duchess*, and *Jerry*, besides *Theodore*, in whose St. Leger the first four horses all came from the same stable.

A few more of these older jockeys deserve mention before we pass out of sight of the times in which they lived. Among them Michael Mason will be chiefly remembered as the rider of *Morwick Ball*, and as a successful trainer on the Wold until his death in 1786. Another pair always spoken of together were Charles Dawson of Richmond and Mr. Hutton's *Silvio*, who won the Richmond Gold Cup in 1764 after being beaten four times previously for the same event by *Dainty Davy*. Dawson subsequently trained for Sir Lawrence Dundas of Aske, with W. Arnold and T. Fields as his riders, both of whom succeeded to his stables. Yet a third indissoluble connection in the memory of every racing man is that between *Eclipse* and John Oakley, who died in 1793. The hard work some of these men had to do may be judged from such



Sir Charles Bunbury's "Thunderbolt" (1806) by "Sorcerer."

exploits as that of Joseph Rose of Stokesley, who once rode Mr. Stapleton's *Beaufremont* (by *Tartar*) on Monday, Sept. 3, 1764, for the King's Plate at Lincoln, and on the Wednesday for the Ladies' Plate; rode *Dainty Davy* at Richmond in Yorkshire on Thursday; and *Batchelor* at Manchester on the Friday; all this before railways, or even macadamised roads, were dreamt

of. The jockey who won most Gold Cups in the eighteenth century seems to have been John Kirton, whose St. Leger on Mr. Coate's *Omphale* (by *Highflyer*), after she had been amiss for some time, and was very short of training, was his most notable classic triumph, for he beat the favourite and won easily. He came into a fortune and lived till he was ninety-three, but was blind and crippled ere he died.

The name of *Alabaculia* has been mentioned in connection with old John Singleton's nephew. When the race in which this was the first victory was definitely called the St. Leger, its first winning jockey was George Herring, who rode *Hollandaise* for Sir Thomas Gascoigne and Mr. Stapleton, and whose career was as brilliant as it was short, after he had learnt his riding on Bramham Moor with

"Black Jack," as Mr. John Lowther, the trainer, was known in those parts. Herring once won nineteen races in succession, a feat which will take a lot of beating, and was killed in 1796, in the last races that were held at Hull, by Mr. John Hutchinson's black mare *Gipsy*, an own sister to *Hambletonian*, who threw him three times at the start of the Maiden Plate, and finally killed him on the spot. It was in this Mr. Hutchinson's stable that John Cade (a compatriot of the elder Singleton) received his first tuition. Cade succeeded Leonard Jewison on Mr. Peregrine Wentworth's horses. Yet a third famous jockey came from the same village of Melbourne, in Thomas Fields, who trained *Miss Cornforth* for Sir Walter Vavasour, and succeeded William Arnold in Charles Dawson's stables. His best race was on Sir Harry Vane's *Cockfighter* by *Overton* at the York August Meeting of 1800. The brown colt, who was favourite, bolted at Middlethorpe corner and lost about 300 yards, but Fields brought him up to his antagonists inch by inch, and just pulled off the victory after a display of the greatest judgment and coolness. It will be remembered that on the Tuesday of the meeting this same *Cockfighter* (then mounted by J. Shepherd) beat *Wonder* (F. Buckle) and Mr. Cookson's *Sir Harry*, the owner of the last-named colt being very angry with his jockey, Sam Chifney, for what he considered his bad riding. But Sam stuck to it that *Sir Harry* "could not run," and when he was ridden by Singleton the next day he came in last again, which proved the jockey knew what he was talking about, and also rode straight, as I am inclined to think was the case in the famous incident of *Escape*. To this I must now turn without further delay, or the careers of other jockeys will carry me too far beyond the story of the Prince of Wales, which must be told in this chapter.

Samuel Chifney (senior) wrote a book. Its published price was five pounds, and it was "Sold for the author at 232, Piccadilly, and nowhere else." Not long ago I bought a copy in the same neighbourhood for rather less than one-tenth of that sum, and the confiding sentences upon its title-page are worth consideration.

"*Genius Genuine*, by Samuel Chifney of Newmarket. A fine part in riding a race, known only to the author. Why there are so few good runners, or why the Turf horses degenerate. A guide to recover them to their strength and speed, as well as to train horses for running, and hunters and hacks for hard riding; to preserve their strength and their sinews from being so often destroyed; with reasons for horses changing in their running; likewise a full account of the Prince's horse, *Escape*, running at Newmarket on the 20th and 21st days of October, 1791, with other interesting particulars. January 9th, 1804."



Sam Chifney, Sen.

Just three years after this was printed its author died within the Rules of Fleet

Prison, leaving a widow and six children without much to live upon. But this was not owing to "Genius Genuine." Indeed, there was more truth in the title-page just quoted than any other jockey of the time could have claimed successfully. There is little doubt Chifney's exquisite "hands"—that mystery of mysteries in horsemanship—have never been surpassed, and only equalled perhaps by George Fordham. The rough old school of Yorkshiremen feared him more than any other of their hated Newmarket rivals, for he had a style they never understood, and he could do more with a plain snaffle than other men could manage with a Mexican curb, as he showed when he rode the Regent's *Knowsley* first past the post at Guildford with a slack rein. "The Chifney rush" and general style of finishing, which were inherited by



"Pericles" (1809) by "Evander."

the son, is admirably depicted in the picture by Stubbs of the elder Samuel on *Baronet*, which is reproduced on page 335 of this volume. It is explained, if words can ever explain the thing, in the following passage: "As the horse comes to the last extremity, finishing his race, he is the better forced and kept straight with manner, and with

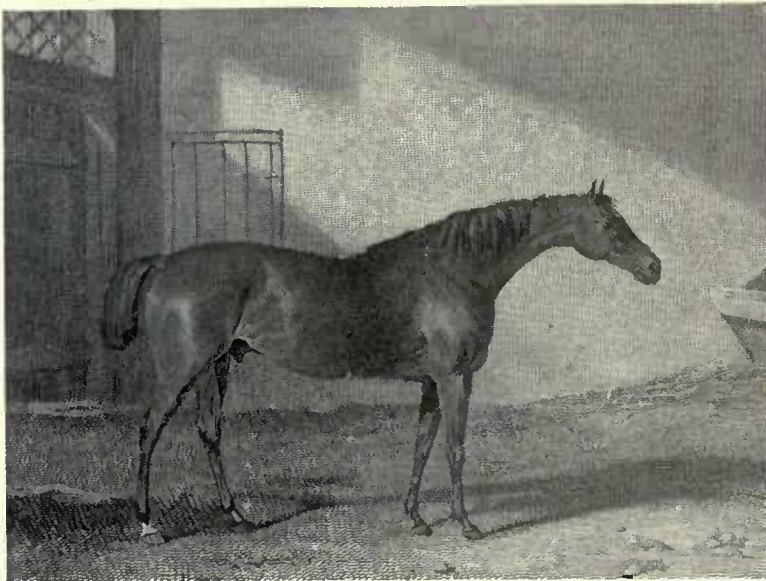
fine touchings of his mouth. In this situation the horse's mouth should be eased of the weight of his rein . . . when horses are in great distress they cannot face that visible manner of pulling. They must be allowed to ease themselves an inch at a time as their situation will allow. This should be done *as though you had a silken rein as fine as a hair, and were afraid of breaking it.*" The son benefited enormously from such intelligent teaching, and when no more than three stone in weight was taking lessons on his pony from his father into which every phase of finishing was compressed. "By the powers, it's not fair," used to say Dennis Fitzpatrick; "Buckle and I will be having old Sam and Sam's son down on us soon."

Born about 1750 in Norfolk, the elder Chifney learnt training and practised

riding under Richard Prince, Lord Foley's groom, and his riding soon put him in a place by himself above Oakley, the two Arnalls (or Arnold), Buckle, Hindley, or Clift. He was employed by Lord Grosvenor, the Duke of Bedford, Mr. Thomas Panton, and finally by the Prince of Wales himself. He was five-foot-five tall, clean run, muscular and light, and among many other victories he won the Derby for the Duke of Bedford on *Skyscraper* (see pages 290 and 345). I have already hinted at my opinion that, though Chifney was probably by no means a "plaster saint," he was not so much to blame as Sir Charles Bunbury imagined. One side of that famous inquiry will never be known. Chifney's own evidence may be summed up as follows:—

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had entered his b. h. *Escape* (by *Highflyer*, dam by *Squirrel*) for a race at Newmarket on October 20, 1791. He had bred the horse himself, and named him because he had kicked through the side of his stall when a yearling and was rescued without injury. It is curious that after he was sent to the stud, one of his colts, called *Hairbreadth*, was killed in the Maiden Stakes at Chester in 1798, by violently colliding with a soldier after bolting over the cords. One of *Escape's* victories was at York in August, 1790, when he beat *Actaeon* and *Gustavus* for the Great Subscription of £295 for five-year-olds, 8st. 7lb., four miles, in the year after the Prince of Wales made his famous visit to the York races, saw Miss Farren as Beatrice in "Much Ado," dined with the Lord Mayor, and finished a triumphant progress through the North by staying at Wentworth House with Lord Fitzwilliam. In 1791, at the same meeting, Sam Chifney rode *Traveller* (see page 254), *Creeper* (see page 229), and *Traveller* again, for the Prince of Wales, and was beaten in all three races. The jockey (who was riding about 8st. 9lb.) thought *Traveller* (6 years) was unfit, and said as much to his trainer, Casborne, and to the Prince, but recommended his royal master to back *Creeper* (5 years), and backed the horse himself for two hundred guineas. When he stripped *Creeper* for saddling just before the Wednesday race (the Great Subscription) he "believed him poisoned, for his carcase was swelled in so extraordinary a manner that I never saw a horse so before." There was no time to hedge, or to warn any one else, and though the pace was easy at the start (four miles) the horse was beaten by *Walnut* three or four lengths. Mr. Orton gives the betting as 3 to 1 on *Walnut*. On Thursday *Traveller*, who had been beaten by *Spadille*, *Gustavus*, and *Fox* on the Monday, was again beaten by *Tickle Toby* and *Walnut* over another four-mile course, "universally allowed," says Mr. Orton, "to be one of the finest races ever run." The finish was so close that Chifney, who "poured upon the leaders" in the last hundred yards,

thought he had beaten *Walnut*, the favourite, as well as *Gustavus*, and got in second. He was placed third, and *Tickle Toby* got the verdict by a head. The betting was 3 to 1 against the winner, 7 to 1 against *Gustavus* and *Traveller*. Two months afterwards Chifney was back at Newmarket, where *Escape* was matched on the 3rd of October against the Duke of Bedford's *Grey Diomed* (see page 238) at even weights, four miles, for a thousand guineas, and just won on the run in. "Sam Chifney," said His Royal Highness, as the horses were walking back to scale, "no person but you shall ride for me," and shook him by the hand. The next day the same two horses met again, for a Plate, under the same conditions, and with the



*The Duke of Grafton's "Partisan" (1811)
by "Walton" out of "Parasol."*

same result, Chifney only winning by a small part of what he could have done if he had wished.

On the 20th, *Escape* was entered for the Sixty Guinea Stakes, Ditch In, for which Chifney did not think him fit, and dissuaded the Prince from betting on him. The owner's orders were given as he sat in the royal carriage with Lord Barrymore, near the

lower end of the rails by the Turn of the Lands. "Sam Chifney," said His Royal Highness, "I am never afraid when I am giving South and you orders, for I know you are both too good jockeys to overmark your horse; but now I will not compel you to make play with *Escape*; providing there should be good play made by any other horse, you may wait with *Escape*, but should there be no other horse make such as you think good play, you must take care to make good play with *Escape*." These orders did not commend themselves to Chifney, who found that his mount had not had a sweat since his last race with *Grey Diomed*; so that, on Mr. Lake's suggesting that he should wait, and that the Prince should be informed of the change they had both made in the instructions, Chifney waited, and the result was as follows:—

1.	Mr. Dawson's <i>Coriander</i>	4 to 1 against.
2.	Lord Grosvenor's <i>Skylark</i>	5 to 1 against.
3.	Lord Clermont's <i>Pipeator</i>	
4.	His Royal Highness's <i>Escape</i>	2 to 1 against.

The Prince naturally thought himself "a better jockey than Mr. Lake or Chifney," and considered the race had been lost through the change in his instructions. The jockey, however, insisted that it had been lost through the horse's lack of preparation, and was equally confident that after this sweating *Escape* would be fit to win next day, saying he would back him to win himself, and urging both the Prince and Mr. Lake, the superintendent of the Royal Stable, to do the same. The Prince did so, and gave precisely the same orders for the race of the next day, October the 21st, and Mr. Vauxhall Clark got Chifney's twenty guineas on for him. The first race had been over a two-mile course, and the running had not been severe until the last half-mile. On the 21st, over the Beacon Course, *Skylark* made the running at once, and kept ahead till a hundred yards from home. The result was as follows:—

1.	His Royal Highness's <i>Escape</i>	5 to 1 against.
2.	Lord Barrymore's <i>Chanticleer</i>	7 to 4 against.
3.	Lord Grosvenor's <i>Skylark</i>	11 to 5 against.
4.	Duke of Bedford's <i>Grey Diomed</i>	6 to 1 against.
5.	Lord Clermont's <i>Pipeator</i>	
6.	Mr. Barton's <i>Alderman</i>	

There was very naturally a good deal of comment on this, and Chifney was had up before the Stewards, Sir Charles Bunbury, Mr. Ralph Dutton, and Mr. Panton. The jockey testified that he had had no bets on the first day, and twenty guineas on the second, and that he had waited because he knew *Skylark* had a turn of speed, "though a jade," while *Escape* was also "very fast." Sir Charles, however, had evidently made up his mind. No further reasons were given, and the examination was concluded. Chifney knew, of course, that *Escape* could give *Baronet* twenty pounds and a beating, and that *Baronet* had won the Oatland Stakes (page 338) and £17,000 at least for his royal master, in a hot field of eighteen, besides having beaten *Coriander* on the 6th of October. He knew that *Escape* had been unfit for the Oatlands, and he felt a considerable, and justifiable, distrust for Neale, the trainer, while Casborne had already fallen under suspicion over *Creeper's* race at York, and was actually dismissed for doping horses later on. There was also a good deal of tension between himself and Mr. Lake, who was evidently anxious from the first to put the worst construction on the business, and not without some success, if we may judge

from the contemporary caricature by Rowlandson, which is reproduced in these pages. Clearly, too, Chifney's superior knowledge of condition, and probably of training also, could not always be unreservedly placed at his master's disposal without a good deal of friction among those other servants whose main duties were rather to feed, groom, or prepare the horses than to ride them. Moreover, the evil practice of doping had unfortunately already appeared, as "Mr. Hodges, the great bettor," was aware. An instance of it is indeed recorded by Mr. Orton in 1778, when William



"*Filho da Puta*" (1812) by "Haphazard."

Turner was tried at York Castle on the charge of having given two pounds of duckshot, made up in putty-balls, to Mr. Bethell's *Miss Nightingale* by *Matchem*, from the effects of which she died on the Sunday before a race for which she was entered at Boroughbridge. The nobbling of *Magog* in the same year has been already mentioned. The unhappy creature won, though his tongue was nearly cut out. Another case in the North Country occurred at Doncaster in 1808, when several horses were poisoned by means of some deadly drug which was put into their watering-troughs by the scoundrelly firm of "Dawson & Co." Three years later one of these rascals, named Daniel Dawson, secured the assistance of one

Cecil Bishop, shopman to a Wardour Street chemist, who first met him in 1807, and had helped to poison various horses since that time, assisted by a person named Twist. They had attempted to "noble" Lord Darlington's *Rubens*, who won the Pavilion Stakes at Brighton in 1809, and they finally poisoned some animals entered for the Claret Stakes and the Craven Stakes at Newmarket, which were under the charge of Richard Prince. Among these were Lord Foley's *Pirouette* and *Spaniard*, Lord Kinnaird's *Dandy*, and Sir F. Standish's colt by *Eagle*, together worth some £12,000, considering their value and engagements. In May, 1811, Mr. Talbot was betting Lord Frederick Bentinck five guineas at White's Club "that destroying a horse by

poison is not a capital offence by Act of Parliament." Lord Frederick, firm in his opinion, was also betting Mr. Sloane and Colonel Osborne that it *was*. All three wagers were soon settled on good authority, for after an acquittal on a point of law, Dawson was tried for poisoning a horse belonging to Mr. Adams of Royston. Dawson left a bottle which had contained arsenic under his bed, which his landlady found, and on this and other evidence, including that of his accomplice Bishop, he was found guilty and hanged on the top of Cambridge Castle on Saturday, August 8th, 1812. It might be thought that this was the high-water mark of such nefarious practices. But unfortunately we find that Mr. Harvey Combe's *Cobham* was suspected of having been poisoned in 1838; *Lanercost* was ineffectually "got at"; *Ralph* was fatally mishandled; and suspicion attached with more or less justice to the cases of *Attila*, *Cotherstone*, *Old England*, *Surplice*, *Newminster*, *Blair Athol*, *Hester*, and *Orme*, unless indeed "teeth" may be accepted as a complete explanation in the last instance of a mystery that has never been quite cleared up, in spite of all the trainer's and owner's efforts. The Derby of 1844 was especially infamous; for not only was *Leander* under more than a suspicion of being over age, but *Running Rein* was definitely disqualified from winning for that reason, and the race was given to Colonel Peel's *Orlando*, who came in second, after an investigation in which Lord George Bentinck took a leading part. The sixty-sixth anniversary of the Derby was indeed hardly a propitious omen for the prosperous continuance of that historic struggle. The death of Crockford on Oaks Day made matters very difficult for the Ring, and there are ghastly stories still told of his corpse being placed upright at the corner window in St. James's Street, where the Devonshire Club is now, with a mercenary object that is sufficiently intelligible. Defaulters had been so numerous that a code of new rules had to be drawn up for the observance of all subscribers to Tattersall's. Charles James Apperley, who, as "Nimrod," had done excellent work in criticising all and sundry in every form of sport, had died a year ago, soon after Christopher Wilson, the "Father of the Turf." The Duke of Grafton, owner of *Prunella* and *Penelope*, of *Whalebone*, of *Whisker*, was also on his death-bed. Cases like those involved by the withdrawal of *Canadian*, or the refusal of Connop to pay his entry-fees for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, showed that much public uneasiness was being felt. The shower of "Qui Tam" actions in 1844 brought matters to a head, for the scandal about *Running Rein* involved more than the large sums of money at stake, and the thanks of the Jockey Club were most appropriately given to Lord George Bentinck "for the energy, perseverance and skill which he displayed in

detecting, exposing and defeating the atrocious frauds which have been brought to light." Similar cases of dishonesty occurred on other occasions, as when *Bloodstone* was disqualified, after winning the New Stakes at Ascot and being proved to be over two years old. The in-and-out running of Mr. Crockford's *Ratan* also resulted in two men being warned off. The very next year the Stewards were investigating the case of Mr. Gully's *Old England*, who was third in *Merry Monarch's* Derby, and the truth about him does not even yet seem clear. Other cases there were, perhaps not so sinister, as the supposed personation of *Bend Or* by *Tadcaster*, which is always remembered, but was never proved; or the suppositious *Tontine* who won the French Derby of 1840 and turned out to be the English *Herodias*—parallels to which latter



"Anticipation" (1812) by "Hambletonian."

instance may be found in 1810, when *Hylas* posed as a "b. g. by *Worthy*" at Warwick, or *Tybalt* tried to run at York in 1825 as Mr. Rowley's *Tom Paine*. Nor were these malpractices, which lasted in one form or another to the very end of the nineteenth century, limited to mishandling the horses; for, as will be mentioned

later, the grim story of Palmer the poisoner reveals the fact that a reckless and clever man will not stick at murdering his friend if he is driven to ruin by racing in the wrong spirit.

Many more such cases might be added to this incomplete catalogue; but enough has been said to suggest that the days when Samuel Chifney, Senior, was examined by Sir Charles Bunbury did not stand alone in their possibilities of iniquity, and that both before and after his time worse crimes were known upon the Turf than were ever imputed either to him or his employers. At any rate, acting upon evidence that has not yet reached the public, the Stewards of the Jockey Club let it be known that if Chifney rode the Prince's horses no gentleman would start against them. It is not likely that His Royal Highness either benefited by a villain's malpractices, or



Lord Darlington's "Pavilion" (Chifney up) by "Waxy."

deliberately wished to shield a guilty man. "You have been an honest and good servant to me," he said, when Sir John Lade brought the jockey to Carlton House to be told that he should be paid two hundred guineas a year for the rest of his Royal master's life. The Stewards' threat was answered by the Prince's personal withdrawal from the Turf, followed by the sale of his bloodstock—two stallions, eleven blood mares, and fourteen horses in training. He kept a few which he used as hacks or hunters; and three of these, painted by Stubbs, including a portrait of Gascoyne, the groom mentioned by Chifney, I have the privilege of reproducing in



How to "Escape" losing.

this volume by the kindness of His Majesty the King and H.R.H. Prince Christian, whose dining-room at Cumberland Lodge they now adorn.

The sight of them recalls a vivid memory of that time when the Prince and Sir John Lade were the central figures of every smart race-meeting, and the curious association of the latter with so different a man as Dr. Johnson, deserves a short explanation, though the Doctor's sympathy with the Turf needs no further proof than the fact that Sir Charles Bunbury was one of his pall-bearers. The attention of racing men generally appears to have been drawn to Sir John at *Waxy's* Derby,

when some thought he was a Turkish Ottoman, and others put him down as a pirate, because he wore trousers. But the great lexicographer's acquaintance with him went back to a much earlier period. He was born a Baronet, for he came into the world after his father's death in 1759. His mother stood six feet high in her stockings, and was sister to Henry Thrale. Several times did Johnson show his deep interest in his friend's nephew, both when he was so seriously ill at eighteen, and when he came of age. He even took the opportunity of Fanny Burney's visit to the Thrales to support the proposal of a match between that young



*By permission of His Majesty the King
and H.R.H. Prince Christian.*

*A Grey Horse from the Stud of H.R.H. the Prince
of Wales (afterwards George IV.).*

lady and the heir, but Sir John would hardly have been a suitable consort, as the Doctor soon found out, and he was scarcely twenty-one before he had got himself elected a member of the Jockey Club, and rode *Adonis* for the Plate. His skill with the whip with anything from a four-in-hand to a mule cart was such that he was soon known as "Sir John Jehu," and he once won a bet that he would drive both off-wheels of his coach over a sixpenny bit. This skill, added to a considerable knowledge of horseflesh and a knack for picking up the black-legged bays supposed to be suitable to Royalty, soon led to the Prince of Wales choosing Sir John

as his private adviser in most matters connected with his stables. In 1784 they were both at Brighton with the notorious Major Hanger, and the years immediately ensuing were those when Brighton races became most fashionable. There was betting of every sort and kind, both here and elsewhere, and Lade's large fortune was able to stand the strain no better than that of a much finer man, Hon. Colonel Mellish. His most famous match was for 300 guineas a side against the Duke of Bedford, between *Clifden* and *Dragon*, owners up (15 stone each), Beacon Course, which the Duke won. On another occasion he was so rash as to bet "Old Q." that he could produce a champion who would eat more than the Duke's man; and it is almost unnecessary to say that His Grace of Queensberry won "by a pig and an apple-pie," as the referee reported. As time went on, Lade developed less agreeable proclivities. He once began to calculate the interest on a debt which Charles James Fox was about to pay him after a lucky night at faro, so Charles put the notes back in his pocket, remarking that he always paid his Jew creditors last. This sounds as if Counsellor Lade, of Cannon Park, were of the same family; for this gentleman, having forsaken the Law for the Turf, displayed a stinginess worthy of Miser Elwes himself, and used to drive alone in his curricule and greys for fifty-seven miles without giving them more than a handful of hay and a few drinks of water. Though he chiefly went for country plates, he owned one good horse in *Oatlands*. His young namesake was hard put to it before the end to raise any money at all. He sold his estate at Bramber in Sussex, soon after 1780, and assigned his Willesden property to a coachmaker shortly afterwards. In 1788 he was selling a phaeton and greys to Lord Barrymore for £1,000, and within the next two years he arranged other profitable exchanges of horseflesh between himself and that reckless young nobleman who married Letty Lade's sister at Gretna Green in 1792.

The fair Letty was hardly likely to assist her husband either by economy or virtue. Letitia Darley was born in Lewknor Lane, St. Giles's, and first "took up with" Sixteen-stringed Jack, a criminal who perished at Tyburn after he had taught her such bad language that she was conspicuous even in those foul-mouthed days. She knew more about horses than any woman of her time, and once offered to drive eight miles over Newmarket Heath against "another lady" for five hundred guineas. She was also a remarkable cook, which may have put the finishing touch to her attractions in the eyes of Sir John, who, after he married her, promised a friend "a trout spotted all over like a coach-dog, a fillet of veal as white as alabaster, a pantaloon cutlet, and pancakes as large as coachwheels, so help me."



By permission of His Majesty the King
and H.R.H. Prince Christian.

A Bay Horse, with Gascon the Groom, from the Stud of
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.).

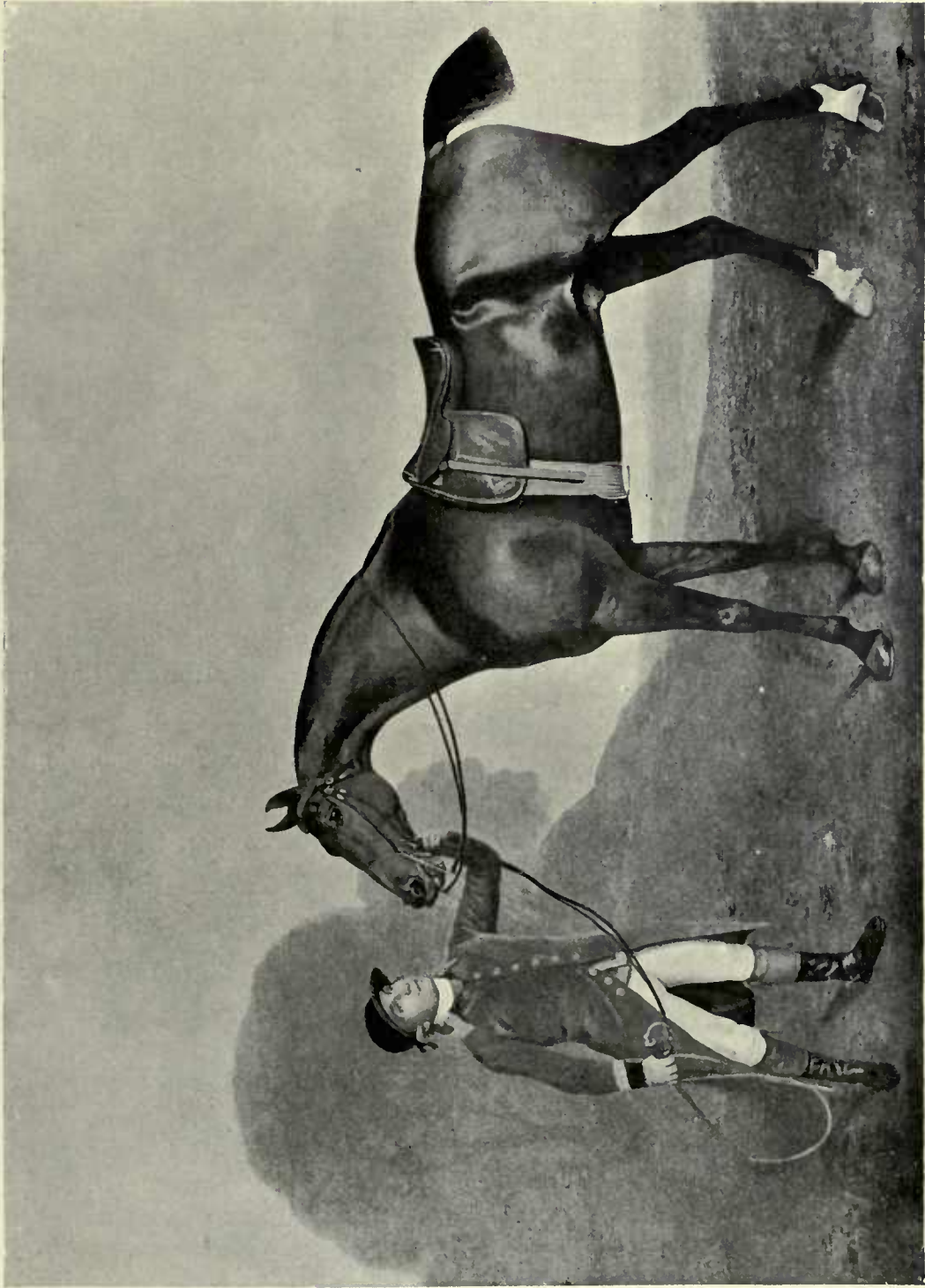
This was also no doubt a recommendation to Weltje, the fat, important-looking personage who was the Prince of Wales's cook, and who persistently betted on his Royal master's horses until he died of apoplexy at Chiswick while drinking tea with Mrs. Mayersbach. In any case, Lady Lade was often one of the set that went to Brighton Races with the merry party from the Pavilion. Some of them have been so closely described that we can almost see them now, as they walked down the Steyne; the Prince in a green jacket, a white hat, and light nankeen pantaloons and shoes; the dark hair and complexion and prominent eyes of Lade, with his team



The Welter Stakes at Bibury, June 16, 1821.

waiting round the corner, four bays and harlequin postilion liveries, and Letty on the box in a large plumed hat; Lord Foley not far off, and Jerry Cloves as near as he dared, begging Colonel Mellish to "light the candle and set us a-going." The first time the Prince danced with Lady Lade at an assembly in the seaside town, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, Lady Charlotte Bertie, and Mrs. Fitzherbert at once left the room. Even ten years afterwards Letty complained that "Lady Jersey made vulgar mouths at her on the racecourse."

Before the nineteenth century had fairly begun Lade was practically ruined, and had become the "gentleman coachman" of the Prince, receiving a salary for



*By permission of His Majesty the King and
H.R.H. Prince Christian.*

*A Brown Horse and Groom, from the Stud of H.R.H.
the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.).*

driving, and for continuing to give valuable advice on the construction of such important buildings as the Pavilion stables—a circular building with a dome, and sixty-two stalls. His mother's death, and a windfall of £50,000, beside a good income, postponed the crash a little longer, but by 1814 Lade had to be rescued from the King's Bench Prison.

If the old red pump, to which Admiral Rous was so fond of giving "a lick of paint," could have related its experiences on the edge of the Cambridgeshire Course,



Newmarket Heath in 1807.

a good many of the bets that ruined Sir John Lade, Colonel Mellish, and many more, could now be recorded. For here, each in his time, came Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Bolingbroke, the two Dukes of Grafton, the first Earl Grosvenor, Lord Abingdon, Edward Petre, and many more, while many members of "the ring" were there to do business on horseback; that is to say, as soon as there were any professional bookmakers at all. The equestrian habit continued for longer than might be imagined, for besides Munten, who laid short odds to Cambridge undergraduates from the back of a rat-tailed nag, Barber followed the same fashion, as did his vast confederate, Saxon, and Tim Haggarty, and

Pettijean, and Dick Harrison. But by the time of "Leviathan" Davies, Harry Hill, or Fred Swindell, these financial operations had reached a volume and importance which needed a solid and immovable foundation. It will be, perhaps, of interest to insert in this place one of the accounts between two famous Turfites of the late eighteenth century. The letter from which the following figures are taken is now in the possession of a great-grandson of William Clift, the well-known jockey who won five Derbys (from Sir F. Poole's *Waxy* to the Duke of Portland's *Tiresias*), and was second on some half-dozen occasions; and it is a copy of an account taken by Mr. Weatherby out of his book for stakes at Newmarket, and delivered by him



London, Virtue & Co.



From the painting by A. Cooper, R.A.

Fleur-de-Lis (1822)
By permission of Messrs. Tattersall.

to Lord Grosvenor some time since. At foot it is marked as received by Thomas Tyrwhitt on 16th April, 1799, and it is therefore a statement to the effect that the Prince of Wales owed Earl Grosvenor 945 guineas, between July, 1795, and April, 1799.

	GUINEAS.
Tuesday, May Meeting, 1795. Forfeit to the Irish Stakes, won by Lord Grosvenor's colt by <i>Rockingham</i>	95
Tuesday, 1st October Meeting, 1795. Forfeit on the 1,400 guineas won by Lord Grosvenor	100
First Spring Meeting, 1796. Two forfeits to the 1,200 guineas won by Lord Grosvenor's <i>Capsicum</i>	200
Produce Stakes at York forfeit in 1796	100
	<hr/> 495
April, 1798. For a bay colt got by <i>Meteor</i> out of <i>Leveret</i>	50
June 28th. For <i>Antaeus</i>	400
	<hr/> 945

Signed 16 April, 1799.

ABRAHAM MOORE, Auditor to the EARL GROSVENOR, No. 4, Lamb's Buildings, Temple.

Those who are curious to discover further details of the betting of the period should consult the "Sporting Magazine," vol. xl., p. 70 (1812), for a digest of a betting book; and vol. xli., p. 3, for an account of Joseph Bland's transactions over the Pavilion Stakes, at Brighton, one of the races in which Sir John Lade helped to ruin himself. Not all the Prince's associates were quite of this stamp, and many of them showed that it was perfectly possible not only to support the Turf, but also to be a first-class horseman, without absolutely riding post-haste to the devil. The Duke of Dorset, Lord George Germain, and Delmé Radcliffe, when they rode before the Prince of Wales, in his club uniform of green coat, buckskins and top-boots, at a Bibury Meeting, were as good as any trio of jockeys in the kingdom, and with the addition of Mr. Hawkes were considered by so good a judge as "Nimrod" to be "within two pounds of any quartet of professionals." They went down to the start on their hacks in most businesslike style, with their racing saddles strapped round their waists, while "Nando" Bullock rode alongside "Splitpost" Douglas, explaining to him how he had "turned the last post snug as murder; now, said I to myself, the pantomime is going to begin and I think I shall beat Mr. Merryman." If Mr. Hawkes had extraordinary judgment of pace in riding a waiting race, young Tatton Sykes, who rode eleven stone and scored his first win for the "orange body, blue sleeves and cap" of Sledmere up at Beverley, was equally celebrated for his beautiful hands, and for such courage and skill as he once displayed in a match at

York when he got thrown over the rails, picked himself up, borrowed a coat and hat, raced after his competitor, who had given up the struggle, and beat him. The Duke of Dorset once broke a blood-vessel in his efforts to hold in the Prince's *Ploughator*. Every race and every match was contested as sternly by these gentlemen jockeys as by any of their contemporaries who made a living out of the profession, and with the transplantation of the old Bibury Club many more things besides bold horsemanship were lost to that section of the English Turf which made



Sir Tatton Sykes.

its early days so brilliant. The spirit of their contests survived in such men as Admiral Rous, or Sir John Astley, whose match with Mr. Alexander was quite according to the Bibury fashion set when Tommy Panton raced Mr. Wastell, owners up, at twenty-five stone each. The last part of the nineteenth century showed that the gentlemen riders of its early decades had not yet quite died out, for though Mr. J. M. Richardson, who won the Grand National two years following, "retired" in 1874, a "Mr. R. Owen" scored his first win at the Beaufort Hunt Meeting of 1876; and at about the same time such riders were to be found as Lord Melgund (now Earl of Minto), Lord Marcus Beresford, Arthur

Coventry, W. R. Brockton and Tom Price, who both affected a "crouching" attitude akin to the style of Jem Robinson or even of George Fordham, which is supposed to have been originated by the Americans, the brothers Beasley, G. S. Thompson, Captain "Bay" Middleton, Dalbiac of the "Gunnery," and other military successors to that famous trio, Captain Knox, Major Tempest, and Captain Coventry, the last two of whom fought out a finish in the Grand National that every one who was alive in 1865 must well remember. Probably the best amateur ever seen was Mr. Baird, who rode as "Mr. Abingdon"; and in 1902 Mr. G. Thursby easily headed the amateur list at the beginning of December with 15 wins out of 37 mounts, and only ten unplaced.

Then came Mr. F. Hartigan, Mr. H. Nugent, and Captain Bewicke. Across country the late H. S. Sidney again did best with Messrs. Harper and Wood close up.

When a certain literary foreigner visited Epsom in 1800 (as Henri Taine did seventy-five years later) he recorded his impression that Englishmen cared for nothing so much as horse-racing and cock-fighting, for their inns and houses were lined with pictures of both sports. He thought some of the noble riders whose names have been just mentioned ran a risk of being "deprived of respiration by the velocity of their motion"; and he would no doubt have been equally surprised had he observed the velocity with which many of them passed the bottle as they drank the cabalistic toast of "Cardinal Puff" (at the intricacies of which the Duke of York excelled) after their day's sport was over. Writing before our own War Office had deliberately encouraged English soldiers to enter for a road-race from Brussels to Ostend, the French visitor of 1800 comments on our national kindness to animals, and is full of admiration for the buck of the period trotting out of town on his neat crop-tailed tit, in a green riding frock and plate buttons, cordovan boots and a round hat. If he had been able to understand contemporary Turf arguments he would have learnt



Charles, Fourth Duke of Richmond.

that Sir Charles Bunbury's advocacy of two-year-old racing was considered by many cognoscenti in 1801 to be ruining the breed, and he might even have heard some old-fashioned supporter of the ancient days quoting from the "Sporting Magazine" of a few years previously to the effect that "the present dreary gloom of camps, campaigns, and national disquietude, joined to the sterility of adventure, a palpable pecuniary scarcity, and the transpiration of sporting integrity had produced a most unpromising prospect of Turf achievements." Yet it would have been hard for him to believe that the Turf was going to the dogs (as it has always been doing from the beginning until now, if the pessimists are to be believed) if he had been taken to the gay assemblage on the new

course just completed at the beginning of the nineteenth century at Goodwood, close to the spot where Lillywhite and Broadbridge first learnt round-arm bowling from Lambert, and where in 1801 the Duke of Richmond's house was crammed with guests, and big luncheon parties were in full swing in half-a dozen tents, where "ice" is actually mentioned (and "pickpockets") among the other luxuries, and the day's sport was concluded in the Theatre at Chichester or at a ball in the Assembly Rooms. And even when such a plunger as Colonel Mellish had to sell his stud, it was difficult to realise a "pecuniary scarcity" in the 950 guineas brought by *Streatham*



Hon. Charles F. Greville.

Lass in open auction, in the 1,200 guineas given for *Eagle* by *Volunteer*, or the 1,800 guineas for *Smuggler* by *Hambletonian*. Nor in the career of such a lavish sportsman as Colonel Thornton, whose portrait hangs now at the Durdans, could many signs of "dreary gloom" have been detected, for on both sides of the Channel this ardent devotee of every out-door pastime spent large sums every day, from the fortune he inherited soon after he left Charterhouse, in hunting, shooting, fishing, riding, and every form of entertainment, with Major, his greyhound, Merryman, the beagle, Pitch, the terrier, Juno, the queen of the twenty brace of setters and five

and thirty pointers which composed his "partridge-preparations." When neither racing nor shooting happened to be going the Earls of Winchilsea and Darnley would bet a thousand guineas on a county match at Lord's, between elevens who wore round hats, knee breeches and pigtails, and were scored for by a pair of patient gentlemen with a slate.

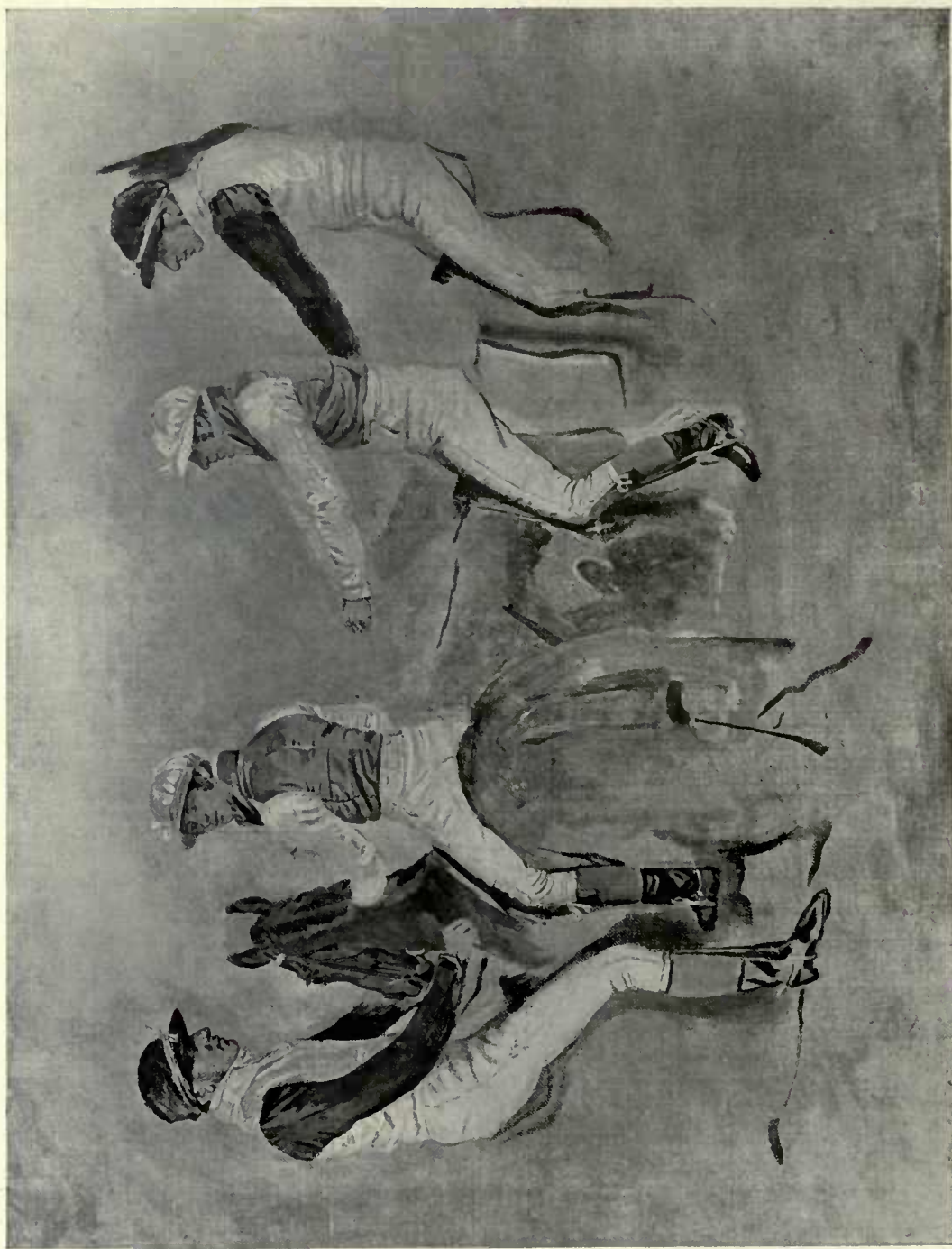
The jockey of the last half of the eighteenth century had not quite reached that finished correctness of attire which is now customary; for though, as we have seen, colours were introduced in the early days of the Jockey Club, old fashions died hard, and many still tucked the skirts of the old bodycoat into their breeches, flaps and

buttons and all, and wore nothing smarter on their legs than knickerbockers strapped below the knee, with white cotton stockings, and black low shoes. A black velvet cap with a long French peak and a bow of satin ribbon at the back was stuck on their long hair, and round their necks they wore an ample neckcloth of white cambric tied behind. The smartness of the gentlemen-riders who accompanied the Prince soon helped, however, to change all this at Newmarket, Ascot, or Goodwood, even if a rougher toilet still lingered on among the hardy Tykes ; and most of the famous jockeys whose portraits are reproduced in this and the following chapter will be found to have got very much closer to modern ideals than the costume just described might have suggested. It was, indeed, a period of transition in more ways than that of dress. In the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds (opposite page 243), which shows Lady Sarah Lennox (afterwards Lady Bunbury) leaning out of a window at Holland House, the girl walking with Charles Fox in the garden is Lady Susan Fox-Strangways, who ran away with O'Brien the actor and lived happily ever after. For the benefit of one of her nieces this lady once wrote out a little memoir of what she had seen that was worth recording, and of the changes in social



Augustus, Third Earl of Bristol.

life between 1760 and 1818. They will suggest, from a novel and refreshing standpoint, a few of those alterations in the background of the Turf which must be taken for granted as we approach nearer and nearer to the Victorian epoch, and few are more qualified to give a hint from behind the scenes than the lady who heard Charles Fox say, "C'est égal" (the phrase that lasted him to the very end) as a consolation for her disappointment of the Birthday Ball when George II. died ; who watched Lafayette at the Opera, "going to America to fight us" ; who saw Washington and Franklin, "both of English stock, but changed by the climate" ; who observed that "100,000 bibles were given to the people, and salons at the same



*By permission of the Rt. Hon. the
Earl of Rosbery.*

Arnall and Goodison on Horseback (Arnall is on the outside).

time built at our theatres for the reception and entertainment of prostitutes and their attendant swains. This one may call neutralising." Its bad effect upon fashionable attendance at the playhouses she notices very strongly. But there were many other changes.



*By permission of
Walker and Boutall.*

George IV.

By 1815 "assemblies are become so numerous that two or three of a night it is common to go to . . . if it is not quite crowded it is not thought good or agreeable . . . no cards are admitted. Music, in which all are proficient, has taken their place." This was very different to the old days when a crowd was rare except at Bedford House, Northumberland House, Norfolk House, Lady Hilsborough's, or Lady Shelburne's, and when the intimate circle, within which

every one was intimately known, only asked enough guests to make themselves thoroughly comfortable over the cards. Much the same alteration was observable at Court. Instead of select and small drawing-rooms once a week, the custom of three or four huge and ill-regulated gatherings each season began; Parliament met as late as four in the afternoon, which was the hour that used to mark not only dinner but cessation of all business; the change was great to dinner between seven and eight of an evening, and most of the entertainment done by candlelight.

Even more striking were the parallel developments Lady Susan observes in manners and in language. Rudeness and carelessness became the fashion, perhaps because duelling grew rarer as the nineteenth century grew older. "Every man, tradesman or farmer, is Esquire, and every prentice girl a young lady. . . There are fewer ladies good horsewomen owing to their driving much in open carriages, which make them greater rovers about the kingdom than formerly." New phrases came in, too, which showed exactly the reverse tendency, the "delicacy" which Swift satirised when he made his famous definition of a "nice" man. "No one," says Lady Susan, "can say 'breeding,' or 'with child,' or 'lying-in.' 'In the family way' and 'confinement' have taken their place. 'Cholic' and 'bowells' are exploded words. 'Stomach' signifies everything . . . 'Fair Cyprians' and 'tender' or 'interesting connexions' have succeeded to 'women on the town' and 'kept mistresses.'" Virtue, in fact, might be pretty much the same; but character was certainly "much less attended to."

Lady Susan may have looked with toleration at some lady-charioteers of Brighton, Mrs. Sergison, coming in at full-speed from Cuckfield, or Miss Elliott driving a team of spanking greys out of the gates of Brighton Place. But what her opinions could have been concerning Letty Lade we can only faintly surmise, and it may be doubted whether even her admiration for a smart horsewoman would have led her to forgive the fascinating Miss Alicia Meynell, who, as Mrs. Thornton, rode two famous matches in 1804 and 1805, and is celebrated by contemporary poetry in the following laudatory stanza:—

"With spirits like fire see her mount the gay prad,
And the cheers and the smiles make her heart light and glad.
Mrs. Thornton's the fav'rite through thick and through thin,
And the swells and the jockeys all bet that she'll win."

On the first occasion, on the 25th of August, at York, she rode Colonel Thornton's chestnut *Vinagrillo* (aged) against Mr. Flint's *Brown Thornville*, by

Volunteer, owner up. Nearly a hundred thousand persons are said to have assembled, and the Sixth Light Dragoons, who were in York at the time, had to be kept on the course to preserve order. Attired in a leopard-coloured bodice with blue sleeves, she took the lead and kept it for three miles, after which her horse went lame, and the gentleman won. There was some acrimonious correspondence, and she finally challenged *Brown Thornville* on the same conditions next year, "against any one he may choose to select out of three horses I shall hunt this season." In 1805, however, we find her riding Colonel Thornton's *Louise*, by *Pegasus*, against Mr. Bloomfield's *Allegro*, with no less a jockey than Francis Buckle himself, who was made to carry 13st. 6lb. to her 9st. 6lb., over two miles, for a gold cup value 700 guineas. On this occasion she wore a pink cap and waistcoat, nankeen skirts, purple shoes, and embroidered stockings. She again took the lead, and after having been passed by the famous jockey, won by half a neck. But Buckle is said to have remarked afterwards that he "never had such difficulty to *lose* a race as that one, compared with the ease of winning certain others."

It will be a fitting continuation to this record of jockeys if I now turn to one who bore the highest character of any before or since his time—Francis Buckle; and in doing so I gladly acknowledge the very courteous and efficient assistance rendered me by the grand-daughters of this illustrious rider, by whose kindness I have been enabled to give my readers the first picture ever published of his saddle and other personal relics, and also to look through for their benefit many family records which have not hitherto been permitted to see the light.



Frank Buckle's Saddle.

CHAPTER XV.

FRANCIS BUCKLE AND SOME OTHER FAMOUS RIDERS.

Eques ipso melior Bellerophonte.

I N my thirteenth chapter (p. 338) I had occasion to describe the great match between *Hambletonian* and *Diamond* at Newmarket, in which Francis Buckle rode the winner for Sir Harry Vane-Tempest. The beaten jockey was Dennis Fitzpatrick, and the two were rivals for a considerable time. Another great match in which the pair were pitted against each other was when *Gaoler* by *Volunteer* beat *Orlando*, and this time Fitzpatrick won, after a race of which an eye-witness says that "each finessed to get a pull till neither had a run left, and *Gaoler* only won by staying longer than the other. The men and horses seemed screwed together and so exhausted in the struggle that they appeared to be contending the race for some distance after they had passed the winning post." Dennis Fitzpatrick, who made his first reputation on the Curragh, and whose father was an Irish tenant of Lord Clermont, rode chiefly for his lordship, for the Earl of Egremont, and for Mr. Cookson. He scored a classic victory before Buckle had that honour, for he won the Oaks in 1787 and on three subsequent occasions, but he never got a Leger, and only one Derby, that of 1805, on Lord Egremont's *Cardinal Beauport*, when his English rival's fame was fairly at its zenith. He died in 1806, in his forty-second year, from a cold caught after wasting.

Buckle always spoke of Dennis with great admiration, as a master of his art, putting him in the same class as the elder Chifney, who won the Oaks of 1790, and both Derby and Oaks as well in 1789. That "double event" may well constitute one of the most cherished ambitions of a jockey's life, and if we omit the case of Saunders on Sir Charles Bunbury's *Eleanor*, as we should do that of Charlton on Mr. P'Anson's *Blink Bonny* in 1857, for the reason that the feat has not quite the same value when accomplished on the same animal in each race, this achievement of old Sam Chifney on the Duke of Bedford's *Skyscraper* and Lord Egremont's *Tagg*



Lord Grosvenor's "Violante" (by John Bull), with Buckle riding.

stands first on the list. *Eleanor's* year intervened; but Buckle was the first to emulate old Chifney exactly, when in 1802 he won the Derby on the Duke of Grafton's *Tyrant*, and the Oaks on Mr. Wastell's *Scotia*. These races really put the crown upon his fame, which had been growing steadily throughout the previous decade; for so unlikely were both horses' chances of victory considered, that there was seven to one cheerfully offered about *Tyrant*, and *Scotia*, whose owner never liked her, was only made favourite at the last minute by her mount, in a race which roused much more betting than that of the previous day. In the Derby Mr. Wilson's *Young Eclipse*, considered the best horse of his year, made play, and was hotly challenged over every inch of the first mile by Sir Charles Bunbury's *Orlando*. Buckle thought they were bound to tire, and waited with such success that he was able to rush up at the finish and win on one of the worst horses that ever secured "the Blue Riband." The next day proved Buckle's skill to be on as high a level as his judgment, for he had asked to ride the mare himself. Three times between Tattenham Corner and the finish was *Scotia* beaten, and three times did Buckle bring her up again, and at last, "with knee and thigh and tightened rein," lifted her home and screwed her in first by a head, fairly snatching the race out of the fire by fine and resolute riding. The Derby of 1803 showed a very different finish to either of these, for Clift was so far ahead that he "trotted past the post like a butcher boy going his rounds." But in 1806 a terrific set-to was seen between J. Shepherd on Lord Foley's *Paris* and T. Goodison on Lord Egremont's *Trafalgar*, in which both horses were neck and neck from Tattenham Corner, and were practically ridden to a standstill twenty yards before the judge's chair, but Shepherd made a desperate push and won by half a head. The double victory of Derby and Oaks was carried off, however, by Goodison both in 1813 and 1815, his mounts being *Smolensko* and *Music* in the first year; *Whisker* and *Minuet* (both by *Waxy*, and owned by the Duke of Grafton) in the second. But Buckle equalled this score when in 1823 (Goodison's Leger year with *Barefoot*) he won the Derby with Mr. Udney's *Emilius* by *Orville* (who was headed by *Tancred* at Tattenham Corner) and the Oaks with the Duke of Grafton's *Zinc*.

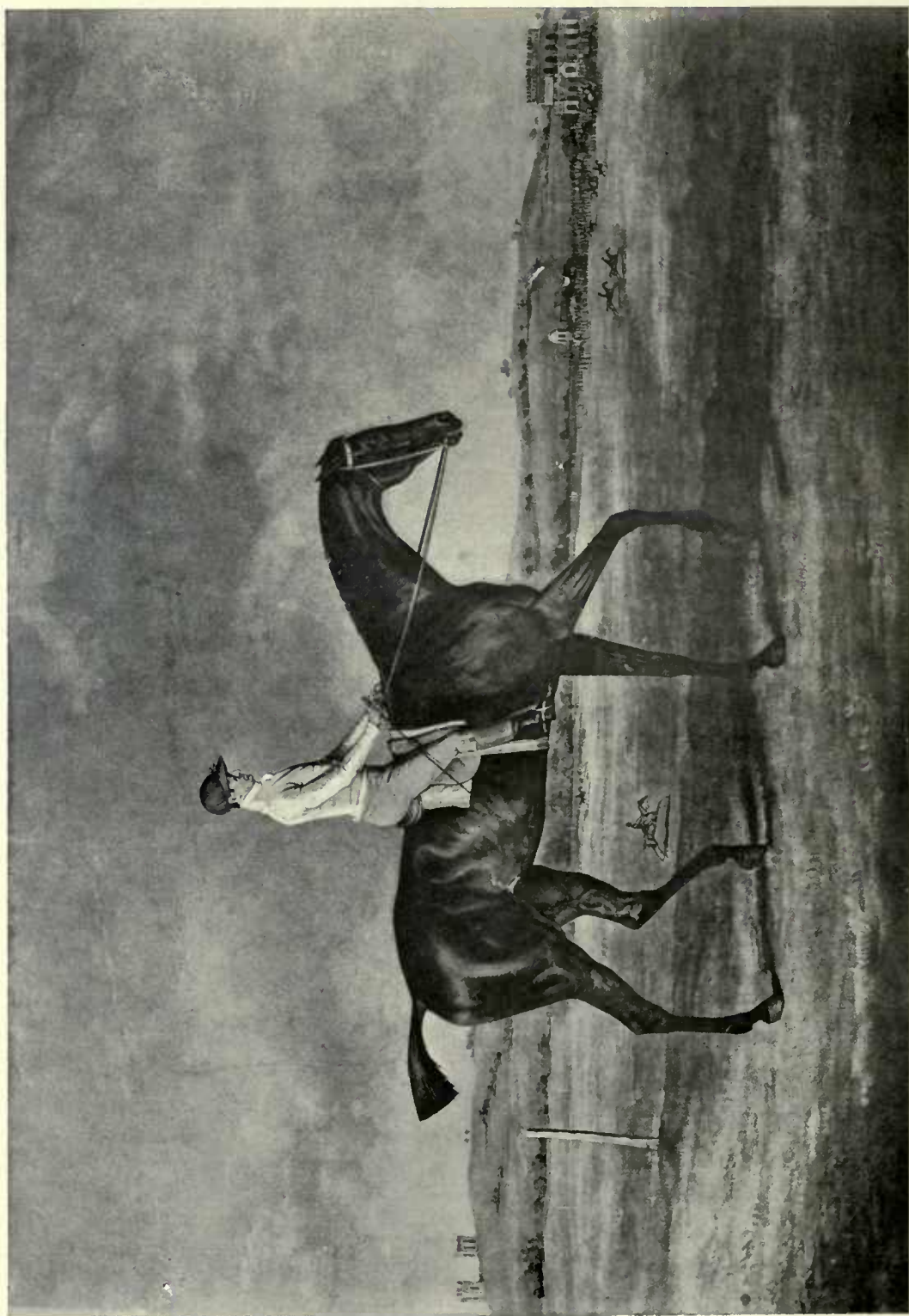
Jockeys will always remember the next year, 1824, because Jem Robinson made a bet, and naturally got long odds, that he would win both Derby and Oaks and also get married, all within the week. Crutch Robinson is said to have betted a thousand to ten against the treble event, though he might have learnt something about Jem's luck after the terrible lesson the "knowing ones" had received from his mount *Azor* (50 to 1 against), which won the Derby of 1817 against *The Student*,

with Buckle up, at 7 to 4. Robinson's orders had merely been to "go as fast and as far as you can." So when the favourite was dead beat at half a mile, and Jem found himself all alone in front, he went on and won, though *Young Wizard* ran him close at the finish, and *Azor* never had the pluck to start again. It was only 4 to 1 against Sir John Shelley's chestnut *Cedric*, by *Phantom*, in 1824, and after three false starts he made the running, kept the lead, and came in first. On the Friday Jem was up again on Lord Jersey's *Cobweb*, by *Phantom*, an odds-on favourite, who won by a length. Presumably, Jem was a favourite, too, in the last of the three performances he had backed himself to win, for he was married within the time, and no doubt Crutch Robinson's thousand came in very handy for the furniture.

It was no small feather in Buckle's cap that he was known to have given many hints to Jem Robinson during the thirteen years that brilliant young jockey spent in Robson's stables; and many a match did master and pupil fight out against each other on the turf. The struggle when Buckle rode Mr. Udny's *Abjer*, and Jem was up on Lord Exeter's *Ardrossan*, in 1821, was perhaps the most memorable of all, and the punishment which the savage son of *Vicissitude* then received he never forgot, even when Robinson came into his box two years afterwards, for it was a case of *Muley Edris* and Fred Archer, only rather worse. Jem's matchless seat in the saddle will never be forgotten while men remember such finishes as that of Tom Aldcroft on *Lord of the Isles* for the Two Thousand, or of Job Marson when he split *Cotharstone* and *Prizefighter* in the St. Leger, and drove *Nutwith* home first by a head. It was with Job, who was on *Voltigeur*, that Robinson ran his memorable dead heat on *Russborough* for the St. Leger of 1850, swooping down on the Derby winner in the last few strides in as fine an exemplification of his style as he had given in all the sixty years of his life. His equable temper was another valuable asset, and it was as much owing to this as anything that he was able to outride the famous Bill Scott for the Derby of 1828 after the dead-heat between *Cadland* and *The Colonel*, which is illustrated in the frontispiece of this volume. It is sad to think that the rider of *Azor*, *Cedric*, *Middleton*, *Mameluke*, *Cadland* and *Bay Middleton* for the Derby; of *Matilda*, *Margrave* and *Russborough* for the St. Leger; of *Augusta* and *Cobweb* for the Oaks, and of nine Two Thousand winners, might have died in the workhouse and left little better for his widow had



Jem Robinson.



Mr. Henry Peirse's "Rosette" over Knaresmire (John Shepherd up), in 1809.

not the Dukes of Bedford and Rutland intervened. No jockey of his time had been quite so successful, or ridden with so much dash and grace, his style being a combination of Sam Chifney's rush with Frank Buckle's art of waiting. The latter he once even managed to gammon when he was still in his 'teens, over a finish on the Heath, after which Buckle paid him the compliment of telling him to "try that on somebody else next time." Such was his skill in the saddle that while *Cobweb* was running for the Oaks, and the gag she was wearing got entangled with her bit, Jem leant forward, took it off, and won. His accident when riding Lord Clifden's two-year-old, *Feramorz*, in a match at Newmarket, when he broke his thigh, no doubt contributed towards shortening his life, for he had never taken as much thought for his own morrow as for his employers' horses. But his prowess will live in one of the best poems ever written about the English Turf, for it was his fine finish on Mr. Petre's *Matilda* against Sam Chifney in 1827 that inspired Sir Francis Hastings Doyle to write the most spirited stanzas on the St. Leger ever penned. At the time Doyle was an Eton boy on a visit to Sir William Cooke, and got knocked off his pony by the branch of a tree on his way to the course, but he arrived, and "The Doncaster St. Leger" was the result. *Matilda* made the running, but *Mameluke* crept up inch by inch :—



S. Templeman.

"He's sixth—he's fifth—he's fourth—he's third,
And on, like some glancing meteor-flame
The stride of the Derby winner came. . . .
One other bound—once more—'tis done ;
Right up to her the horse has run,
And head to head and stride for stride,
Newmarket's hope and Yorkshire's pride,
Like horses harnessed side by side,

Are struggling to the goal. . . .
He's beat ! he's beat !—by heaven the mare !
Just on the post, her spirit rare,
When Hope herself might well despair ;
When Time had not a breath to spare ;
With bird-like dash shoots clean away,
And by half a length has gained the day."

It may be doubted whether Jem Robinson ever valued any of his subsequent triumphs quite so highly as that "treble event" of 1824 which was completed by his marriage. The next jockey to carry off both Derby and Oaks in the same year was James Chapple, who won the first on Mr. Sadler's *Dangerous*, and the second on Sir Mark Wood's *Vespa* in 1833. Chapple was great at country meetings, and scored a second Derby on *Amato* for Sir Gilbert Heathcote, whose colours he preferred when his profession had become rather a choice than a necessity. After retiring once, he came out again at nearly fifty years of age, and won the Cesarewitch for Mr. Payne. Sam Day won both Derby and Oaks in 1846 with Mr. Gully's

Pyrrhus the First and *Mendicant*. The next year Jim Templeman scored a record by achieving the double event twice running—in 1847 with *Cossack* and Sir Joseph Hawley's *Miami*, and in 1848 with *Surplice* and *Cymba*. Frank Butler followed in 1852 with *Daniel O'Rourke* and *Songstress*, and 1857 was *Blink Bonny's* year.

But we must not wander any further from the jockey who roused these memories of a double event which he had himself twice achieved. Francis Buckle was born at Newmarket, where he was baptised on July 18, 1766. He was the son of a saddler in the town, who came of an old Westmoreland family that traced their lineage back to a Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. His parents died when he was very young, and both he and his brother William (two

years his junior) were brought up by their aunt, a clever and good woman, the wife of the land agent on a Yorkshire property, to whom both brothers acknowledged their possession of the high standard of truth and honour for which they were distinguished. But no saddler's trade would do for Frank, and by the time he was seventeen he was not only back at



"Banker" (with Butler pointing to him).

Newmarket in Mr. Richard Vernon's stables, but riding in public on that gentleman's b. c. *Wolf* by *Florizel*, out of *Fox's* dam by *Moses*, at under four stone, the result of his having caught his master's eye by excellent riding in several private trials previously. Not only did he prove already that he "had a head," but as he grew older his weight did not unduly increase. In fact, it used to be said that "there was nothing big about him except his heart and his nose." He was also known as "The Pocket Hercules," and the numerous rhyming punsters of the period rejoiced over the opportunities suggested by his name. "A Buckle large was formerly the rage," sang one of them, "A Buckle small now fills our sporting page." He was certainly remarkably strong for his

size, and enjoyed the inestimable advantage of being able to keep himself down without wasting, the dangerous process that has killed off so many jockeys, however skilfully the result of artificially decreasing the natural weight has been attained. It must be remembered, however, that a jockey's life in the old days was very different to what it is when railways and motor cars and private carriages of every sort whirl our luxurious horsemen up and down the country. William Day was able to compare the two, and asks what modern jockeys would think of "riding over Newmarket Heath with a light saddle round their waist, in their boots and breeches, carrying their own saddles to the scales, and saddling their own horses . . . or riding from Exeter to Stockbridge on a small pony with their light saddle tied round their waist after the races, and arriving at the latter place in time to ride there; and then starting in the same fashion for the Southampton Races." Frank Buckle did more than his share of this sort of journeying, for after he had taken up his residence at Peterborough he frequently started at an early hour to ride into Newmarket, for a trial, rode home again and completed the ninety-two miles (besides his work on the course) by six o'clock in the evening. For this he found it necessary to keep some of the best hacks in the kingdom, and the constant exercise involved no doubt helped as much as anything to keep him hard and light.

Buckle's first wife, by whom he had no issue, lies buried at Newmarket; but in 1807 he married Miss Jane Thornton, of Lichfield, and after first residing at Orton Longueville, in Huntingdonshire, where his three sons were born, he moved to Peterborough, where he occupied one of Lord Fitzwilliam's farms, and very much enjoyed stocking it with prime cattle in his few intervals of leisure. It was here that he returned to die, after having gone to Bury St. Edmunds for a time, in order to give his sons the benefit of education at the grammar-school there. All three of them he left comfortably off, and though the youngest, who lived to be ninety, was but nineteen at his death, the boy had been put in the way of becoming a solicitor, while the two elder brothers took up the professions of a brewer and a druggist, respectively. His second wife, who survived him several years, was buried in Nunhead Cemetery, Camberwell; and though a kinsman of his, known as "young Buckle," showed fair proficiency as a jockey, the rest of his family were carefully guarded from the possible evils of the profession he had chosen himself to adorn, not only by being kept during their youth at some distance from its metropolis, but by being actually forbidden to mention the subject of racing in their conversation. The father need not have feared any rumour about himself coming

to their ears, for no jockey has ever enjoyed such an unblemished reputation alike for horsemanship and morals. After his double victory on *Emilius* and *Zinc*, the contemporary chronicler burst into poetry in fine style, exclaiming :—

“ Though long by the beaux reduced to disgrace,
The *Buckle's* the gem and the pride of the race ;
For lo ! the bold jockey's neat dexterous strokes
Have crowned him the conqueror of Derby and Oaks.
When backed by this rider's consummate address,
The high-mettled racer feels sure of success.
Eclipse was the horse of all horses that ran,
But whate'er be our horse now, Frank Buckle's the man.
Oh ! where is the match for a treasure so rare ?
Look round the wide world and ye'll ne'er find a pair ;
For trained to the Turf, he stands quite alone,
And a *pair of such Buckles* never was known.”

He won the Oaks nine times, the Derby five times, two St. Legers, and “all the good things at Newmarket,” as he wrote on the whip he sent to Germany (p. 304). “The Governor,” as his Newmarket friends called him, had actually earned the honour of being placed in the incorruptible trio of “the only three inflexibly honest jockeys” Mr. John Gully had ever known, and this gentleman's experience was as wide as it was varied. When it came to a fine point between tired horses after a long gallop, it was usually “6 to 4 on Old Frank” to the very end of his career, and very few were the jockeys who, as solemn old John Day was always proud of saying of himself, could “get over Buckle” in a finish at Newmarket. Man and boy, he had ridden for over fifty years before his spotless and honourable career came to a close within three months of his last race, and to the end of his life he thought Lord Grosvenor's *Violante* the best animal he ever rode. His skill and nerve remained undaunted to the end, and when he weighed in for the last time on Mr. Udhy's *Conservator* he only drew 8st. 7lb., the top weight in the race of Saturday, November 6, 1831, at Newmarket.

No one was his peer for endurance in the saddle, at that time, save, perhaps, Sir Tatton Sykes and Squire Osbaldeston ; and it is not a little curious that the latter should have been finishing his great 200-mile match against time on one side of the Ditch, while Buckle was riding his last race on the other. “The Pocket Hercules,” as game as ever, trotted off on his cob, as soon as he had weighed in, with his saddle strapped round his coat, to give “the Squire” a cheer as he finished on *Tranby*, and very nearly accepted a challenge “to ride for twenty-five days or till either of them dropped.” The card of that Houghton Meeting is before me, and as the information

given for that day may be of interest in its original form, it is reproduced in the Appendix.

The name of Mr. Vansittart occurs as a winning owner in the first match after Buckle's race, and I therefore take this opportunity of correcting some errors that have been published concerning the racing members of this family. The owner



Francis Buckle.

of *Rockingham*, *Perion*, and the *Rubini* who beat *Cloudesley* in the card mentioned, and came in fourth in the Handicap Sweepstakes on the Wednesday of the same meeting, was Mr. Arthur Vansittart, who was on the English Turf between 1829 and 1835, sporting orange colours. He was a cornet in the Second Life Guards, and brother-in-law to Sir Joseph Hawley, and when he gave up racing in England he

founded the Racing Club at Florence, the Jockey Club of Italy. His cousin, Mr. Henry Vansittart, of Kirkleatham in Yorkshire, was a member of the Jockey Club from about 1810 to 1828, and his colours were lilac all that time. When he resumed racing in 1835 he assumed the orange jacket of his cousin, and became well known as the breeder of *Van Tromp*, *The Flying Dutchman*, and other famous horses.

Buckle's last appearance was not perhaps a very brilliant one for the great jockey who had ridden *Champion* by *Pot8os* to victory in both the St. Leger and the Derby of 1800; who scored the great Doncaster race on Mr. Mellish's *Sancho*; and who had won so skilfully on Lord Exeter's *Green Mantle* in the Second October Meeting of 1828, after the mare had played all sorts of fantastic tricks at the start. But it showed, as nothing else could do, that he had lived straight all his life, and could ride straight within so short a period of his death. For he was dead before three more months were done, and he attained an honour that no other jockey I ever heard of has received, either because none has been worthy, or because the pen that wrote it has never found a successor, I mean an obituary notice in the "Quarterly Review." It is worth quoting more fully than is usually done. "He is in his grave, but he has left behind him not merely an example for all young jockeys to follow, but proof that honesty is the best policy, for he died in the esteem of all the racing world, and in the possession of a comfortable independence acquired by his profession. What the Greek said of Fabricius might be said of him—that it would have been as difficult to have turned the sun from his course as to have turned him from his duty." He rode at various times for Earl Grosvenor, Sir Charles Bunbury, Honourable George Watson, Mr. Cookson, Colonel Mellish, the Duke of Grafton, Mr. Udny, and Mr. Durand. It was after heavily backing a horse belonging to this last-named gentleman at Lewes that Buckle found himself retained to ride another in the same race. Greatly to his credit, he won, and was literally "cut off with a shilling." How to get back he did not know till a gentleman offered him a seat in his carriage, and at the next toll-bar Frank had to confess his temporary destitution, throwing his last shilling to a beggar they met on the road, with the remark that it would never do to "take that into Newmarket."

He died on the 5th of February, 1832, and his grave is in the churchyard of Orton Longueville, an altar-tomb with iron railings round it. In his last years his estimable character became even more evident in his private life near Peterborough, where he lived as a quiet country gentleman, abhorring publicity, giving more to charity than could possibly be expected of a man who had earned all he possessed at

the risk of his life, and enjoying at the end the fruits of a temperance and wisdom which had both undergone sore temptation in his early days. A quiet hackney to watch the hounds occasionally, a carriage for a gentle drive, a walk with his favourite terrier round his neat garden and grounds, these comprised his simple pleasures, after he had taken care that his sons were well started in their different paths of life. He was blessed by the dispensation of a short illness and a sudden death, and all his friends endorsed the epitaph :—

“ No better rider ever crossed a horse ;
Honour his guide, he died without remorse.
Jockeys attend—from his example learn
The meed that honest worth is sure to earn.”

The saddle I reproduce in these pages has been preserved, with other relics of him, by his grand-daughters. The linings and girths had to be cut away in the 'seventies. On the inside is the label : “ Westley—Saddle and Cap maker—Newmarket.”

Remarkable as their talents undoubtedly were, it would be difficult to award to the Chifneys, either father or son, such praise in every line of life as was so cheerfully and universally bestowed on Buckle, and it may be feared that young Sam's reputation will never quite get over the suspicions involved by *Manuella's* running in the Derby and Oaks of 1812. Sam won the Oaks himself in 1807, 1811, 1816, 1819, and 1825 ; and the Derby in 1818 and 1820. He was often too lazy to take a mount that involved a long journey from Newmarket, and when he had made an engagement to ride a trial in Yorkshire, the carriage often waited for him in vain at the cross-roads, for he was rarely on the Coach when he was wanted. He had sat as a boy on the knee of the Prince of Wales and received a guinea from the Royal hand. He did not die in a debtors' ward like his father, but his last years at Brighton were only rendered tolerable by a pension from his nephew, Frank Butler. At a time when the intercourse between jockeys and their noble employers was far less intimate than in the days which roused the wrath of the late Captain Machell, the first Duke of Cleveland, who was as great a Turfite as his second son, Lord William Powlett, astonished his contemporaries by inviting Sam Chifney to pass many weeks with him every winter at Raby Castle, and they dined together alone nearly every night, after a day with the Raby Hounds, at which the Duke easily outstripped the jockey, for Sam was always timid across country, while Lord Darlington, who was given his step in the peerage owing to the support he gave to Lord Grey's Reform

Bill, was one of the hardest riders to hounds that ever crossed a horse. He was also considered to be rather an unscrupulous bettor, in days when Robert Ridsdale and half-a-dozen bookies generally controlled such transactions. But the "Jesuit of the Ring," as the Duke was called, was not responsible for much that was attributed to him, in spite of his friendships with Sam Chifney and Billy Pierse. His third son, Lord Harry Vane, married Lady Dalmeny, who, as Lady Catherine Wilhelmina Stanhope, was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Queen Victoria. Before Lord Harry Vane succeeded to the Dukedom he bought Battle Abbey from the Websters, the historic estate which had previously belonged to Lord Montagu of Cowdray, a famous Turfite of the seventeenth century whose old "*Montagu Mare*" is to be found in all the pedigrees. The Duchess of Cleveland, who has but lately died, was therefore a very extraordinary link between the past and present history of English Racing, for her son, the present Lord Rosebery, won the



Frank Butler.

Derby as Prime Minister. She was born within those first two decades of the nineteenth century during which Sam Chifney won all his classic races, and within which there first saw the light men famous in such different paths as Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, Dickens, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Newman, Ruskin, and Darwin. Chifney's only epitaph conveyed his greatest triumph, for it consisted of the words, "Of Newmarket"; and his friends long afterwards asserted that it was "worth a tenner just to see him canter an awkward horse."

Sam's method of suddenly pulling his horse together, and then bringing it along with his own tremendous rush, half a length in the last three strides, was all done so instantaneously that you never realised anything like the visible exhibition of power in horse and man by which Jem Robinson stole his short head on the post. His nephew, Frank Butler, had more of Jem's style than of his uncle's, and very few men have been able to imitate Sam Chifney since. He used to lie straight behind his man so that the unhappy leader never knew from which side the rush was coming. He gained his first Newmarket laurels at the First Spring Meeting of 1805, when he won the New Claret Stakes on Lord Darlington's *Pavilion* against Arnall on *Hannibal*, Buckle on *Sancho*, and Clift on *Pelisse*, before he was nineteen, and the betting was 7 to 1 against his mount, very much as he had startled the Knavesmire crowd by beating Jackson, Clift, and Peirse, on *Lady Brough*. After this he went ahead fast, and beat Buckle again in the

match against *Petronel*, though "Old Frank" had his revenge soon after, on *Violante*, in the *Selim* match. This *Violante* must have always been rather a sore point with Buckle, for she was turned out of the stud which Pratt kept for Lord Grosvenor at Hare Park, where Mr. Brodrick Cloete breeds and trains to-day, and was bought by Frank at £50, only with the result that her first owner at once changed his mind, and Buckle had reluctantly to give her up. One of Sam's best races was his victory on *Wings* for the Oaks, in which he waited while Will Arnall made the running on *Tontine*, and was beaten by *Pastime* 100 yards from home, and then rushed *Wings* ahead of both in the last three or four strides. This, and many another victory, he won chiefly owing to his knowledge of pace, which let him creep up all the way, and really settle the verdict long before the crowd saw anything of him. When the Prince reappeared on the Turf in 1826, with Delmè Radcliffe as manager, William Edwards as trainer, and Jack Ratford as factotum, it was a Chifney again who rode his *Dervise* for the Oatlands in the next year; and it was a good deal owing to that name and all it meant, that, as Prince and King, in his twenty seasons on the Turf, George IV. could call a score of 313 races, including a Derby, ten Cups, and thirty King's Plates. He never liked the idea of Newmarket again, after the *Escape* business. Sam was a silent man, as well as a lazy one, when he was off a horse, and he loved a quiet day's shooting, or an afternoon with his gamecocks, and his pet foxes in their artificial earths fenced in with wire on Fidget Farm, named after the colt on which he first had a winning ride. But when King George IV. was fairly racing again, Sam would go anywhere to get one of the Royal mounts, which he occasionally shared with Robinson, Dockeray, Nelson, and Pavis; and when the King had bought *The Colonel* for 4,000 guineas, and *Zinganee* had beaten him, with Chifney up, he asked Chifney which of the three he preferred, these two or *Fleur-de-Lis*. He was on his death-bed when the Chifneys won the Derby with *Priam*, but Jack Ratford was charged to bring back the news post-haste to the Royal chamber the moment the horses had passed the post. Mr. John Kent, writing early in the twentieth century as the oldest trainer alive, recorded his opinion that *Priam* was the most perfect racehorse he had ever seen, more sound in constitution, and better formed than *Ormonde*. He was a beautiful dark bay with black legs and slight tips of white upon each hind heel, and a feather on each side of his neck. A number of false starts were made in his Derby, on purpose to upset the favourite, but he caught the leaders in 400 yards. *Priam*



"Antonio" (1816) by "Octavian."

was so docile, too, that John Kent frequently rode him, as a small boy, at exercise.

The Duke of York loved racing almost as much as his Royal brother, but Beau Brummell was more of a "carriage man," in spite of his visits to the Duke of Rutland at Cheveley, where Colonel McCalmont lies, so lately buried. His favourite jockey was T. Goodison, who won the Derby for him on *Moses*, a horse who was afterwards sent to the stud of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, father of His Royal Highness Prince Christian, by whose kindness I am enabled to reproduce several exquisite lithographs of *Moses* and the rest of his father's stud, drawn by the grandfather of Emil Adam. *Moses* was first bought at the Duke's death for 1,100 guineas by the Duke of Richmond.

Sam's connection with Lord Darlington began with the *Pavilion* race already mentioned, but perhaps his cleverest win under those colours was when *Merry-ground* beat *Sorcery*, the Oaks winner, and his greatest finish against Jem Robinson was on *Trustee* for the Claret Stakes in 1833. He could never manage a St. Leger, rumour said owing to the horror the Northern jockeys had of a Newmarket man carrying off their best prize, and the false starts in *Matilda's* year were entirely put down to this reason; and Sam always believed that *Marcus* had been actually poisoned. Some thought that he waited too long on *Voltaire*, and so lost the race, but he never imagined *Rowton* could stand the pace, and the bruising, on which Bill Scott seemed determined that year. But Mr. Thornhill's opinion of Chifney never varied during all the time they were connected, and the name of his Derby colt, *Sam*, commemorated their friendship. This low and lengthy son of *Scud* ran his race in a cloud of dust, after ten false starts, and Chifney only waited till he saw *Prince Paul* was done, and then went on and won. Sam's luck in the white body and red sleeves did not cease till an Oaks had been sandwiched between two consecutive Derbys, and *Sailor* had won in a storm. He lost his last Oaks, on *Example*, to his nephew, Frank Butler, in 1843.

Luckily for us, Ben Marshall the painter was a great ally of the Chifneys, and the fine sketch I reproduce is from a painting by that artist in Lord Rosebery's collection at the Durdans. It shows the long, easy seat which was almost reproduced again in the excellent picture, also given in these pages, of Fred Archer on *Paradox*; and I must confess to the wish that a finish could be seen nowadays between Archer sitting well back, and driving his horse before him, and J. Reiff well forward, whipping underhand.

On the same canvas, with Ben Marshall's sketch of Chifney, is Jem Robinson, and Wheatley, who won the Derby on *Prince Leopold* and *Spaniel*, rode *Velocipede* for the St. Leger, and had as much difficulty as Chifney in wasting, owing to his height.

The last of "the Druid's" famous quartet was Harry Edwards, whose victories in Yorkshire with the Fitzwilliam, Kelburne, and Houldsworth colours were as brilliant as they were terrific. He was one of "Tiny's" many sons. Another was William, who won his maiden race at Newmarket in 1800, and was kneed on to the rails by Jackson in the Doncaster Cup, on *Orville*, when he was little more than a feather. He was the last trainer for George IV., and at the King's death received the lease of the Palace Stables at Newmarket, and a pension. A third brother, George, got three hundred guineas from Mr. Watt for winning the One Thousand on *Cara*, and he also won the Derby on *Phosphorus*. He picked out *Beggarmen* from the Goodwood stable, and trained him to win the Goodwood Cup for the Duke of Orleans, whose



George Edwards.

sudden death left him placeless and pensionless, and practically broke his heart. He had a high courage and was a very bold rider, and was employed to the last by the Duke of Beaufort and General Peel. But one-eyed Harry was the best jockey of the family, with great power, and a habit of sitting back in his finishes and spurring in front of his girths. He was almost as neat as Sam Darling in his dress, and rode his first race against Robinson on *Antonia*. His length of arm gave him great leverage, and he seemed almost to carry his horse along in a tight finish like that on *Don John*, who was so done up after the race that he could hardly be got to his stables. But unluckily Harry, for all his kid gloves, was one of those who "would rather nobble for a pony than make a hundred by fair means," and he pulled *Epirus* at Wolverhampton under the very eyes of Bill Scott, so he had to retire to France, where he was too much even for the foreigners, and returned to Carlisle, where he buried in a pauper's grave a name that might have been one of the most brilliant on the Turf.

In the other sketch by Ben Marshall, which I am fortunate enough to be able to reproduce through the kindness of Lord Rosebery, you may see Arnall and Goodison in their habits as they rode. Both are names which go very far in the history of racing, for an Arnall rode the first Derby winner, and a Goodison ("Hellfire Dick" to wit) was "Old Q.'s" favourite match-rider. In the list of classic winners we find Sam Arnall, John Arnall, and William Arnall. They have no St. Leger to their



Chifney, Wheatley & Robinson
By permission of the Earl of Roebury



credit, but they can claim twelve Derbys and two victories in the Oaks, of which 1796 was the "double event." Bill, nephew to Sam, who rode for Lord Foley and the Prince of Wales, was a bit of a miser, as you seem to see in his face, and preferred saving money to either cock-fighting or coursing, and selling a horse to anything else. He loved a winning mount, whether it was a race or a trial, and consequently was not of as much use to the Exeter stable as he might have been, but his reputation stood very high, in spite of his never being able to outride Jem Robinson. He was only a year senior to Sam Chifney, but he died nearly nineteen years before him, when trainer to Lord Litchfield, the very year before *Elis* won the Leger. His last Derby was on *Blucher* in 1814, and he showed off the horse to the Field-Marshal at Newmarket next summer. Though only in the second class, it will never be forgotten that it was he who was picked with Thomas Goodison to ride *Filho da Puta* and *Sir Joshua* in their great match in 1816, out of all the Northern and Southern jockeys of their time. Thomas was the son of the great Dick, and was put up instead of John Jackson in this match, for which Jackson was only consoled by the news that the substitute had been beaten by a head. But Goodison was worth the place; he was especially liked by the Duke of York, and he rode more winners than any one else for the Duke of Grafton. He won the Derby in 1809, 1813 (with the Oaks as well), and in 1815 he did the double event again, being split by Sam Barnard and Bill Arnall in the interval. His next Derby was not till 1822, the year before he won his first St. Leger. He was a very safe rider, and a good judge of pace.

Within a few months of Goodison, died another Yorkshire-bred jockey, William Clift, the only jockey who ever enjoyed three pensions at the end of his life. One came from Lord Fitzwilliam, with whose horses he succeeded Peirse and Jackson. He was honest, but rough in speech and manner, and punished his horses severely. His endurance both in the saddle and out of it was a by word, and in the winter he used to ride relays of horses from Liverpool to London with the results of the Irish Lottery. He won the Derby in 1793, 1800, 1803, 1810 (with the St. Leger, which he also captured three years before), and lastly in 1819. He also had two Oaks' winners in 1804 and 1808.

Of all the Northern jockeys in the first decade of that century, Shepherd, Jackson, Peirse, and Ben Smith had the best of the mounts, and Jackson's name in the St. Leger list goes back as far as 1791, and forward to 1822, with six victories between, a record that only Bill Scott has beaten in the great Doncaster race.

He had the prettiest seat of all four, and must have thoroughly enjoyed himself on *Tramp*, *Blacklock*, and *Altisidora*, and he also had *Filho da Puta* in the St. Leger. He was an honest, quarrelsome man, and rode 7st. 7lb. almost to the end, before he left the racecourse farm and took the inn at Northallerton. The rather grim face of Shepherd on Mr. Pierse's *Rosette* is well known to collectors of sporting prints. He had a fine knowledge of pace, which enabled him to make the running in many a four-mile heat without overdoing his horse. He rode for Sir Thomas Gascoyne, the Rev. Henry Goodricke, the Duke of Leeds, and Sir Mark Sykes, besides the owner of *Rosette*, and Lord Foley transplanted him for a while from Yorkshire to Newmarket. Some of his finest races were on *Sir Solomon*, and he sat so bolt



"*St. Patrick*" (1817) by "Walton."

upright that there was quite a hollow in the middle of his back, and he kept his foot straight out to the point of his horse's shoulder. Billy Pierse, who had the strongest rush of all four of this Northern quartet, began life as "Tom Thumb" in a strolling theatre, and married a wife whose home-made vintage he preferred even to the pipe of port

Sir William Gerard sent him for winning the Oaks on *Oriana*, and whose knowledge of housekeeping and general economy was only equalled by her care and love for horses. His short legs rather spoilt his seat, but he was a fine finisher, especially on *Haphazard*. His chief recreation was deep study of Political Economy as set forth in the "Wealth of Nations," which may have accounted for the fact that he never betted as a rule, though he was not above giving the tip about *Borodino* to a thoughtful host, and he was proud of the wager the Duke of Cleveland laid him of £20,000 to £5 that he would not win the Derby, Leger, and Oaks on *Manuella*, though he was never deluded by His Grace's hospitality at Raby into forgetting that he would not have been

there had he not been "useful." He was thoroughly adept at the "cross and jostle" of the North Country, and once nearly drove poor Mangles into the Borough Bridge Road at Catterick, and on another occasion made every horse except his own fairly run away at Richmond. But he was as honest as the John Day whose monopoly of that epithet he strongly resented, and died from an overdose of colchicum, borne with all the courage that his father had shown at Culloden with the Duke of Cumberland.

It was on Ben Smith, the last of our Northern four, that Pierse played one of his best tricks, much assisted by Bill Scott. Ben succeeded Mangles with the Duke of Hamilton, and on the only two mounts he had for Mr. Gascoyne he won the Leger both times, out of his total score of six from 1803 to 1824. He was a close-pocketed and clean-mouthed man, always neatly dressed. He was so loyal that he refused to get off the Duke's *Ironsides* after he had been badly kicked, and won the race with a broken leg; and he very rarely lost his temper, being of a simple



Mr. Orde Powlett's "Jack Spigot" (1818) by "Ardrossan."

nature that rarely took offence, and never gave it in the most awkward inadvertences of his speech. But he once tried to knee Jackson, and they started cutting each other's jackets to ribbons before they returned peacefully to weigh-in. He was up on *Correggio* one day in a two-mile race at Preston, against Pierse and Scott. Their only chance was to make him lose his temper, which Scott succeeded in doing with some very peppery language before a crowd of people, and then made the pace at the start with *Gaudy*. When the leader was done with *Paulowitz* was rammed in front at once, and Ben, who never got a ghost of a chance of taking a pull, was beaten by half a neck; but he never bore malice about it, beyond thinking Scott was "a sadly forrard young man." This Bill

undoubtedly was, though he took his time, but he learnt a lot after his first set-to with Pierse, in such snowy weather that the other Bill nearly blinded him by taking the lead and pounding slush into his face.

William Scott came up from Bibury to Middleham about 1811, and was born at Chippenham, near Newmarket. His brother John had made the famous *Filho da Puta* match, and Bill won the Doncaster and Richmond Cups on him. John threw in his lot with Whitewall, as soon as *Juliana* had thrown her *Comus* filly, and Mr. Petre began his memorable St. Leger trio with *Matilda*. Bill Scott's St. Leger record of nine has never been equalled since, and it is made more valuable by the addition of three Oaks, four Derbys, and plenty more good races, between 1821 and 1846, when he won on his own horse, having achieved a straight run of four from 1838 to 1841. He always said, and he ought to have known if any one, that the right way to ride the Leger was to make severe

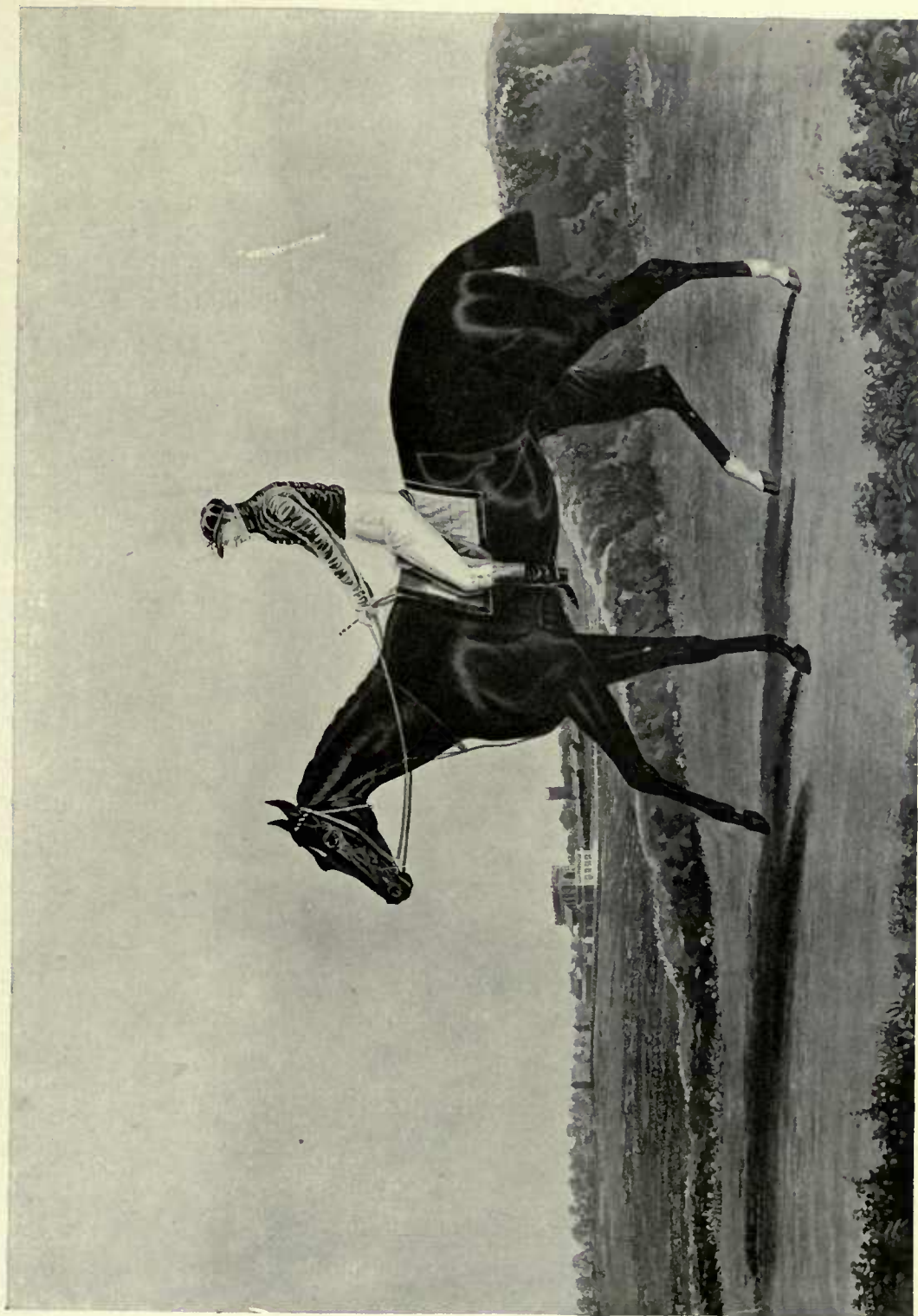


William Scott

running to the top of the hill, for "what's the good of condition if you don't use it?" He insisted that to win you must be able to get a pull and go on again; and in this style he won on *Satirist* in the North. *Mundig*, in the Derby, was his best example on the Epsom course, where he always said that the horse which could stride farthest down hill would win.

The picture I reproduce of his *Sir Tatton Sykes*, with the real Sir Tatton beside him, is a reminder of how hard he had to waste to ride that St. Leger, and his win was remarkable, for before the finish he had fairly dropped forward on the horse's neck from exhaustion. Bill had won the Two Thousand, and would no doubt have won the Derby too, had he not stayed too far behind at the post to scold the starter, and even then got to *Pyrrhus the First's* neck. In the Leger, F. Butler rode Col. Anson's *Iago* into second place, beaten by half a length, after he had made his effort a hundred yards from home. The stakes were worth £2,925, and *Brocardo*, who was installed favourite with *Sir Tatton*, at 3 to 1, came in third, four lengths off the second.

The hard wasting Bill Scott had to undergo for this race was a conspicuous feature in a jockey's life at that time, and the meeting at Gosforth when Newcastle Races were on was always memorable; for they all walked out the three miles from the Grand Stand, led by Jack Holmes, Jacques (who once got off 17 lbs. in 24 hours), and Bob Johnson, who was a master of the art. Bob always got third



"Theodore" (1819) by "Woful."

in the Leger, but his name will ever be remembered with that of Mr. Ord's famous *Beeswing*. Sam Darling was another of the men who had to waste hard until he ceased to ride in 1844, able to draw 8st. 2lb. to the last on a favourite four-pound saddle. In 1832 he won 73 out of his 174 races, in all parts of the country, and his great talent lay in forcing the pace. His best horses were *Isaac* and *Hesperus*. His only big classic was the St. Leger on *Rockingham*. But even Bill Scott would have agreed, perhaps, in the matter of reducing weight, at which he and Darling had both a lot to do, that old John Day was right in saying that, "Depend upon it a man doesn't enjoy the comforts of life unless he knows the wasting part of the business."



Job Marson.

The names of Scott and of Sir Tatton Sykes will ever be inseparably connected with the St. Leger course. For it was such men as John Scott, John Day, or Thomas Dawson, who succeeded as trainers to the older school of Robson, Edwards, Croft, and Watt. And very few men, owners or not, could say, like old Sir Tatton, that they had seen over seventy St. Legers. The fact that he had also seen only two Derbys will show that the North Country feeling kept up by the old Earl Fitzwilliam was not singular to the Cooksons, Goodrickses, Cromptons, Gascoynes, and Shaftos, who were the mainstay of Northern racing. Sir Tatton's huntsman, Carter, accompanied the Baronet from Sledmere to the great race every year, till his death in 1854; and the great traditions of his name are being well kept up by the Sledmere paddocks to this day. John Scott, who trained sixteen St. Leger winners, one of whom, *Impérieuse*, was his own property, had three consecutive winners in *Matilda*, *The Colonel*, and *Rowton*, and in addition to his brother Bill's four consecutive wins on *Don John*, *Charles XII.*, *Launcelot*, and *Satirist*, he was also responsible for the victories of *The Baron*, *Newminster*, *West Australian*, *Saucebox*, *Warlock*, *Gamester*, and *The Marquis*. By further successes in six Derbys and nine Oaks, he fairly justified his name of the "Wizard of the North," and he kept his reputation till his death in 1871. It seems difficult to find a good horse in Yorkshire stables in 1902.



J. Cartwright.

Don John's victory was very hollow. Robinson had to dismount, as *Cobham's* forelegs suddenly gave way in the struggle for third place with *Lanercost*, and the

favourite won by twelve lengths in what was then the record time of 3 mins. 17 secs. To make up for this, next year's race (1839) produced the first dead-heat since the foundation. Conolly on Mr. Thornhill's *Euclid* (by *Emilius*) made the running first, but *Charles XII.* (the favourite at 7 to 4 on) went up before the hill and took a strong lead through the heavy going to the Red House. After that *Euclid* challenged again, and though Bill drove Conolly against the rails several times, he could only make a dead-heat of it, the rest being four lengths off. In the decider *Euclid* was slightly the favourite, and as they started at little more than a walk, he took the lead to the Red House, where Bill came up, challenged at the distance, and won a fair and hard set-to by a head. *Charles XII.* afterwards beat *Beeswing* and *Lanercost* for the Gold Cup, and retired after losing the Doncaster Cup to *Alice Hawthorn* in 1843. Bill's third win was chiefly owing to the fact that the Marquis of Westminster had declared to win with *Launcelot*, own brother to *Touchstone*, who had been left at the post, but came away at the Red House. At the distance, however, *Maroon* had the race in hand, and Holmes had to pull him to prevent a victory which was only secured by a neck. The next year saw the same owner and jockey successful again with *Satirist* by *Pantaloon*, who beat the Derby winner *Coronation*, on whom 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 were betted. J. Day was confident of success, and made strong running from the foot of the hill, but at the old rails Bill Scott challenged and won a great race by half a neck amid terrific cheers, and nothing was too good for "glorious Bill" ever afterwards.



"Lamplighter" (1823)

Bill's wonderful record was spoilt in 1842 by Tommy Lye on *Blue Bonnet*, a daughter of *Touchstone*. Lye had a rare knowledge of pace that made him very dangerous in heats, and his last big victory was on *Cyprian* for the Northumberland Plate against Jack Holmes. But he was not a great rider, and I can do no more

than mention his name before passing on to Templeman, who was one of the many to whom Catterick gave a maiden win. His last struggle was on *Buzzard* against



Thomas Lye.

Harry Edwards on *Mercutio* at Pontefract; and his neatest victory was with *Catherina* at Liverpool against Holmes on *General Chassé*. Job Marson was one of Templeman's favourite rivals, and in the St. Leger of 1843 Job beat F. Butler, Holmes, Nat Flatman, three of the Nobles, Jem Robinson, and Templeman himself. It was one of the finest finishes ever seen, and there was plenty of excitement too, for John Gully is said to have stood to win £50,000 on *Prizefighter*, and many thought that Butler pulled *Cotherstone* in his favour. Whatever

really was intended, after *Prizefighter* had made the running to the Red House he was on the rails from there, still ahead, when Job Marson on *Nutwith* split him and *Cotherstone*, and won a magnificent race by a head, *Prizefighter* third, a neck behind. Job won his first race on *Cinderella* in 1831, when he was only fourteen. He sat very upright, but Frank Butler leaned slightly forward, and though not so strong and steady had a faster and more sudden rush. Frank did so well at Great Ealing School, where he may well have been a contemporary of Cardinal Newman, that his family hoped he would go into the Church; but a nephew of the Chifneys and a son of Lord Lowther's trainer could hardly be expected to keep out of the saddle. His greatest victory was on *Daniel O'Rourke* in the Derby.



J. Holmes.



Nat Flatman.

One of the finest finishes "the Druid" ever saw was when young John Day on *Old England* beat Marson on *Plaudit* and Robinson on *Prologue* over the Abingdon Mile in the Houghton Meeting of 1844, and with the Days I must conclude this sketch of the jockeys of the old school, though the name of Nat Flatman cannot be omitted, who has always been considered a parallel in integrity to Francis Buckle. He was born in 1810, and he began racing work at Newmarket when he was fifteen. From 1846 to 1852 inclusive he was at the head of the winning list, having more mounts than any one else till he rode

his last race in 1859, two years before his death. He was wonderful with two-year-olds, and always sparing with the whip, and his fame is assured,

if by nothing else, by the great match at York on *Voltigeur* against *The Flying Dutchman*.

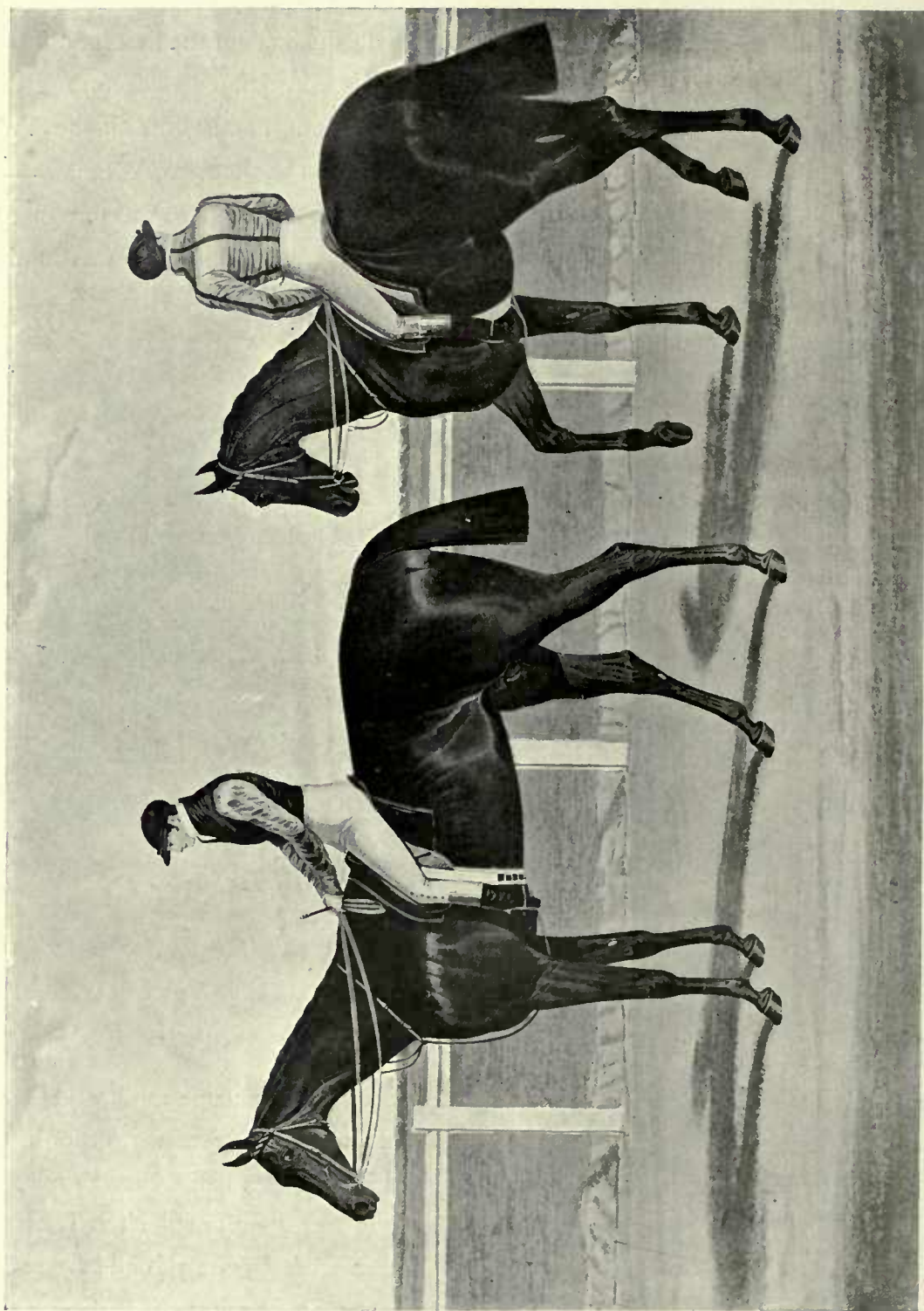
The names of Day and Danebury are as famous on the Turf of the first half of the nineteenth century as those of Scott and Whitewall. Old John Day's first great victory was over Buckle, when he won both the One Thousand and the Two Thousand for the Duke of Grafton, who gave him "£20 in banknotes of Messrs. — Bank at Bury St. Edmunds, most highly respectable Bankers." There was one place, however, in England, where Old John was not well known, and that was in the



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Pantaloons (1824) by "Castrel."

House of Commons, where the policeman did not recognise the name at all, and Lord Palmerston's visitor had to wait some time until the owner of *Iliona* was brought to where "more important stuff than politics" awaited him. John had a brother named Sam, who rode, and there was also a young Sam; in fact, "quite sufficient Days to make a week of winners," as a wag of the period declared. Young John's first win was on Mr. Brigg's *Whisk* at Weymouth in 1830, and his beating of Robinson on *Old England* has been already mentioned. He was not so lucky on *Ugly Buck*, when the same jockey rushed up at the post on *Minotaur*; and Jem fairly made an



*On the left, "Rowton" (1826) by "Oiseau," ridden by W. Scott, who
beat Chifney (on the right) on "Voltaire" by "Blacklock."*

exhibition of "Old John" in the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 1830, when he sat still and never moved on *Bay Middleton*, while John was hard at work with whip and

heel on *Elis*. In fact, Bill Scott, John Day, and Sam Rogers, were good rough jockeys, but not in the same class with men like Alfred Day, Sam Chifney, Jem Robinson, or Fordham. It may have been training and betting rather got on "Old John's" mind towards the last, but his earlier riding was certainly better than his later. He was very active, and extremely clever at holding such



John Day, Sen.



John Day, Jun.

a puller as *Touchstone* was, though he was far from despising curb-bridles like Chifney, and he never won the Derby, though he got five Oaks. He always enjoyed the memory of his victory on *Amphitrite* over Robinson on *Mixbury* almost as much as having beaten Buckle for the Riddlesworth. Old John's son, Alfred, was the best jockey of the family, who rode *Shocking Mamma* in the Cesarewitch of 1843 at 4st. 7lb. His first big win was against Sam Rogers, Templeman, Job Marson, Jem Robinson, Frank Butler, Chapple, and Flatman, when he scored in the One Thousand. His great race on *Andover* soon after brought more than a heavy stake to the Danebury party, and with his name I pass on to a few more considerations of the changes that took place in the course of the nineteenth century.



By permission of his Grandchildren.

Relics of Frank Buckle.

CHAPTER XVI.

TRAINING AND BREEDING.

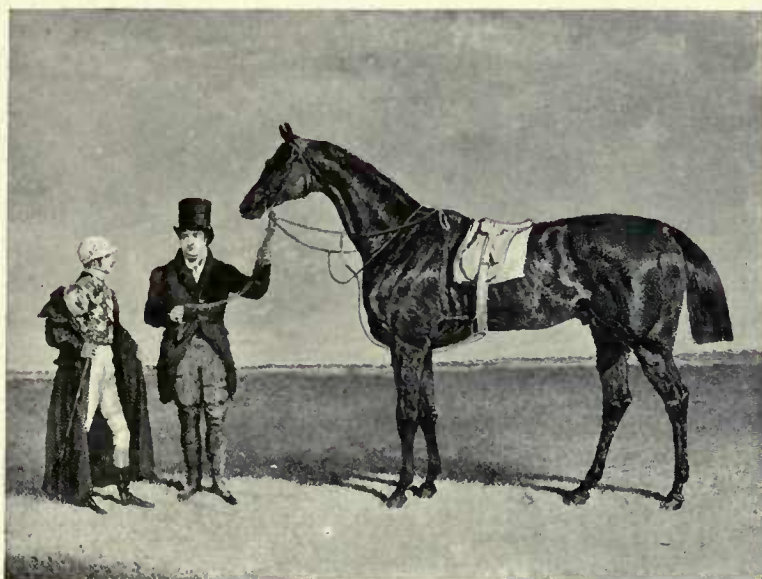
"Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis
 Est in juvenis est in equis *patrum*
 Virtus nec imbellem feroces
 Progenerant aquilae columbam."

"Seu quis Olympicae miratus praemia palmae
 Pascit equos, seu quis fortes ad aratra juvencos,
 Corpora praecipue *matrum* legat."

IT would, I think, be improper in such volumes as the present, to draw a detailed comparison between the methods of trainers now living and those of older men, or even to trace the development of these matters from the days when Whitewall and the North were predominant, to those when the first ten winning trainers of 1902 do not include a single Yorkshire stable. But the material which trainers have to handle is a very different subject, and none could be more appropriate to these pages.

Even from the little I have been able to record of the early Turf, a very great difference is observable between the methods of the eighteenth century and our own. Before the institution of the Jockey Club, and the development of the Derby and the Oaks as annual fixtures, the three-year-old was scarcely raced at all. He was in very much the same position as the yearling of to-day. Some of the best horses in the reigns of William III. and of Anne won their first race in a Six-year-old Plate, and certainly went on running matches till they were ten and even twelve years old. The distances they ran were far more punishing than is now the case, as much as six or even eight miles being occasionally suggested, while four heats of a mile each was a common performance for one horse on the same day. It is obvious, therefore, that owners were contemplating a very different goal for their endeavours during most of the eighteenth century

from that to which breeders of 1902 are looking forward, and any comparison between results so inevitably different would be extremely misleading even if the requisite data had come down to us. As many horses are now nominated for the Derby every year as were in training during the whole twelve months two centuries ago. The great prizes of our Turf are given to young horses. The services of fashionable sires are so much in request that a stallion with a first-class record and of high descent is sure to be sent early to the stud. Even if he were not, the system of handicapping, on which all modern racing is founded, would soon drive him off the course whatever might have been his owner's wishes. The high price of a good yearling in these days practically necessitates in most cases a quick return for the outlay of so much capital, and if that return is not secured by entering him for ten times more races than was the case a century ago, it must be reaped by getting early stud fees. Then, too, the enormous percentage of expensive failures in the yearlings purchased is



"Rockingham" (1830) by "Humphrey Clinker."

an equally strong incentive in the same direction, while the fee now charged for the service of a stallion—as much as 600 gs. for a fashionable sire—is a much heavier risk to take than the 60 gs. charged for *Touchstone*, or the 25 gs. asked for *Herod*. Many and complicated have been the theories by which breeders have endeavoured to avoid these losses and produce "a certainty." But year after year the animals under their charge have refused to be treated as so many four-legged multiplication tables, and the foals thrown have shown much the same proportion of "rank bad 'uns." Nature deals out the cards by processes known only to herself. The hand takes a good deal of playing, even when it happens to be extraordinarily strong in trumps; but the time has not yet arrived when

the game will be spoilt by every player knowing what he is going to get out of the pack, and how to get it.

Before the Committee of the House of Lords on horse-breeding, in 1873, some very interesting evidence was given by the best experts of the day. For fifty years previously Admiral Rous had seen every thoroughbred on the Turf, and for thirty years he had carefully noted all their performances. His opinion was that we had enormously improved upon the crude productions of our ancestors, and he adduced the relative size of race-horses at different periods as a proof of his contentions, a method of argument which takes it for granted that size and substance



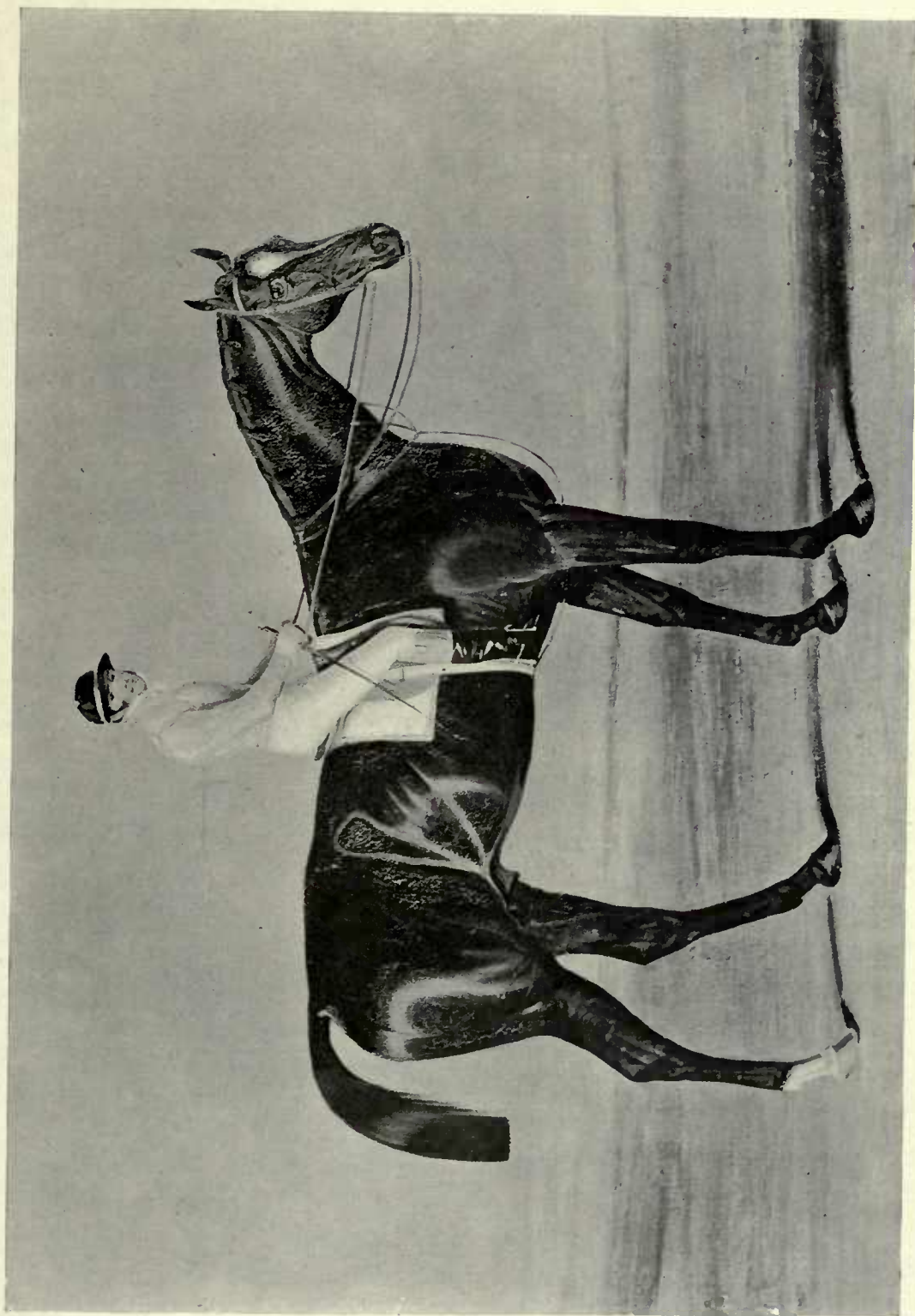
"Vespa" (1830) by "Muley."

are indispensable. This may or may not be true in certain cases, but it is by no means axiomatic. The gallant Admiral's figures are, however, of the highest interest. "In 1700," he is reported to have testified, "the average size of the thoroughbred was thirteen hands three inches, and it has increased an inch every twenty-five years since.

Now the average height

of our race-horses is fifteen hands three inches, and twelve are in training of no less than seventeen hands."

Prince Charlie at once occurs to me as an example of a seventeen-hand horse, and extraordinary he was, too, for a mile. But he was a roarer, as so many animals of his size seem disposed to be. It is worth noting, however, that, with all the five or six-furlong events now popular, we do not seem to succeed in producing first-rate sprinters as some compensation for an undoubted loss in staying power. In 1902, for instance, *Orchid* (by no means a large horse) won the Temple Handicap at Sandown Park with 9 stone 7 pounds on his back, and proved to be faster than *Sundridge*, *Cossack*, *Elizabeth M.*, or *Lord Bobs*, the best of our flyers over a short

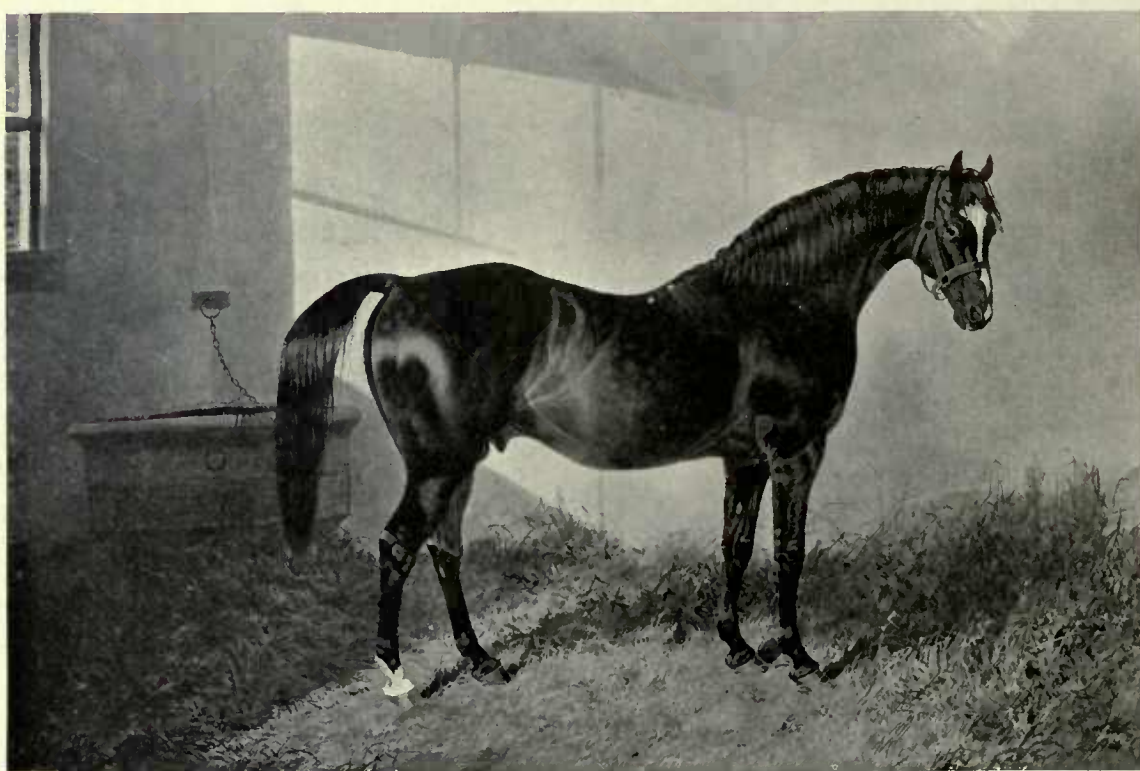


"Touchstone" (1831) by "Camel."

By permission of the Duke of Westminster.

distance. The big colt by *Blair Athol* out of *Eastern Princess* was a marvellous mover for his size, but should never have been asked to go a yard further than the Rowley Mile.

It was no later than 1740 before what may be described as pony-racing was made illegal. In 1758 *Herod* was fifteen hands three inches. In 1764 *Eclipse* was over fifteen hands two inches; and if *Jupiter* (1774) may be taken to reduce the balance with fifteen hands one inch, or *Gimcrack* with just over fourteen hands, there is *Magog* to correct the figures again, who was considered a giant because he stood sixteen



By permission of the Duke
of Westminster.

"Touchstone" at the Stud.

hands in 1778. In fact, as soon as the imported Eastern horse had become accustomed to the best climate in the world for horses, he undoubtedly increased in size from his usual height of fourteen hands two inches and thereabouts. He was mated to a larger stamp of native breed, produced by the process I have sketched in earlier chapters. The result could never be anticipated with certainty as far as size alone was concerned. There was a time when a big horse was the only thing a trainer cared about. There has also been a time when bloodlike quality has threatened to degenerate into a somewhat effeminate and

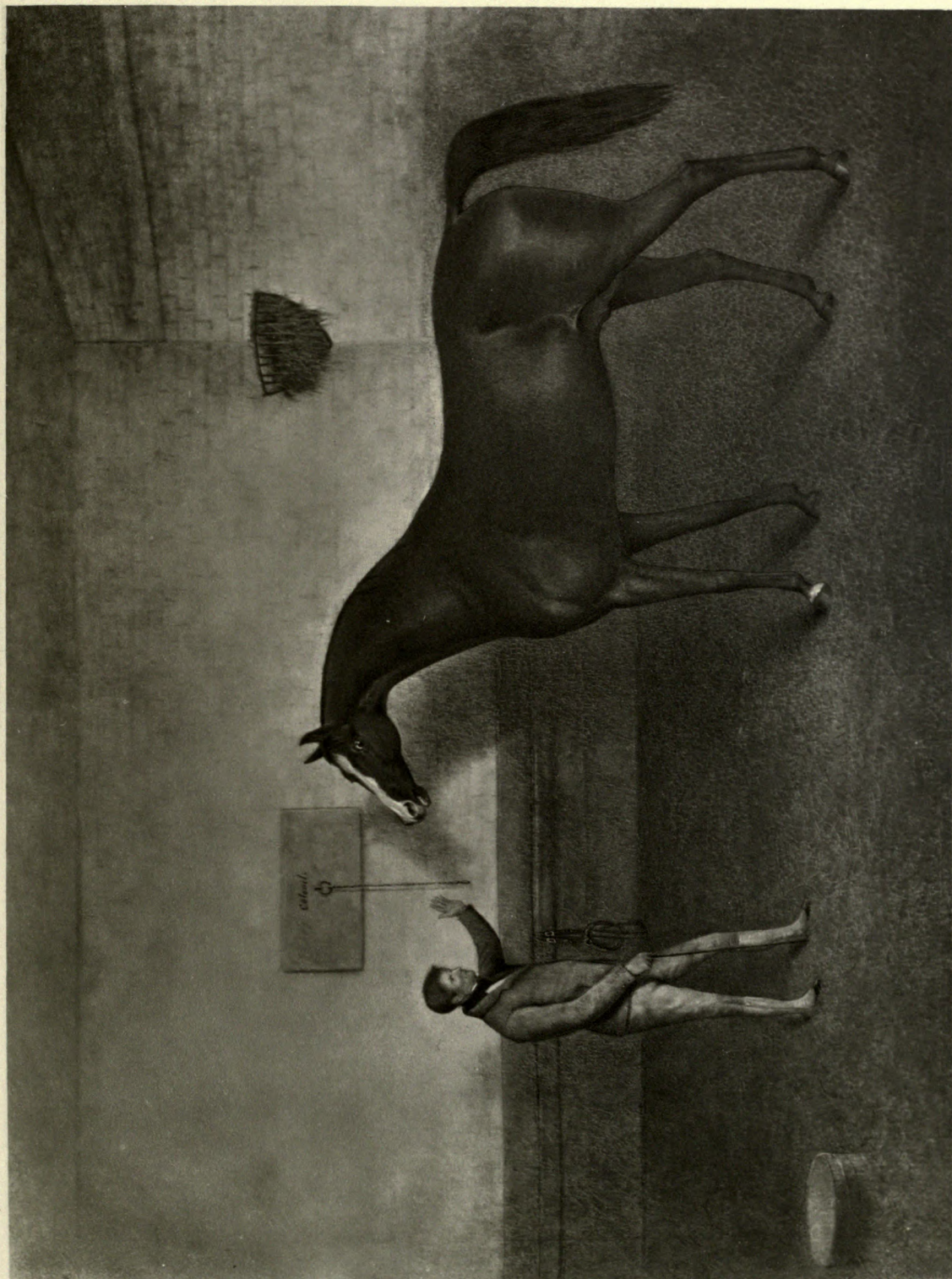
flashy breed. The maxim that "a good big one is better than a good little one" is not always sound either in racing or in breeding. In the first half of the nineteenth century we found such good little ones as *Little Red Rover* 14.3, *Perion* not quite 15, *Middleton* 15.1, *Camel* under 15.2, *Mulatto* the same, *Lamplighter* 15.1, *Gainsborough* 15.2. *Touchstone* was about 15.2, and the size came out in his blood with those pretty little horses *Flash in the Pan* and *Heidelberg*, while his great-grandson, *Hampton*, was another instance of his useful size, and it is significant that the smaller *Hampton* mares have proved the most successful, as in the case of *Perdita II*. The truth, as so often happens, lies between the two extremes; but it is at least certain that height cannot be accepted as a sure indication of merit, and that even if a constant increase in average size could be accurately proved it would not alone be sufficient evidence of an all-round improvement in thoroughbred stock. The value of a blood-horse cannot be calculated at so much a yard. Nor is it possible to make any comparison between the



Lord Jersey's "Glencoe" (1831).

performances of the animals we know and of those in earlier days, for the simple reason that the requisite records do not exist. I have seen it stated that *Edipse* did the Beacon Course of 4 miles 365 yards in under eight minutes, and that the horse which can cover the Liverpool Grand National Course, which is 897 yards longer, "obstacles" and all, in ten minutes, must therefore be a better animal. The conclusion may very possibly be correct, but I take leave to doubt the accuracy of the premises by which it is reached. General Peel, in giving evidence before the same Committee I have already named, thought that the bloodstock of 1873 was just as good as any ever bred, "but there are more bad ones bred in proportion to the total number in conse-

quence of the whole system of breeding being altered." The observation is as sound as it was sagacious. When it was made, and to a large extent for the next quarter of a century, nine-tenths of the yearlings registered in the Stud Book were bred for sale instead of for their owners to race. The large prices offered revolutionised the methods of stud sales. Breeders put their names to any stallions without so much considering the propriety of the union as the possibility of its fruitfulness. Nature has now and then taken an appropriate revenge by awarding the best stakes to private owners of comparatively small stud farms who bred and raced their own stock. But one inevitable result has been the enormously increased production of a racing-machine, who, if he were not fast for a few furlongs under a light weight, was utterly worthless for everything else, and was very often not given the chance of proving whether he was a stayer or not. The utilitarian point of view embodied in the last sentence was that which was upheld before the same Committee of the Lords in 1873 by the Earl of Stradbroke. "There are not four horses in England now," said this witness, "that could run over the Beacon Course in their eight minutes, which in my younger days I used to see frequently done." But what could be expected if, as actually happened in the year this evidence was given, one man was able to land no less than £80,000 in bets on a single short race? Was it likely that owners who preferred money to stamina would bother about long races and the numerous and costly preliminaries they involved? The five-furlong scurry just suited them. Their two-year-olds began to make something more than their corn-bill with satisfactory rapidity. The change from the days of *Eclipse* could hardly be more clearly emphasised; for that great horse had nothing taken out of him till maturity, and never raced at all till after he was five. This has been suggested as one reason for the extraordinary vigour of his blood, and the influence it still exerts on every descendant who can boast any large proportion of it in his veins. But this does not mean that no better horse than *Eclipse* or *Flying Childers* has been ever bred. To come no nearer to the present day than *Blue Gown* or *Blair Athol*, *Rosicrucian* or *Cremorne*, or *Harkaway*, I think it will hardly be challenged that the usual cry of the degeneracy of horses has no more basis now than it had in their times, or than it had a hundred years ago; and that, in fact, just as we long ago improved both the imported Arab and the native breed, so we have gone on steadily improving the produce of them both, sometimes by fortuitous circumstances, sometimes by careful choice in mating, but always by continued racing from generation to



From the original painting by H. B. Chalon.

The Colonel (1825)
By permission of Sir Walter Glynne.



generation, and—in the end—by the rude, fundamental test of the survival of the fittest.

It would be quite possible to produce an example in every decade since *Eclipse's* birth which would be good enough evidence against degeneration. What about *Highflyer* (1774), *Sir Peter* (1784), *Waxy* (1790), *Whalebone* (1807), *Smolensko* (1810), *Emilius* (1820), *Plenipo* (1831), *Flying Dutchman* (1846), *West Australian* (1850), *Blair Athol* (1861), *Galopin* (1872), *St. Simon* (1881), *Ormonde* (1883), *Persimmon* (1893)? When we come to sires and dams the question is, perhaps, more complicated. It would probably, too, be as difficult to produce six sires from any period equal to *Eclipse*, *Highflyer*, *Pot8os*, *King Fergus*, *Sir Peter*, and *Waxy*, as it would be to find six brood mares better than *Julia*, *Promise*, *Pru-nella*, *Penelope*, *Parasol*, and *Mandane*; a round dozen through whom all our best blood is descended. *Flying Fox* and *La Flèche* may fetch more in the market; our crack yearlings may cost four and five thousand guineas



"Gallopade," ridden by Holmes in the Doncaster Cup of 1832.

apiece; the pecuniary rewards of one of our best racers may run to very large sums in a single season; but for all that I question whether the promise of our future is as great as was that of the men who watched *Eclipse* or *Gimcrack* at their exercise. Can we even say that the outlook now is what it was in 1847? A young man racing in that year would have seen, by 1857, the following list of successive winners: *Van Tromp*, *Surplice*, *Flying Dutchman*, *Voltigeur*, *Newminster*, *Teddington*, *Stockwell*, *West Australian*, *Virago*, *Wild Dayrell*, *Fisherman*, *Blink Bonny*, and *Vedette*. Shall we be able to look back on something approaching this in quality, whatever the quantity of our produce may be, between 1900 and 1910?

It must be remembered, too, that the early nineteenth century was not merely

engaged in breeding horses for the English Turf, and in laying the foundation of all our modern racing stock. Breeders were also supplying foreign markets and sending the blood of the English thoroughbred to every racecourse in the world. This is a subject I can no more than hint at here, but by the kindness of H.R.H. Prince Christian I am enabled to give some extracts from the stud-book of his father, the Duke Christian August of Schleswig-Holstein, and some portraits of its most famous animals from the pencil of Albrecht Adam, grandfather of the well-known modern artist. In many cases these drawings are so much superior to any



The Duke of Schleswig-Holstein's "Phantom" mare.

representations of contemporary animals on the English Turf, that they should prove of great value for purposes of comparison. Of the stallions kept at the Stud Farm at Augustenborg I reproduce (1) *Moses* by *Whalebone* out of the *Gohanna* mare, foaled in 1819, and bought from the Duke of York, a bay who won the Derby, the Albany Stakes at Ascot, and the Claret Stakes of Newmarket; (2) *Logic* (1820) by *Selim*, out of *Piquet*, by *Sorcerer*, her dam, *Prunella*, bought from the Duke of Grafton. Of the mares, I have chosen (1) a *Phantom* mare, bought from Sir John Shelley, foaled in 1822, by *Phantom*, out of *Maresfield's* dam by *Sorcerer*; (2) *La Danseuse*, by *Blacklock*,



The Duke of Schleswig-Holstein's "Moses" (by "Whalstone").

out of *Madame Sarpi*. For the same stud were bought W. Chifney's *Antoninus*, Sir Mark Wood's *Brother to Margrave* by *Muley*, Lord Foley's *Goliath* by *Woful*, His Majesty's *Hadji Baba* (1821) by *Election*, the Duke of Rutland's *Adeliza* by *Soothsayer*, Lord Scarborough's *Lady Georgiana* by *Catton*, a *Merlin* mare from Mr. Thornhill, Mr. Crockford's *Miss Ditto*, Mr. Goodison's *Moonshine* by *Soothsayer*, *Myra* from the Hampton Court Stud, Sir H. Vane-Tempest's *Rachel*, by *Magistrate*, Lord Egremont's *Spree*, by *Frolic*, and Lord Verulam's *Vitellina*, by *Comus*.

Among other German importations from English studs were *Brutandorf* by *Blacklock* (Chester Cup, 1826) ; and Count Batthyany soon transferred his operations



The Duke of Schleswig-Holstein's "Wilna."

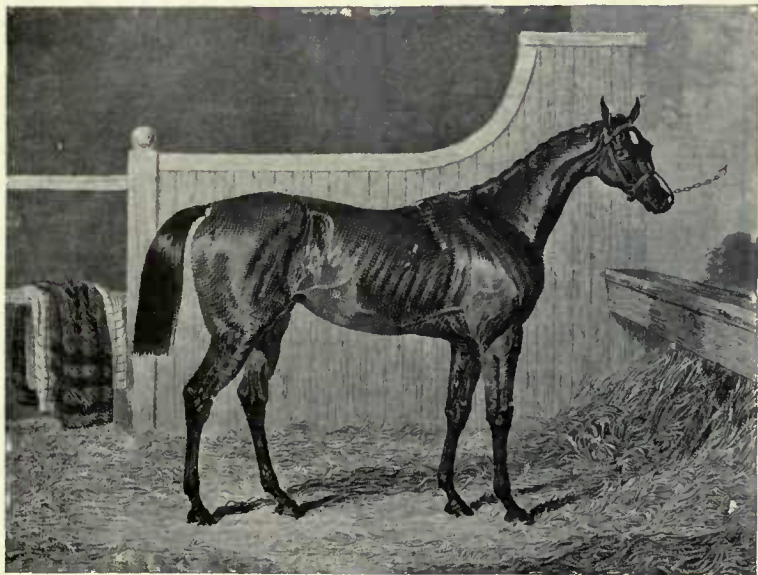
entirely to the English Turf, where he raced for over fifty years, and died at Newmarket on the Two Thousand Day in 1883, after having realised his ambition by winning the Derby with *Galopin*, one of the best horses of the century. The French carefully chose their share as well, with such good animals as *Holbein* by *Rubens*, and

Rainbow by *Walton*. In the same period *Abjer*, *Barefoot* (by *Tramp*) and *Valentine* went to America ; *Nectar*, *Interpreter*, *Bourbon* and *Pericles* went to the Russians, who were fond of *Sorcerer* blood, and later on secured their Derby winners in *Coronation*, *Andover*, and *Galtee More*, besides another good stallion in *Colorado*. Germany and Austria have taken, in later years, *Buccaneer*, *Daniel O'Rourke*, *Kettle-drum*, *Doncaster*, *St. Gatien*, *Kendal*, *Bona Vista*, *Satiety*, *Piety*, *Milford*, and many others. The French Government have taken especially heavy toll, as may be seen from a list of their purchases containing *Pyrrhus the First*, *Attila*, *Cossack*, *West Australian*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Ellington*, *The Emperor*, *Collingwood*, *The Baron*, *Faugh-a-Ballagh*, *Weathergage*, *Buckthorn*, *Malton*, *The Nabob*. When we add to these such

first-rate exportations as *The Bard*, *Energy*, *Silvio*, *Border Minstrel*, *Flying Fox*, and *Childwick*, it will be seen that up to the beginning of the twentieth century England has not only bred for her own Turf but has provided the best blood for every other country; including many American purchases; and this should always be remembered in any consideration of modern breeding possibilities, or in any comparison of the present day with periods before these costly exportations began.

Against the sixty-six stallions advertised for 1780, which I reproduce in the appendix from the Racing Calendar for 1779, let us put the 423 advertised stallions of 122 years later, as recorded in "Ruff's Guide" for 1901, which adds the information that, in

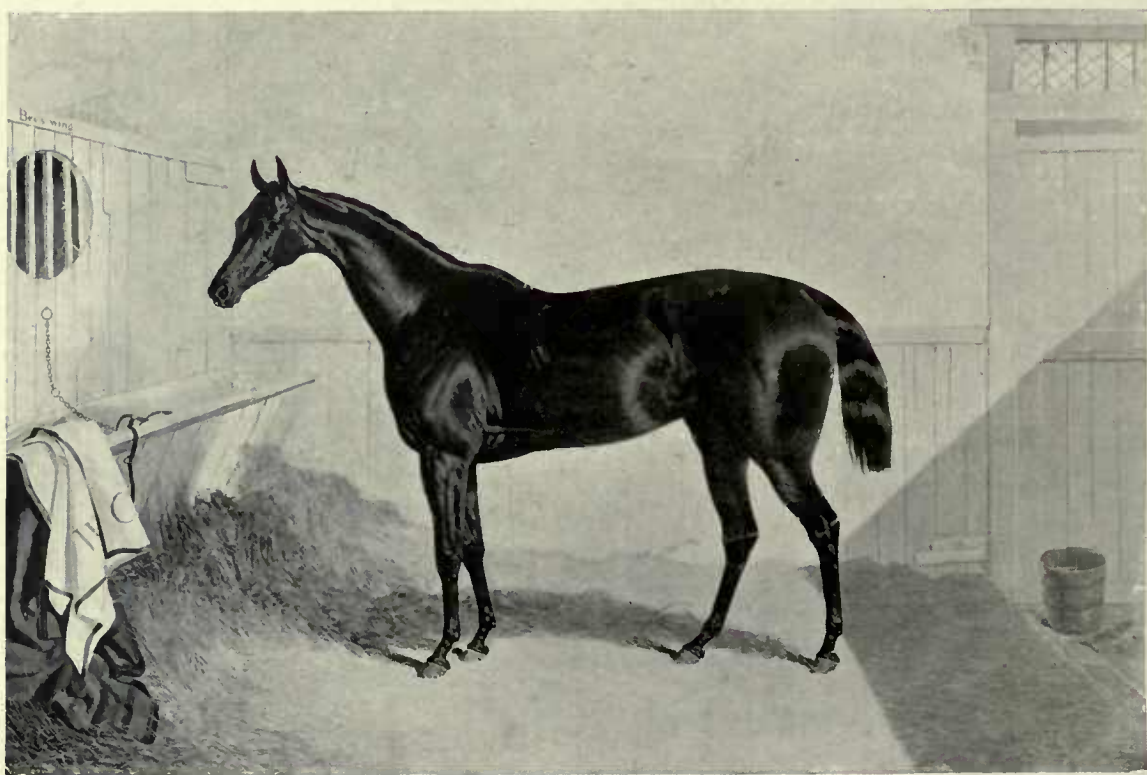
1900, 706 foals and yearlings were sold at an average price of 252 guineas, the highest figure realised being ten thousand guineas for the filly by *Persimmon* out of *Ornament*, giving a total of 178,176 guineas. It should be remembered also that *St. Simon*, in 1901, commanded the extraordinary fee of six



"Cyprian" (1833) by "Partisan."

hundred guineas, and that *Melton* and *Persimmon* brought four hundred guineas and three hundred guineas respectively. *St. Simon* not only headed the list of winning sires in 1901 with £28,769 (December 14th) to the £26,606 of *Ladas* (whose stock have only raced for three years), but one of his sons, *Florizel II.*, was third with £23,667, (the oldest of his stock being three-year-olds), and another, *St. Frusquin*, was fifth with £11,417, the fourth place being taken by *Gallinule* with £20,455. Of all the rest only *Ayrshire* reached five figures. Only seventy-three beat the £1,531 recorded by the American, *Kingston*. Only 163 out of over 400 won more than £500. In the same season it cannot be said that the three-year-olds were more than moderate, for in the list from *Highflyer*

to *Persimmon* which I gave on page 417, I cannot find a single name which will not stand higher than that of *Volodyovski*, the Derby winner of 1901. American-bred animals won the Oaks and the Cambridgeshire. The question of the four-figure yearlings may, at least, suggest the reflections that money does not always represent value, and that buyers are gradually becoming more sensible. No doubt they are beginning to realise what is meant by the "cold figures." In the first twenty-five winning stallions of 1901, for instance, only *Galopin* (now dead) came under the hammer as a yearling, and he fetched 520 guineas.



By permission of the Rt. Hon.
the Earl of Rosebery.

Mr. Ord's "Beeswing" (1833) by "Dr. Syntax."

Again, 476 yearlings have been sold for 1,000 guineas and upwards in eighteen years, and of them all *Bonavista* (chiefly owing to *Cyllen*) has alone proved a successful stallion; and it can only be to stud successes that a purchaser must look who pays a high figure for a heavily-engaged colt, and has to add to loss of interest his keep, training, and riding expenses, besides stakes and forfeits, the whole making a total which is more than likely to exceed the animal's prizes in his racing career. At Mr. Tattersall's Newmarket December sales that same year, *Longy*, for whom eight thousand guineas were refused as a two-year-old, was sold for a hundred and fifty.

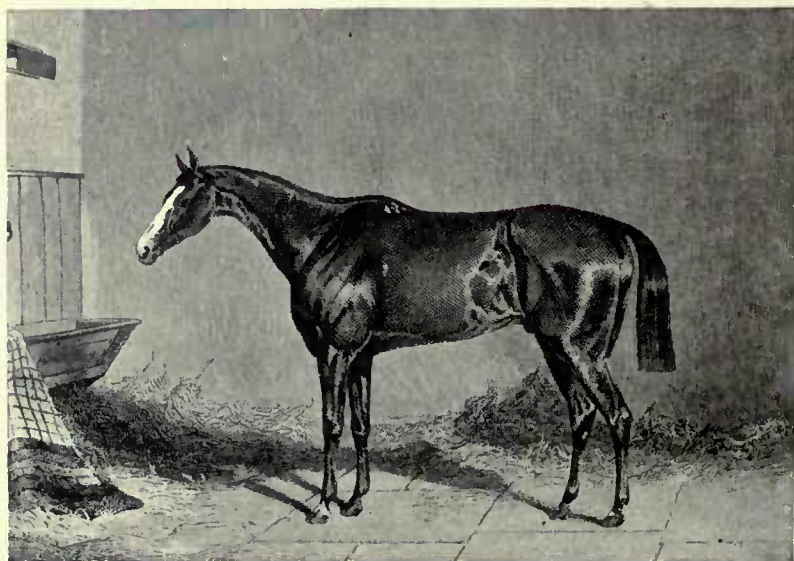
One trio of yearlings actually went for the total of seventeen pounds. Such a success as *Sceptre* is rare enough to be fairly called an exception. Yet even in her year, when *Sceptre* and *St. Maclou* between them scored £27,821, to set off against the 11,600 guineas they cost in the sale-ring, the three-year-olds of 1902, who were sold as yearlings for a total of £92,400 for 37, only won £38,744, which shows a heavy loss, though all the classic races except the Derby are included. It should also be remembered that, among these 37, eight only came to the hammer owing to



Lord Jersey's "Bay Middleton." (1833) by "Sultan."

the accident of the Duke of Westminster's decease, and though these eight won over £30,000 they did not win within £10,000 of their purchase-money. It is also worth noting in the same connection that *St. Maclou* won both the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Manchester November Handicap, and *Sceptre* herself was in training from the first of these races until after the St. Leger. Taking 1883 as the first year of the fashion for these high-priced youngsters, 476 have been sold from then to 1900 inclusive, at a cost of £859,089, which is £515,583 more than they had won in prizes up to the end of 1902.

The net result of these various considerations may shortly be summed up, from the point of view of the comparison which is my present business. The enormous number of horses now bred and raced has involved the production of an enormously greater quantity of rubbish than was ever the case before. It is not my opinion that the best have degenerated yet ; but clearly it cannot be denied that the waste of life upon the Turf is far greater than it ever was. In the season of 1900, for instance, 1,508 two-year-olds went to the post. Of the 1,433 two-year-olds which appeared in 1899, 1,186 raced as three-year-olds in 1900, without counting hurdle-races. But of the 1,055 three-year-olds of 1899 only 582 lasted out ; and



"Harkaway" (1834) by "Economist."

679 was the total of horses aged five years and upwards who competed in 1901 on the flat, a number which is curiously enough exactly half the total of the two-year-olds of 1897.

Taking 1875 as the date when company-promotions and enclosed meetings really began to influence racing, we find

that (on the same basis of calculation) only 2,098 horses in all ran in 1872, as compared with the 3,955 of 1901 ; of the 732 two-year-olds of 1871, 627 ran as three-year-olds in 1872, which gives a considerably higher proportion, though the four-year-olds show an equal if not a greater loss. Already the fatal demand for quantity at any rate, whether quality was obtained or not, had begun to show its effects. Mr. Chaplin and Sir Joseph Hawley were among the few who realised the trend of affairs. They pointed this out to the Jockey Club Stewards of the time, who were gradually losing all that control of the whole situation which we have seen them so easily acquire when they began ; they urged that it was suicidal to offer high inducements for two-year-old racing ; that if "weeds" were wanted "weeds"

would be bred, good for a short distance at a high speed in their youth, and good for nothing else; that even the best were unable to stand the strain, as was evidenced by the unparalleled mortality of young four-year-olds who can rarely be said yet to be mature; that if a man is prevented from killing his own salmon and partridge at certain seasons, or from overworking his own children before they are grown up, there is just as much reason for interfering with private rights for the public good in the matter of thoroughbreds.

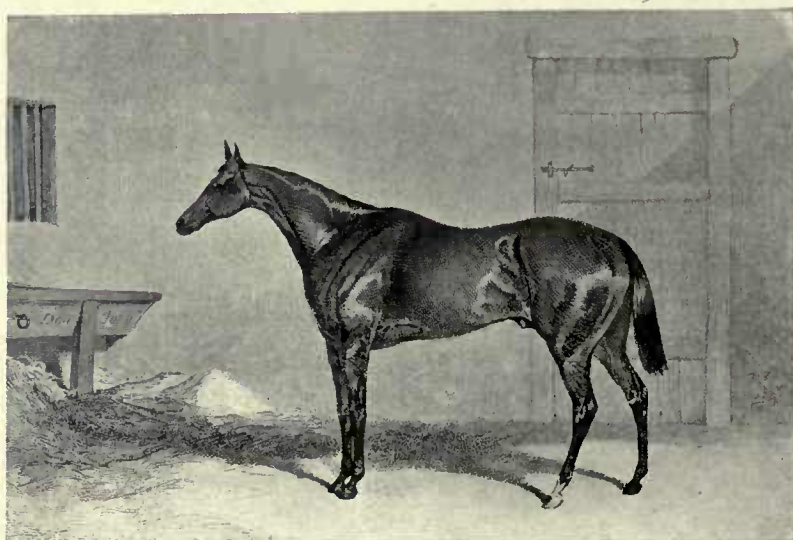
These arguments were, however, neglected. The large amount of capital invested in various racing companies exercised too strong an influence. "Gate-money" began to alter the Turf in much the same way as we have seen it alter football, a "game" which a few men are now paid for playing while thousands "take their exercise" by looking on. Unfortunately, the parallel is not complete. A few good horses will not suit the Companies. They much prefer a lot of racing with



"Mango" (1834) by "Emilius."

any kind of horse at all. They encourage breeders to race their youngsters before the gristle has fairly hardened into bone, and to breed from them while they are still little better than babies. When, on the other hand, breeders get a youngster so undoubtedly worth trying at the stud as the son of *La Flèche*, and of another Ascot Cup winner (surely an unparalleled parentage), they refuse to allow such famous blood to be handed on to posterity (as in the case of *Strongbow*), apparently owing to the success that has unfortunately attended the gelding of "difficult" animals like *Osbech*, *Epsom Lad*, or *O'Donovan Rossa*. It should be noted, too, that far more mares are put to the stud now at the age of three, and even two years old, than was ever the case before, surely just as dangerous a proceeding as the use of immature sires, and

one which can be proved to exist by any one who cares to work out the figures from the volumes of the General Stud Book. Even if we do possess the raw material as good as ever, as I believe we do, it seems to be given absolutely as small a chance as possible of useful perpetuation in the future, owing to the sport of the few having become the business of the many. The very Jockey Club itself, the guardian of the highest interests of the English thoroughbred and the English Turf, has sanctioned a prize for two-year-olds worth six thousand pounds in April. Instead of increasing the inducements to race a four-year-old and more mature animal by increasing the prizes open to him, they have gone exactly in the opposite direction by decreasing to its farthest point the possibility of a horse



"Don John" (1835) by "Tramp."

ever lasting on the Turf till he is four or five; and they have encouraged the absurdly inflated prices offered for yearlings by holding out the possibility of a speedy emolument that may put dollars into one owner's pocket, but will certainly call into existence a hundred unnecessary and

useless screws. Large prices do not invariably spell benefit to the Turf.

It must not be imagined that either in this respect or in many others, the old original Jockey Club was so very much better than its modern representative. In 1782 they actually asked two-year-olds (carrying "a feather") to run three miles at the Houghton Meeting. The practice of matching youngsters remained far more popular at Newmarket than it did in the North, though I have given my reasons in earlier pages for thinking that it was first introduced by Hutchinson and the Rev. Henry Goodricke in Yorkshire. However that may be, Sir Charles Bunbury had been eight years on the Turf, and the Jockey Club was at least eighteen years old when two-year-olds were expressly authorised to run at Newmarket in the Craven

Stakes of 1771 ; and no records of similar public performances in the North can be discovered before 1779. The truth is, no doubt, that at a time when the Turf was undergoing the greatest development it has ever known, those who were at the head of it did not quite realise what the future might bring forth, and saw no reason to restrain the exuberant spirits of such men as Fox, Barrymore, Vernon, Foley, Ladbroke, and many more, who raced as hard as they did everything, and therefore raced their two year-olds and thought no more about it. Nor have I forgotten that in days when horses took their age from May 1st the Derby was really contested by two-year-olds, "rising three," as we should say. But no excuses can be made for those on whom the mantle of Bernard Howard, of Sir Charles Bunbury, of Lord George Bentinck, of Admiral Rous, has fallen in honourable succession. They can plead neither such inexperience of organised racing, nor such extravagance in contemporary social manners. They have the lessons of a fruitful past to draw upon if they will only turn the leaves. I am not one of those who can believe that our best blood has degenerated when such sires as *St. Simon* and his sons are among us still. But I cannot be blind to the fact that gross mismanagement will spoil the best blood ever bred. No amount of "scientific breeding," and no amount of cheque-books, will compensate for wrong treatment of the animal from his birth upwards, for continued inbreeding, for ill-judged mating, or for unnatural conditions.



Lord Chesterfield's "Industry" (1835) by "Priam."

I may be allowed to remark in this connection that the only Derby winners sold as yearlings in the last three decades of the nineteenth century were *Galopin*, *Doncaster*, *Sefton*, *Shotover*, *Merry Hampton*, and *Sainfoin*, concerning the last of whom it will be considered in every way appropriate that the first lady to send

out an embryo Derby winner from her stud was her late Majesty Queen Victoria, whose pastures at Hampton Court were even more renowned as the home in their early days of *Springfield*, and of those famous sisters *Memoir* and *La Flèche*. As a matter of fact, during the period just mentioned the best strains were monopolised by the greater men of the Turf almost as much as they were in the days when Sir Charles Bunbury, Lord Grosvenor, Lord Egremont, and the Duke of Grafton won fourteen out of the first thirty-six Derbies. In 1902, though *Sceptre*, *St. Maclou*, and *Dundonald* were bought as yearlings, all the other winners were bred by their respective owners; the Derby being won by Mr. J. Gubbins with *Ard Patrick*; the three £10,000 races by Sir Richard Waldie Griffith, the Duke of Devonshire, and the



Mr. Thornhill's "Euclid" (1836) by "Emilius."

late Col. McCalmont (with *Veles*, *Cheers*, and *Rising Glass* respectively); the Ascot Cup and Alexandra Plate by the Duke of Portland's *William the Third*; the National Produce Stakes by Mr. Arthur James's *Rabelais*; the Middle Park Plate by Sir Daniel Cooper's *Flotsam*; the Coventry

and Champagne Stakes and the Dewhurst Plate with *Rock Sand*; and in the list of winning owners which was headed by Sir John Blundell Maple in 1901, this gentleman was only just beaten for second place by the late Colonel H. McCalmont.

It is not, perhaps, without significance that the occasion on which the most sensible Turf reforms have in late years been suggested has been the annual dinner of the York Race Committee and the brethren of the Ancient Fraternity of York Gimcracks. The very name of the animal from whom the Club is named seems to suggest the wisdom of considering whether we have really learnt the lesson of the days when *Gimcrack* raced. At the one-hundred-and-thirtieth dinner some suggestions were made by the Rt. Hon. James Lowther, M.P., and by the famous trainer, John

Porter, which have an intimate bearing on the subject I am just discussing. They were speaking in a year when no such record price for a yearling as the 10,000 guineas paid for *Sceptre* had been seen. Yet Mr. Musker purchased a filly by *St. Simon* out of *Bonnie Morn* for 5,300 guineas, and another by *Ladas* out of *La Flèche* for 5,200 guineas; a *Persimmon* filly (out of *Cassimere*) was bought by Lord Howard de Walden for 2,300 guineas, and two more of the same sire's produce reached the same figure, which brought the average of the King's famous horse up to 1,672 guineas for five yearlings, a result only beaten by the average of 2,143 guineas for four (one of which fetched only forty) shown by his own sire *St. Simon*.

In 1900 it was the Eaton stud which produced such fabulous figures, of which the most extraordinary was perhaps the 5,500 guineas paid for *Sandflake*, in one direction, and the 30,420 guineas paid for ten of *Orme's* descendants, in another. It should be added that 1900 was not only remarkable for the 10,000 guineas, paid



"Bloomsbury" (1836) by "Mulatto."

by Mr. Sievier, for *Sceptre* by *Persimmon* out of *Ornament*. *Cupbearer*, by *Orme* out of *Kissing Cup*, fetched 9,100; *Flying Lemur*, by *Orme* out of *Vampire*, brought 5,700; and *Duke of Westminster* only a little less.

No doubt it was with such figures as these in his mind that John Porter proposed to the assembled Gimcrack Club in December, 1901, that the views he had already published concerning two-year-old racing deserved careful and immediate consideration. He urged that it would be much better for the animal if two-year-old racing began on June 1st instead of March 25th, because the recent reduction in the value of their races between those dates had not proved a sufficient reform. At least the better class of two-year-olds ought to be in some way prevented from racing so

early, and the gamblers who would race anything as soon as possible might, perhaps, be checked by the enactment that all two-year-old races between March 26th and June 1st should be selling races. In France, where the two-year-old is given until August 1st, it is certainly true that more older horses were running than was the case in the season of 1901 on the English Turf. When we have seen such horses as *Common* (who made his first appearance as a three-year-old) and *Flying Fox*, sent to the stud before they have been given a chance of showing what their four-year-old racing form was really like, we perhaps get at one reason for this.

Mr. Porter did not make the mistake of preaching what he did not practise.



"*Charles XII.*" (1836) by "*Voltaire.*"

His youngsters are rarely seen before Ascot, with the result that the Kingsclere two-year-olds very seldom miss their two full seasons on the Turf. I have mentioned *Common* already. *Ormonde* did not appear till the second October week. But in a country where racing is made so much more of a business than is ever likely to be

the case in France, Mr. Porter's reform is certain to meet with extended opposition from the majority who care more for their banking account than for the animals who help to swell it. They point to the smaller programmes that would no doubt be necessitated at first by the absence of the two-year-olds during the ten weeks affected by the suggested legislation. They have no patience to wait until by the operation of this very reform the numbers of four and five-year-olds in training at the beginning of each season would more than compensate for the youngsters who are now run off their legs too soon. Excellence is not a matter of totals, either in entries or in cash, otherwise it might be pointed out that nearly £480,000 was run for in prizes in 1901, by the largest number of horses ever known, viz.,

3,957, as compared with 2,105 in 1890, and 2,569 in 1870, when hunters' flat races were included in the returns. Mr. Porter's, I fear, was a voice crying in the wilderness, and for some time longer his sound views on the two-year-old are as unlikely to become popular as his equally correct opinions on breeding. "Audax" has frequently advised, in "Horse and Hound," that no two-year-old should be allowed to race more than half a mile before June 1st, as this short distance would not be likely to hurt a backward youngster. Certainly, in the days to which he thus desires to revert, there were such cracks racing for half a mile as (in 1866, for instance) *Achievement*, *Hermit*, and *The Rake*, who all came out before the 1st of May. But the subject is slightly too controversial, on the whole, for these pages.

The publication of the entries for 1902 was noticeable for the fact that His Majesty the King was represented in the Gold Cup at Ascot, the Newmarket Meetings, and the Grand National, and the year was made memorable as early



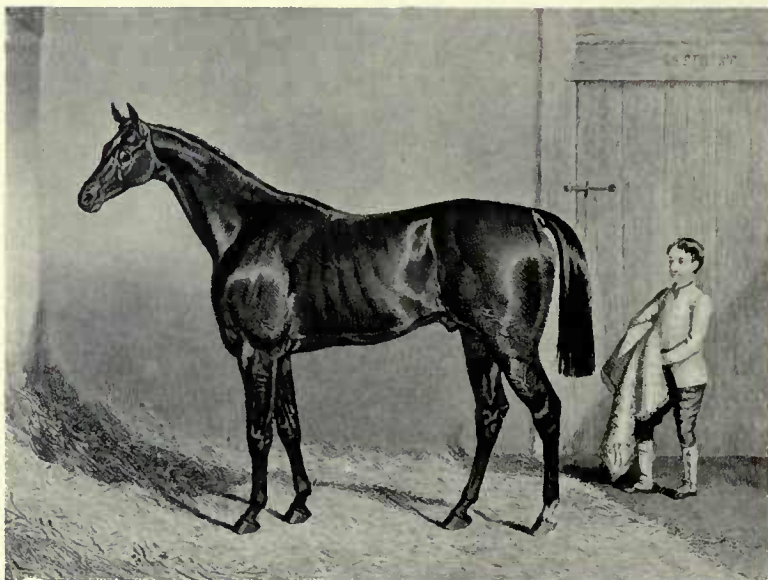
"Coronation" (1838) by 'Sir Hercules.'

as March by the first victory won by a monarch of these realms for sixty years upon the English Turf, when *Ambush II.* won for King Edward VII. in the Stand Steeplechase at Kempton Park. An accident put that good horse out of the running for the Grand National, but his name will always be connected with the successful return to the Turf of the sovereign who had made so brilliant a record there when he was Prince of Wales.

But the most interesting, if not sensational, occurrences of 1902 centred round Mr. Sievier's flying filly *Sceptre*, whose purchase as a yearling at record price has already been mentioned. As an example of private and amateur training by her owner she would deserve mention in this place, entirely apart from performances

which put her on a level with any filly that ever raced. Her record as a three-year-old has never been surpassed, and only approached by *Formosa*, who also won the One Thousand, Oaks, and Leger, but only ran a dead-heat for the Two Thousand, with *Moslem*, who afterwards proved to be a very inferior horse.

Sceptre's owner, though he had been racing for many years, had only quite recently been identified with stable management and training. At the late Duke of Westminster's sale of yearlings he bought *Sceptre* for 10,000 guineas, and *Duke of Westminster* for 5,400 guineas, the latter of whom he sold for 21,000 guineas after winning a couple of races worth about £3,000. As two-year-olds the



*The Marquis of Westminster's
"Satirist" (1838) by "Pantaloan."*

pair were trained by Charles Morton; but after a short interval in charge of an American named Davis, *Sceptre* passed entirely into her owner's keeping, and turned out far the best of her year. Of course she was a wonderful filly to begin with, but no trainer can do anything with a poor horse, and to have been so successful

with one of the high-spirited *St. Simon* blood would be a rare feather in the cap of the most experienced. Her breeding was of the best, as may be seen from her pedigree in the appendix.

Sceptre's successes brought Mr. Sievier's name to the top of the list of winning owners, and of trainers too, as far as the value of the stakes is concerned; for he only began the season with fifteen horses in training, and won ten races (worth £23,686) with five animals. R. Marsh, of Egerton House, with sixty-seven horses in training, produced fourteen winners, with £21,997 for their ten races. W. Waugh, of Falmouth House, who was first in 1901, fell to fifth in 1902, for though he got thirty winners out of his forty-seven horses, the sixty seven races they secured were

only worth £17,912, or some £300 more than the twenty-four races scored by the fourteen winners produced from John Porter's stable of sixty-two. *Sceptre* was also responsible for putting *Persimmon* at the head of the winning stallions of 1902, a service to the English Turf which more than compensated his Royal owner for only winning two races worth £1,514 during the same year. The King's magnificent stallion produced eight winners (none older than three years) of sixteen races worth £36,810, and this just sufficed to beat his wonderful sire *St. Simon's* record of £36,621, for forty-five victories, by nineteen of his sons and daughters. The late Colonel McCalmont's *Isinglass* came third with £27,826, and the fourth sire, *Carbine*, once more proved the wisdom of

the Duke of Portland in bringing back to England the staunch *Musket* blood that had been fertilised in Australasia. Two more of *St. Simon's* sons, *St. Irusquin* and *St. Florian* (now dead), were seventh and eighth respectively in the same list; and, if we judge sires by the success of their daughters as brood-



"Our Nell" (1839)

mares, *St. Simon* again gets ahead of *Springfield*, *Galopin*, *Wisdom*, *Archiduc*, *Hampton*, *Robert the Devil*, *Isonomy*, and *Melton*, and only yields in pride of place to *Bend Or* who, as the sire of *Ornament*, *Sceptre's* dam, was superior in this direction to any other stallion in 1902.

It will therefore be seen that *Sceptre's* pedigree is interesting not only because of the direct descent of *Persimmon* in the male line through *Galopin* to *Voltigeur*, but also because *St. Simon's* son was mated to a daughter of *Bend Or*, the grandson of *Stockwell*; but a certain school of breeders has arisen which would prefer to emphasize the fact that through *Ornament*, *Sceptre* goes back to *Lily Agnes*, and finally to a "tap-root," or "original mare," which had not produced a classic winner in the female line before



By permission of the Duke of Westminster.

"Ghuznee" (1838) by "Pantaloons."

Major Brice bred *St. Gatien*. *Sceptre*, in fact, they would say, belongs to an "outside family," just as *Barcaldine*, *Ormonde*, or *Isonomy* did, and if the advice of these critics had been followed by breeders, the mating which produced *Sceptre*, *Ormonde*, *Barcaldine*, *St. Gatien*, and *Isonomy* (to name no other instances), would not have taken place; the "best breeding" would, in fact, have been limited to the descendants of a comparatively few original mares. Even apart from such a test of results as this, it does not seem, at first sight, as if the limitation in breeding introduced by the "Figure System" were a good thing. And though it is with reluctance that I criticise a theory put forward with the express and laudable desire of benefiting English thoroughbred stock, I must also say that a consideration of *Sceptre's* record, and of the facts set forth in my eleventh and twelfth chapters must weaken the faith of some racing men in the deductions of Mr. Bruce Lowe and Mr. William Allison, though nothing can lessen the interest of the facts



"Nutwith" (1840).

which they have so industriously gathered and presented to the public in their famous "Figure System." If these gentlemen are correct, their explanation of the excellence of certain families to-day must also be the explanation of the excellence of the ancestors of those families fifty or even a hundred years ago. Yet I question very much whether the Duke of Grafton, Lord Jersey, or Lord Egremont (to quote only from those names Mr. Lowe quoted) ever traced a pedigree back to its "tap-root" in the female line; or, if they did, whether they ever paid more attention to female descent than to lineage in tail-male; or, finally, if they paid attention to female descent at all, whether they considered the first dam, or tap-root only, without troubling about the rest. It is, of course, a merely mathematical

axiom that our modern pedigrees are far more complicated than those which had to be considered by breeders in 1790, and from the multiplicity of branches in the family tree of every racehorse on the Turf to-day, I should imagine that a skilful calculator might either establish or refute any theory presented to him that was based on mares alone. If he studied descent in tail-male alone, however, he would find it impossible to deny that the stock of *Eclipse* (or of the *Darley Arabian*) had immeasurably outlasted those of his two great rivals in the male lines. But the difficulty of concentrating all the virtues of high descent upon the first dam may be seen not merely in such an involved pedigree as that of *Minting*, but in the comparatively simple breeding of a horse of 1789 like *Whiskey*, who has a dozen different Eastern ancestresses, or *Whalebone* (1807), who was bred by the Duke of Grafton, not so much, if Mr. Bruce Lowe and Mr. Allison be correct, for the sake of the *Eclipse* descent of *Waxy*, with both *Herod* and *Snap* blood returned by *Penelope*, as for the sake of one particular matron who was picked out of ten Royal mares, six unknown mares, four strains of *Tregonwell's Natural Barb Mare*, four of the *Layton Barb Mare*, three of the *Old Vintner Mare*, and one each from the *Byerly Turk Bustler Mare*, *Thwaites' Dun Mare*, *Old Woodcock*, the *Old Pied Mare*, and a *Godolphin Mare*.

Are we to believe that the Duke was simply trying (in all these alternatives) to get from the blood of *Tregonwell's Natural Barb Mare* those qualities which he would have noticed (on the same hypothesis) that her blood had conferred on *Goldfinder*, *Woodpecker*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Dædalus*, *Waxy Pope*, and *Scud*? Was that his real reason for mating *Matchem's* great-granddaughter with *Eclipse's* son? I fancy that in the more than a hundred years which had elapsed since the death of the famous Barb matron, His Grace had seen other causes at work which weighed more seriously with him than her personality; and, if so, how much more complicated had those causes become in those other descendants of hers in the female line, *The Lambkin*, *Ladas*, *Canterbury Pilgrim*, or *Chelandry*? Or take the case of *Sceptre's* sire, *Persimmon*, in order to reverse the process of argument for a moment. Of the thirty-two strains of original mares to which he can be traced, twelve are the *Burton Barb Mare*, seven are "*Royal Mares*," four are the *Tregonwell Natural Barb Mare*, two from the *Byerly Turk Bustler Mare*. Yet Mr. Allison attributes his excellence to none of these, but to *D'Arcy's Blacklegged Royal Mare*, because, though he inherits but a single strain of her, yet she is his "first dam," or "tap-root." Even taking the order in which Mr. Lowe and Mr. Allison arrange the value of their original matrons, we find that of the originals to which *Persimmon* can be traced the *Burton Barb Mare*



From the original painting.

Sir Tatton Sykes (1843)
By permission of the Earl of Rosebery.



(12 strains) is placed second, the *Tregonwell Natural Barb Mare* (4 strains) is placed first. Yet these authors wish us to believe that *Persimmon* is what he is because of his one strain of the *D'Arcy Blacklegged Royal Mare*, whom they place seventh in order of value. But this is not all, for animals so differently bred as *West Australian*, *Donovan*, and *Flying Fox*, can also be traced back to the same tap-root as *Persimmon*, so that Mr. Allison would have us believe that this same *Blacklegged Royal Mare* has (for instance) influenced the line which goes from *Blacklock* to *Voltaire*, to *Voltigeur*, to *Vedette*, to *Galopin*, to *St. Simon*, and to *Persimmon*, as much as the line from *Comus* to *Humphrey Clinker*, to *Melbourne* and to *West Australian*; apart from the further hypothesis that in the

breeding of *Perdita II.* the *Blacklegged Royal Mare* had more influence than *Touchstone*, *Newminster*, *Lord Clifden*, or *Hampton*. Surely it is putting too high a value on a single female strain to suppose that its influence is paramount (after a good deal more than two centuries) over such strong and such



"Blue Bonnet" (1839) by "Touchstone."

varied combinations of male influences, and in days when the conditions of breeding and racing are entirely different to those enjoyed by the original ancestress thus selected.

And lastly let me turn to an example taken from the other end of Mr. Allison's list of matrons. I have quoted the first six or seven, and I will now look at No. 38, *Thwaites' Dun Mare*. She, I find, is the tap-root of *Pot8os*, whose fortunes and family (in tail-male) we have followed in previous pages. He was supposed, let me repeat it, to be the best horse of the eighteenth century, by competent judges. Whatever their opinion may be worth, we have the facts of his own record and of his produce to guide us. Taking horses of

about his own time, we find that *Goldfinder* and *Woodpecker* are traced back (on the figure system) to a matron of so much higher value that she is 37 places ahead of the tap-root of *Pot8os*, first on the list, in fact; *Phenomenon's* ancestress is 36 ahead; *Paymaster's* and *Justice's* 35; *Wildair's*, *Sweet William's* and *Plunder's*, 34; *Trentham's* and *Florizel's*, 33; and the list might be similarly analysed all through the years when *Pot8os* was alive. Now if these original mares were really the sources of excellence in various racers, it is clear that the strength of their influence would be felt more strongly before other conflicting strains of blood had been at work than in later years when the original strain would have to work through many complicated channels. We should, in fact—all theories apart—have expected that any ancestress which could count *Pot8os* in her direct line, would, if she had been responsible for his excellence, have gone on producing sires or winners. Yet we can only find one winner of the Derby to her name, *Sir Thomas* (1788), and no more sires at all, from that day to this. If, on the other hand, it is to the daughter of *Massy's Black Barb* that we are to put down the excellence of *Gladiator* (1862), or of *Gaithe More* (1894), how are we to explain the fact that when her influence was far purer upon her descendants she never produced a Derby winner before 1807 (*Election*) or a St. Leger before 1801 (*Quiz*), and this in spite of the fact that, if Mr. Allison is right, her merit in a list of fifty is as the fifth to the thirty-eighth (*Pot8os*)? Mr. Allison says, and very possibly with complete accuracy, that a family takes a long time to establish its female line, but that once established that line is firm. This may be urged to account for the advance from the *Paymaster* of 1766 to the *Isinglass* of 1890, in the family of the dam of the two *True Blues*; but if so, it can scarcely be urged also as an explanation of the lonely splendour of *Pot8os* and *Sir Thomas* in the family of *Thwaites' Dun Mare*. Another thing also stands in need of explanation. If we accept the very large assumption that it is to these original mares rather than to any male influence that our modern thoroughbreds owe their excellence, how is it that that excellence is not as much attributed (in Family No. 1, for instance) to *Promise*, *Prunella*, *Penelope*, *Clementina*, *Prairie Bird*, *Queen Bertha* and the rest, as to any male interlopers. And if in Family No. 2 there occur such mighty matrons as *Crucifix*, *Hermione*, or *Martha Lynn*, why are they subordinated in value to the *Burton Barb Mare*? Was it really more to the dam of the two *True Blues* than to *Pocahontas* that we owed *Stockwell* or *King Tom*?

I have quoted already so many of the interesting statistics which form a part of Mr. Allison's elaboration of Mr. Bruce Lowe's system, that I shall not be suspected

of any depreciation either of the knowledge or of the industry of these gentlemen. Mr. Allison has certainly established that, other things being equal, a mare of a good family is better than a mare of a bad family. But this doctrine has been acted upon for a long while already, and I cannot see that any grounds have been furnished for elaborating a further advance upon the interesting statistics Mr. Allison has collected, statistics which seem to me to have a value entirely independent of the Figure System—or any other system which may be founded upon them; and it is in a purely independent manner that they have been used in this book.



The Duke of Schleswig-Holstein's "Zampa"

CHAPTER XVII.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK AND THE EVOLUTION OF THE MODERN TURF.

"Censor Morum Castigatorque."

*"What though no Dinner Stakes e'er greet the sight,
 Nor Port nor Claret thirsty souls invite;
 What though no Garden stakes can boast their reign,
 Nor ancient Oatlands spread their rich domain!
 Can these alone a trueborn sportsman fire—
 These only fan an Englishman's desire?
 Not so. The glory of the Whip shall last,
 If I may judge the future by the past,
 While grow on land Pot8os, Sharks on seas,
 While Drones give trouble to the lab'ring bees,
 While Creepers spread, while smiths the Anvil raise,
 And in each sign St. George the Dragon slays,
 While lives in Egypt's variable story
 The Sultan's, Mameluke's or Memnon's glory!"*

THE writer of this punning epitaph on various defunct races, buoyed up, as he undoubtedly was, by the thought of the many sires and winners he knew, would have been very much surprised if he could have seen the future which he proposed to "judge by the past." The period of extraordinary development which is associated with the name of Sir Charles Bunbury and his friends, produced, as was inevitable, a few of those evils which are the necessary concomitants of abnormal growth. If the Turf was to become a national institution those evils had to be checked by one who was conversant with their growth—no faddist, but a man made strong by knowledge, and a man whose position would give him wide authority in other spheres than those of racing. Lord George Bentinck was the man for the occasion. He effected one of the revolutions in Turf procedure, which has since

changed its whole conduct, when he vanned *Elis* to Doncaster, a revolution which can only be paralleled by that created through the rise of telegraphy and the daily press. But his reforms were even more important, for if the rascality he checked had been allowed to flourish the grave of the English Thoroughbred might have been dug forthwith. That outburst of the worst forms of villainy was only a natural disease through which the racing body politic had to pass in its progress towards maturity. Accidental symptoms of a similar nature occur in that body at all ages, just as they must do in any healthy organic growth. But those critics who think they are peculiarly encouraged by racing are mistaken. Faddist legislators may be surprised to learn that their agitation at the present time, however excellent may be their motives, would, in its results, be exactly on a par with the schemes of those scoundrels who brought thirty-four "*Qui Tam*" actions between July 1 and December 31, 1843, against Lord George Bentinck, Mr. Bowes, Mr. Crockford, Colonel Peel, Mr. Charles Greville, Mr. Henry Hill, the Earl of Eglinton, Sir William H. Gregory, Mr. John Gully, Mr. Peter Cloves, Mr. Henry Justice, Mr. John Baily, and Mr. John Greatrex. If these actions had succeeded the Turf would have received a blow from which it would never have recovered. They were only brought as a deliberate piece of revenge upon Lord George for excluding scoundrels from Goodwood first, and then from all courses under the control of the Jockey Club. After their defeat the Duke of Richmond brought the "Manly Sports Bill" before the House of Lords in February, 1844, and the position of Lord George Bentinck as "Dictator of the Turf" became even more assured than it had been before, for he had some time previously given promise of becoming what he undoubtedly was, the most remarkable racing man of his century. His actual successes would not alone have entitled him to this distinction, for, like the years of his predominance, they were fewer than those of many of his contemporaries. It was from 1830 to 1846 that his influence was especially felt, and before more fully characterising that particular period it may be well to bring the thread of our history up to 1830, and to supply those omissions in it which the tale of the jockeys in the last few pages have still left in my narrative.

The value to the historian of such fixtures as the St. Leger, Oaks, and Derby is that at least from 1776 it becomes possible to find definite records of the best three-year-olds, and often to learn more about them, both from the pen of the chronicler and the brush of the artist, than might have been possible had not these classic struggles lent a lustre to their names. There were, of course, fine animals "outside

the classics " a hundred years ago, just as there are now ; but they in turn become conspicuous by this very absence, and I have chosen a few of the most prominent animals in the first few decades of the nineteenth century for illustration in these pages, without confining myself to these races, but largely guided by their results and by my desire rather to reproduce typical instances than to fill my pages merely with portraits that are well known already.

One of the great " four-milers " of those early days was Earl FitzWilliam's *Orville*



By permission of His Majesty the King
and H.R.H. Prince Christian.

"Orville" (1799) by "Beningbrough."

by *Beningbrough*. He stood over 16 hands, and evidently so impressed H. B. Chalon with his size that that artist has exaggerated his proportions in the painting I reproduce from Cumberland Lodge, by the kind permission of His Majesty the King and the courtesy of Prince Christian. In the St. Leger of 1802 he took the lead at the start, was never headed, and won easily. His courage and wind were inexhaustible, and, in 1807, when eight years old, he won all seven races for which he was entered. This was Lord FitzWilliam's second St. Leger and young John Singleton's first and last, for the jockey died three months later. One of *Orville's*



Mr. Udny's "Emilius" (1820) by "Orville."

sons, *Emilius*, won the Derby of 1823, and became the sire of *Plenipotentiary* and other good ones. His get were all so good-looking that *Recovery* was chosen as a model for the old monument to the Duke of Wellington. As a typical mare of the same period I have reproduced *Miss Coiner*.

Colonel Mellish won his second consecutive St. Leger in 1805 with that capital bay colt *Staveley* by *Shuttle*, and, as was only to be expected with such an owner, the betting was terrific. The popular colonel had won the year before with *Sancho*, who beat Lord Darlington's *Pavilion* (by *Waxy*) in 1805, another of Chalon's tall horses, painted, with Chifney up, in the picture from which I reproduce W. Ward's engraving. If only the gallant hussar had left the dicebox alone his career throughout would have been as successful and as honourable as it was upon the Turf. The son of the Squire of Blyth, near Doncaster, with a large mansion and noble estate, young Mellish entered upon life with more than usual promise. His reputation for scholarship extended beyond his school career, and soon after he had



"Recovery" (1827) by 'Emilius.'

entered the Prince of Wales's Own he made his mark in many different directions. He was a fine whip and a splendid rider across country. Tom Cribb thought that when trained he was the best man of his weight in the ring. As a handicapper of horses he was unsurpassed, and it was, therefore, very appropriate that it was Colonel Mellish's *Eagle* (by *Volunteer*) which first inspired in his great successor, Admiral Rous, that passion for the thoroughbred which ended only with his death in 1877. He went out to the Peninsula as aide-de-camp to Sir Rowland Ferguson, and was recognised by a general as having been "in the cockpit at York" only a month before. For all that, he was given the imperishable reputation of having



Col. Mellish's 'Staveley' (1802) by "Shuttle."

proved himself "one of the best officers in the Service," by no less a personage than the Duke of Wellington himself. That race with *Pavilion* was for three thousand guineas a side, at Lewes, over a four-mile course, and so heavily was Mellish engaged that he went up to the Regent's carriage on the course and merrily asked, "Which of you will

engage me for his coachman if I am beaten?" But he was worth a hundred Sir John Lades. After losing all his own money he married well enough to settle down quietly on a farm at Hodsack Priory, not far from the Yorkshire acres that had once been his. But he died before he was forty-five, and the table on which he played Hazard with the Prince on that last night at Blyth is preserved at Doncaster to this day. There is probably only one other piece of furniture that has seen such games, and that is at St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey, where you may still wander in the rooms where Charles James Fox was just as happy when he lost as when he won.

The name of Mellish is one of the most romantic memories in a race that, to my

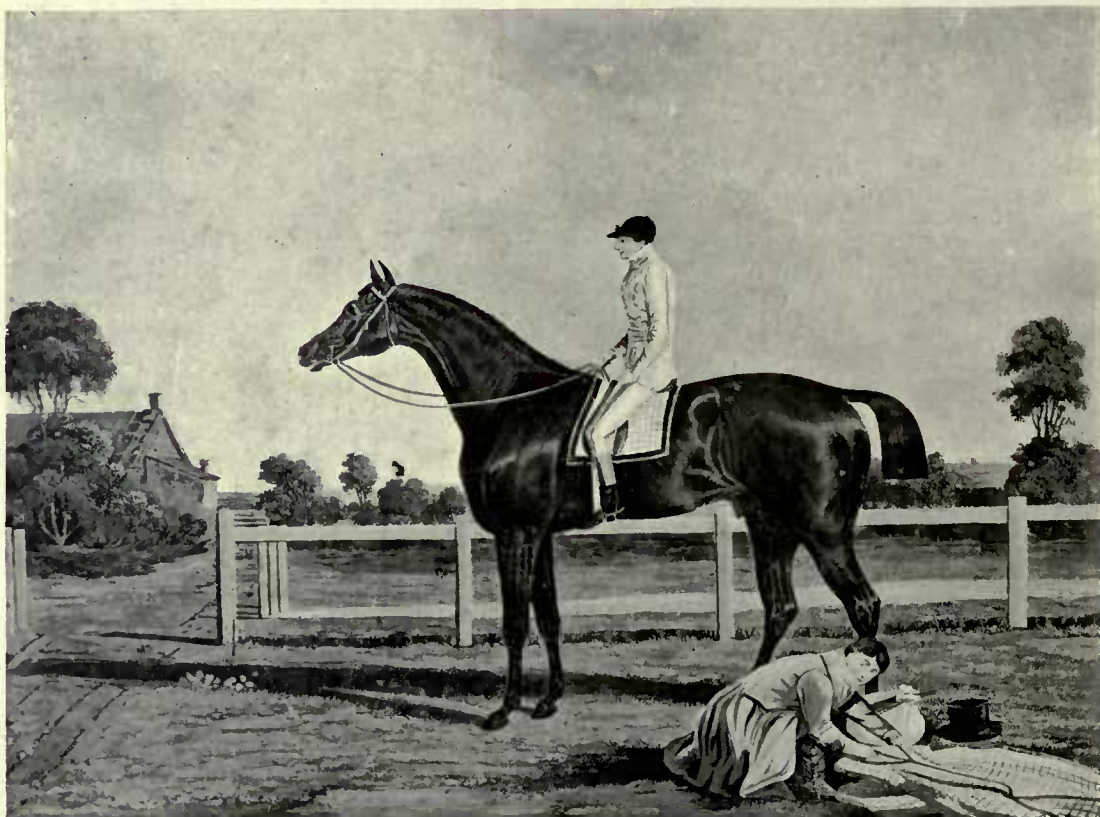
mind, has more varied and more picturesque associations than any other on the Turf. The very beginning of the St. Leger, before it was named, took place at a time that was full of portents and omens to the greater and the less. Lord North had just got news that the New York colonists were melting down the statue of George III., upon their Bowling Green, into bullets, a new dock had just been opened at Hull, when the first Yorkshire roar at a St. Leger winner swelled into what Byron called the "earthquake shout of victory." The very name the race obtained



"Ebor" (1814) by "Orville."

goes back to the foundations of our history. For handsome Jack St. Leger did not bear the motto "Haut et Bon" for nothing. It was with arms and hand resting on a St. Leger that William the Conqueror stepped ashore at Bulverhythe near Hastings, and gave the lands of Ulcombe in Kent to that stout comrade as his guerdon. A Thomas St. Leger married Anne, sister of Edward IV., and widow of the Duke of Exeter. One branch of the family through Lord Lieutenant Anthony, goes to the Donerailes; another to the Dukes of Rutland. Lord Rockingham could scarce have made better choice.

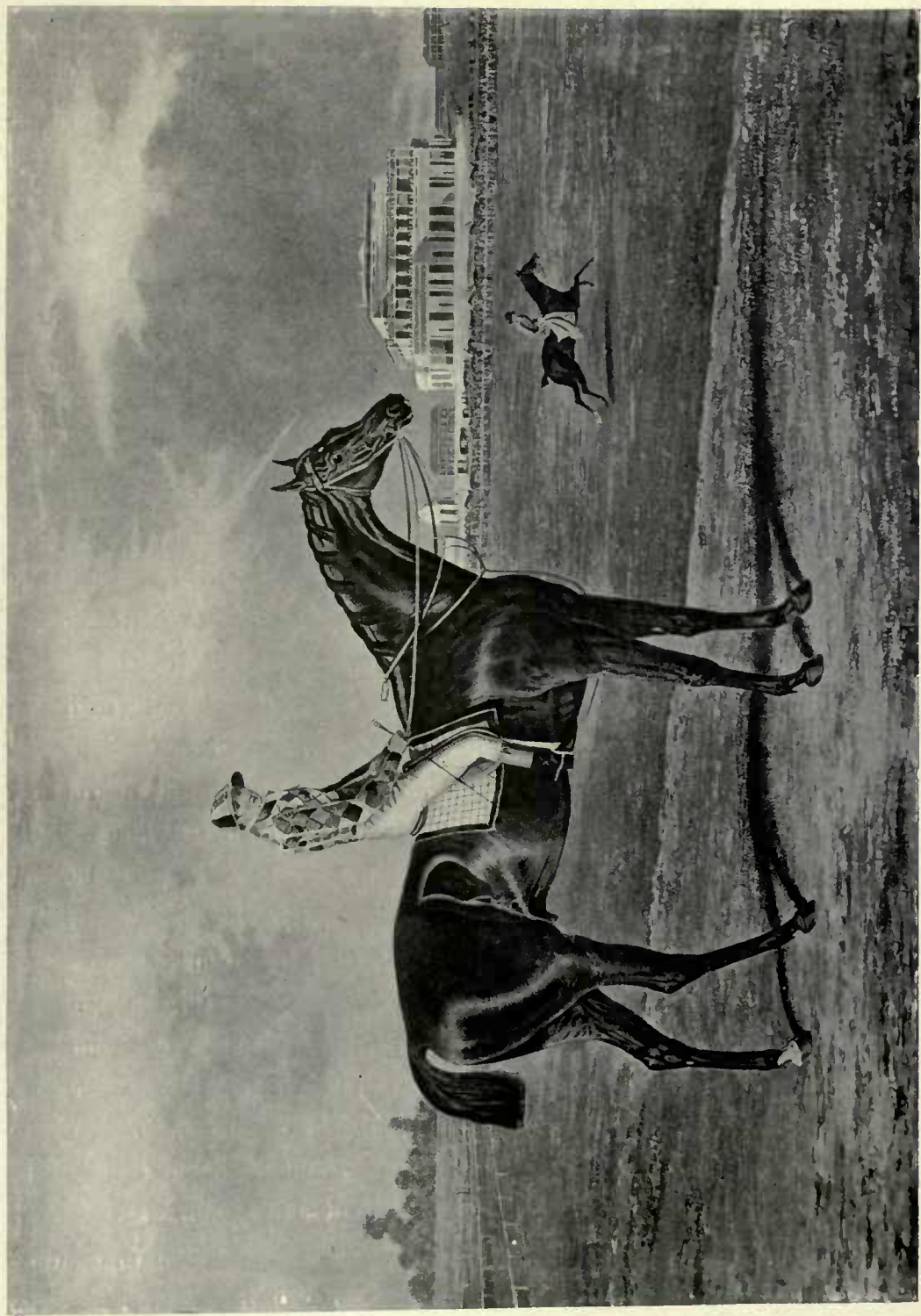
By 1818, the year when *Hambletonian* died, the long peace that followed Waterloo sent many more people to the Turf than had ever gone racing before ; and the ranks of Dandies, Exquisites, and Ruffians who met at Tattersall's as at a club, were swelled by the numbers of sportsmen who had been out at the front, a state of things very much like that noticeable in 1902 and 1903 after a much larger army had come back from South Africa. In 1818, Mr. Thornhill, of the famous Riddlesworth stud, was a prominent figure. He won the Derby of 1818 and 1820, and the Oaks of 1819, and



"Reveller" (1815) by "Comus."

the blood he preferred was *Whisker*, *Merlin* and *Orville*. The son of the original "Old Tattersall" had died in January, 1810, but Mr. R. Tattersall and his brothers had succeeded to the business and his voice, and the sharp knock of his hammer was to be heard above all the din and bustle. In 1817 there was an especially vivacious meeting which deserves more particular mention, for it was caused by the downfall of a mighty champion

One of *Orville's* sons, Mr. Peirse's *Ebor*, won the St. Leger of 1817, and beat the mighty *Blacklock* by half a neck, "wide of all the rest," when John Jackson was



Mr. Watt's "Memnon" (1822) by "Whisker."

actually pulling Mr. Watts' great bay back to his horses. Tommy Sykes, standing at the distance, settled *Blacklock's* chances, for what should have been an easy victory, by shouting, as soon as he saw the three lengths lead, "Pull till 'em, John, pull till 'em, thou hast it all thy own way"; but unluckily Johnson heard as well, and so just caught the winner on the post. *Blacklock* is perhaps as glaring an instance as any of the best horses in the field not having his name recorded on that special roll of fame; but he made up for it nobly afterwards. It is through his son *Voltaire* that he is the direct ancestor of *St. Simon*, and *Persimmon*, a line of blood that is worth more than many personal victories.

Other instances of good horses of that time, who are none the worse for similar

omissions, are Sir Charles Bunbury's undefeated black, *Thunderbolt*, by *Sorcerer*, who only ran twice owing to a broken fetlock; and Mr. Peirse's *Rosette*, of whom there is a good engraving by Ward with John Shepherd in the saddle. Her son *Reveller*, by *Comus*, another of Mr. Peirse's, won the St. Leger of 1818, the same owner's



"Barefoot" (1820) by "Tramp."

Ranter (another *Comus* colt) coming in second after making the running at the start. This was not only a second consecutive win for the same owner, but also for the same jockey, and the first three horses were all sons of *Comus* (*The Marshal* was a grey) and all trained by W. Peirse. *Reveller* had a fine record afterwards, his most famous races being his second victory for the Gold Cup, at Lancaster, and his defeat of the famous *Dr. Syntax* for the Preston Cup, which that wonderful horse had won for seven years off the reel. Like that of *Rosette* and *Blacklock*, the name of *Rubens* does not appear in the St. Leger list, but this fine son of *Buzzard*, own brother to *Castrel* and *Selim*, won the Craven Stakes of 1810, and was one of the best horses Lord Darlington ever bought from the Prince of Wales. *Pericles*,

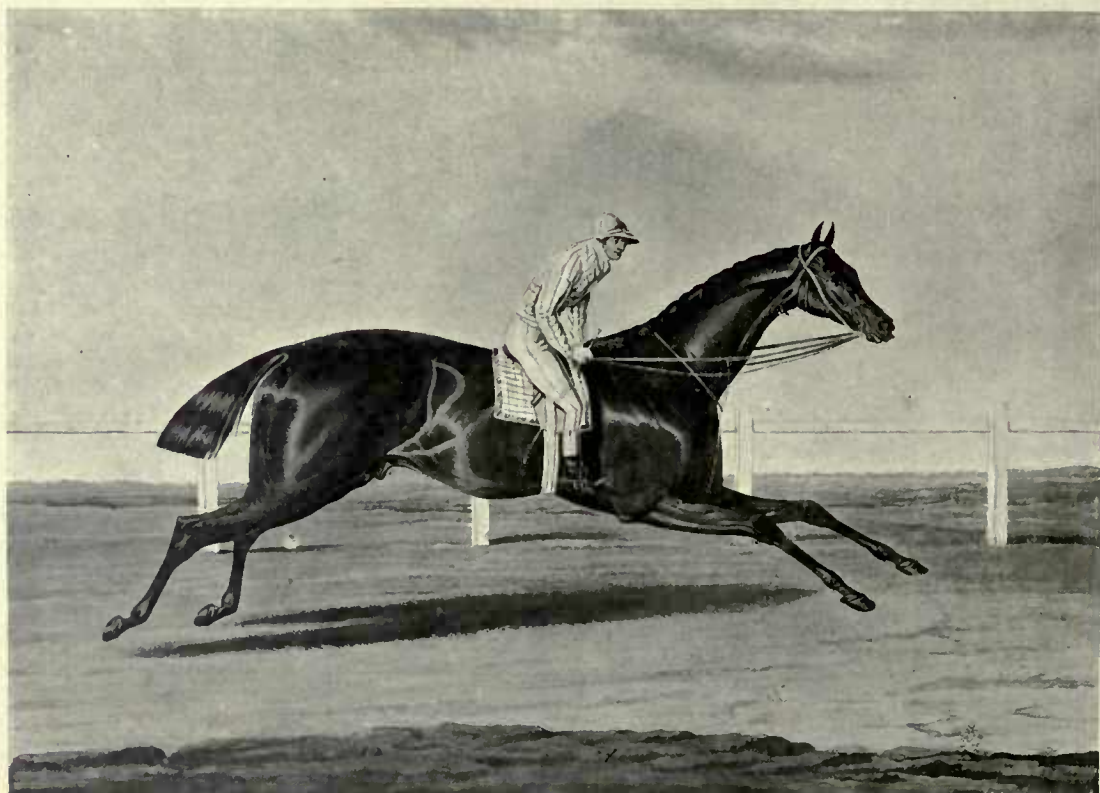
too, by *Evander*, was a grandson of *Precipitate*, and was immortalised by Ben Marshall for winning the Gold Cup at Stanford (4 miles), and walking over for the Whip. The Duke of Grafton's *Partisan*, though good as a four-year old, was more famous a sire, as might have been expected from a bright bay son of *Walton* out of *Parasol* by *Pot8os*. *Anticipation* proved the value of the *Hambletonian* blood (he was out of *Hyale* by *Phenomenon*) by winning the Ascot Gold Cup in 1816 and 1819. *Fleur de Lis*, a bay daughter of *Bourbon* by *Sorcerer*, was one of the best mares Sir Matthew



"Jerry" (1821) by "Smolensko."

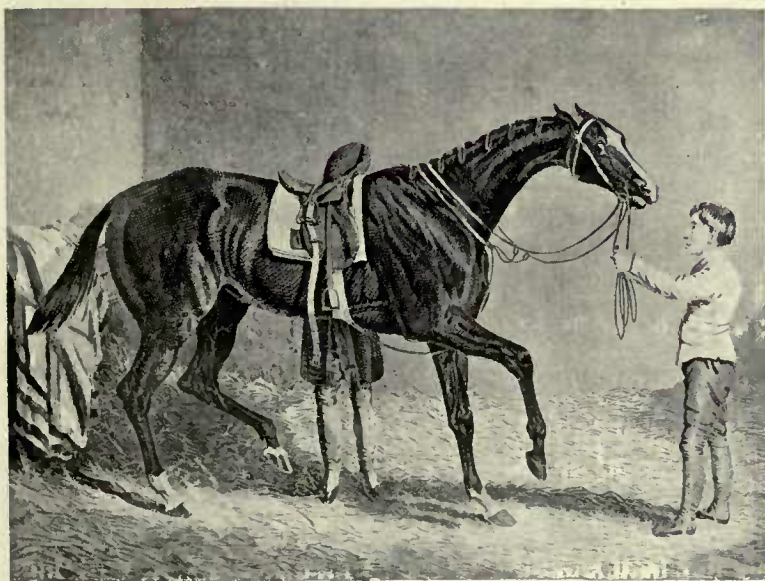
White Ridley ever bred, and only lost *Memnon's* St. Leger owing to having been thrown down. She was sold to George IV., won the Doncaster Cup in 1826 (beating *Humphrey Clinker*) and ran a dead-heat with *Memnon* for second place next year. In 1829 she beat *Mameluke* for the Goodwood Cup, and was kissed by Delmé Radcliffe for doing it. In 1830 she beat *Zinganee*, *The Colonel* and *Glenartney* for the Goodwood Cup again; and in her third effort (at nine years old) for the same race she only succumbed to *Priam*, the best horse on the Turf then, and in the opinion of many good judges one of the six best of that century.

But I have said enough to show that the Blue Ribbons of the Turf were not always bestowed on the best horses of the year, then or now, and I can return with a good conscience to the St. Leger roll for a few more examples of the thoroughbred of the day. By 1820 the popularity of that famous race was so firmly established that no less than twenty-seven horses ran, then the largest field. *Dunsinane* made all the running to the distance, where Sir E. Smith's *St. Patrick* (another lucky mount for Johnson) went to the front and won in a canter. He showed his breeding



Lord Scarborough's "Tarrare" (1823) by "Catton."

(by *Walton* from a daughter of *Dick Andrews*) by winning at York, Ascot, and Pontefract in 1821. An example of a bad horse winning was *Antonio* in 1819, who never did anything else, before or afterwards, and only scored the St. Leger by five horses being left at the post. The race was run again without him and won by *Sir Walter*, but the Stewards awarded it to *Antonio* (by *Octavian*, dam by *Evander*). The field was not brilliant. The race for 1822 was still more surprising, for *Theodore* was so lame that his jockey burst into tears at being ordered to ride him, and odds of £1,000 to a walking-stick were laid against him. He was hustled off from the



Hon. E. L. Mostyn's "Queen of Trumps"
(1832) by "Velocipede."

start with a sharp touch of the spurs, got the lead before he had time to think, and showed he was not *Blacklock's* half-brother for nothing by landing the Leger for Mr. Petre, to the consternation of everybody else except Mr. Mills who had bought Mr. Petre's book and all his chances for £200.

In the next year another confusion was

made with the start. After three futile efforts, twenty-three of the twenty-seven went the whole way, Mr. Peirse's *Carnival* winning. But this time the Stewards ordered a fresh race, in which 12 out of the 27 started and Mr. Peirse's colt (another *Comus*) only got fourth, the first being Mr. Watts' chestnut *Barefoot* by *Tramp*, who passed *Comte d'Artois* 400 yards from home. Bill Scott's first St. Leger winner was *Jack Spigot*, who hated him so heartily that he would never bear the sound of his voice again. Mr. T. Orde Powlett's son of *Ardrossan* (or *Marmion*) was a beautiful colt, and won his race cleverly by half a length. *Ferry's* victory—he was a black son of *Smoiensko*, owned by Mr. Gascoigne—was a better one, and *Brutandorf* was among



Mr. John Bowes' "Mündig" (1832) by "Catton."

the beaten. The finish was, however, very exciting, for *Ferry* had waited all the way; *Streatham* led from the start to a distance and a-half from home; there he was cut down by *Canteen*, who in turn was passed by *Brutendorf*, and *Miller of Mansfield*, only to beat both of them and be caught at the Stand by *Ferry*. In 1827 *Ferry* also beat Lord Scarborough's *Tarrare* (by *Calton*) who won the St. Leger of 1826, from a big field very cleverly, by half a length. Again there was big money won, for *Tarrare* started at twenty to one against, and credited Mr. James Bland with £30,000, while Lord Scarborough's household got £2,500 between them. There were, however, more horses in *Memnon's* year (1825), when thirty faced the starter and the result was sent to London by carrier-pigeons, and to Manchester by trained dogs. This was the fiftieth race since its establishment, and it was signalised by various alterations. The entrance was fixed at £25; the weights at 8st. 6lb. for colts and 8st. 3lb. for fillies; the course at 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards, which it has been ever since. Now, too, the formal parade and canter of the horses was instituted; more stands were erected; and the new arrangements were not long before they received an appropriate consecration.

It was another of the offspring of *Comus* who was destined to confer undying lustre upon the season of 1827. In that year Sir Francis Doyle was an Eton boy, on a visit with Lord Scarborough at Sir William Cooke's house. He started to ride to Doncaster but was knocked off his pony by the branch of a tree. However, his Muse protected him, and inspired so much anticipation of great things to come that he got into his saddle and went on to the racecourse, where he saw "one of the most interesting and remarkable races of the century," which he immortalised in his well-known poem. The rivalry between North and South was always keenest when a Southern-trained Derby winner came up to Doncaster. North-country horses had proved their worth at Epsom since Mr. Cookson's *Sir Harry* won the Derby of 1798, and between that date and 1836 are such names as Mr. Christopher Wilson's *Champion*, Sir H. Williamson's *Ditto* and *Pan*, the Duke of Portland's *Tiresias*, Mr. Ridsdale's *St. Giles*, and Mr. John Bowes' *Mündig* (by *Calton*), who was unplaced in *Queen of Trumps'* St. Leger. But in 1827 there was exceptional interest in the fact that Mr. John Gully had bought *Mameluke*, that year's Derby winner, for £4,000, with the object of winning the great North-country race. This man deserves special mention as a typical character of his time, and his operations are especially interesting in the light of Lord George Bentinck's career a little later.

John Gully was a Gloucestershire man, born at the Crown Inn, Wick, and first

found that he could use his fists when he thrashed a bullying prize-fighter for setting his dog unfairly at a bull. After that, he found himself in a debtor's prison where Pearce, "the Game Chicken," gave him lessons, and suggested a match which was finally arranged through the good offices of Colonel Mellish. Pearce had been brought up to town by Jem Belcher after that extraordinary natural fighter lost his eye from the blow of a racquet-ball, and had promptly smashed the pretensions of Joe Berks (twice), of Elias Spray and of Stephen Carte. Backed by Colonel Mellish, Gully fought his old tutor and met his only defeat, for after a desperate battle Pearce proved himself unequalled, and though Gully always asserted he could have gone on, his backer threw up the sponge, and Pearce claimed the championship. It was challenged from a very unexpected quarter. Jem Belcher insisted on fighting his old friend, and was backed with 500 guineas by Mr. Hitcher Reid, who was not alone in believing that "the Napoleon of the P.R." could not be beaten even with only one eye. Captain Halliday joined in backing the Game Chicken with Colonel Mellish, in whose park at Blythe, some ten miles from the St. Leger course, the fight came off on December 6th, 1805. It ended by a terrific blow from the Chicken which broke two of Belcher's ribs in the eighteenth round. Again, against advice, Belcher emerged from retirement to fight Tom Cribb at Moulsey Hurst, in April, 1807. The road from London looked like the road to Epsom on the Derby Day, and the company was almost as good, for it included the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV. Belcher's extraordinary skill and activity were only beaten by Cribb's stolid endurance and thick skull. Twenty to one on him went begging. After a splendid fight his knuckles were driven in, his hands became utterly useless, and he had to acknowledge a glorious defeat. By 1808 Gully had retired from the championship and the P.R., and Cribb, trained by Captain



Mr. John Gully, M.P.

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Barclay, once more faced Belcher at Epsom Downs in February, 1809, and won by sheer condition, and the same hard training which enabled him to stand up so long against Molineaux two years afterwards, that the black's wind finally went and Cribb broke his jaw with a terrific cross-counter from the right. Not in England only did the English P.R. exercise its ascendancy at this time. In Paris Lord Henry Seymour, younger son of the third Marquis of Hertford, was backing Owen Swift, and was encouraged in his patronage by the Rothschilds, the Duc de Chartres, Captain



John Jackson.

Gronow, Lord Petersham, the Marquis of Waterford, and many more. In England itself, statesmen did not disdain to watch the furious fray when among the spectators were such men as the Rt. Hon. William Windham, Lord Althorp, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Palmerston; and when, among its chroniclers, Literature could number William Hazlitt, "Christopher North," George Borrow, William Makepeace Thackeray, Lord Houghton, Charles Kingsley, and Tom Hughes; nor could Racing circles stand aloof when Assheton Smith, George Osbaldeston, Sir Tatton Sykes, and George Payne were keenly interested. Brutal it may have been, in many ways. But I doubt

whether modern "boxing competitions" are an improvement on it, and in any estimate of the Turf as Lord George Bentinck found it the influence of the P.R. cannot be omitted. It was with the halo of his former triumphs in the P.R. that John Gully first took up racing, and he could never go to Newmarket without the crowd remembering his fight with Gregson for the belt in 1807 at Six Mile Bottom, and his repeated victory next year in Sir John Sebright's park, in Hertfordshire. He had not fought as often as many men; but he had done enough, and by 1830, when he was a betting partner with Ridsdale, his fame at "the corner" was at its zenith; his carriage was dignified and manly, his countenance calm, but defiant, and he looked what he was, one of the

strongest men of his time. But he did not get on well with his friends. He horse-whipped Ridsdale, and there was a regular view-halloa in court when the verdict for damages against him was proclaimed. Squire Osbaldeston had to put a bullet through his hat, too, to teach him manners, a lesson from which even the great Lord George himself was not exempt. His confederacy with Harry Hill brought about the downfall of Danebury, for the time. His taciturnity on a racecourse was only



Hon. E. Petre's "Matilda" (1824) by "Comus."

equalled by his judicious silence as a member of Parliament, where his name to this day is preserved in the honourable position of the First Commoner of England.

To see the betting rooms at Doncaster in such a year as *Margrave's* St. Leger was to realise that some reforms were necessary; Crockford disputing with Jemmy Bland in choicest Billingsgate; Ord shouting bibulous disapproval from the top of a table; Gully waiting with threatening brows to see what would happen next; the white, sardonic countenance of the old Duke of Cleveland watching the whole uproar. But the doings of Messrs. Gully, Hill, Pedley, Arnold, and Turner, the members of what was known as the Danebury Confederacy, must not yet concern us.

It will be enough to say that they helped to make the betting considerably hotter than was necessary. One year, however, Gully lost. It was over *Ferry*, and a friend who had taken his advice lost upwards of £28,000, which he only wiped off in part by following the same astute mentor and backing *Memnon* in 1828. Gully and Ridsdale were baulked in 1827 because Croft and Mr. Gascoigne smelt a rat, and at the last moment gave the mount to Ben Smith instead of Edwards. Mr. Gully's b.c. *Mameluke* (by *Partisan*) was only beaten at the last moment by Mr. Petre's *Matilda*,



"*Sir Hercules*" (1826) by "Whalebone."

a *Comus* filly, who was very little over fourteen hands as a yearling, and turned into one of the smartest three-year-olds ever saddled. Mr. Petre won again the next year with *The Colonel*, who ran a dead-heat for the Derby with *Cadland*, as is shown in the fine painting I reproduce for the frontispiece to this volume by permission of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. He ran another dead-heat at Ascot for the Oaklands, and when he stood at the Hampton Court stud he was "the beau ideal of an English thoroughbred." *Memnon's* year must not be passed over, for it was rendered memorable by Gully's extreme confidence in the powers of Mr. Watts' bay son of *Whisker*.

His sporting owner refused an offer of 4,000 guineas two months before the race from parties who had bet heavily against him, on the very proper ground that "till after the St. Leger he was the property of the public." Who the would-be purchasers were may be guessed from the fact that Gully had netted



"Oxygen" (1828) by "Emilius."

(1) 1,000 to 25 that *Memnon* and *Alderman* were first and second; (2) 1,000 to 20 that he placed these two horses; (3) 1,500 to 1,000 that if first and second were their places, *Memnon* would be first. *Memnon* was by *Whisker*, and *Whalebone* had two good sons about the same time: The first was *Sir Hercules*, who was third to *Rowton* and *Voltaire*, in 1829, won the Claret Stakes of 1830, and became the sire of *Birdcatcher*, *Maria*, *Gemma di Vergy*, and many other good ones; the second was *Spaniel* ("with hide of silk and heart of oak"), who won the Derby of 1831. I have



"Chorister" (1828) by "Lottery."

already spoken of the beauty of *Emilius'* get; his reputation was yet further increased by the victory of *Oxygen* for the Oaks in 1831. The St. Leger of the same year was won by Lord Cleveland's *Chorister*, the first of *Lottery's* stock to race, who only just beat *The Saddler*, after an exciting finish, by a head.

This brings us to the period from 1830 to 1846, which I had marked out as the years with which the name of Lord George Bentinck is chiefly connected. I have illustrated the horses of that period rather fully, for they were a remarkable lot in many ways; but I must now turn for a short time to the men. The reign of George IV. had, of course, produced many ardent Turfites who had followed in their Royal master's footsteps. Many, like his "Master of Horse," Delmé Radcliffe, have been already mentioned. The Duke of York (who died in 1827) was equally conspicuous. Colonel Udny and Mr. Hunter (who won the Derby with a grey in 1821) carried on the traditions of the old school, represented by Lord Egremont, who won his first Derby in 1782 with *Assassin*, and his last in 1826 with *Lapdog*. Other famous



"Spaniel" (1828) by "Whalebone."

owners were the Duke of Rutland (*Cadland*), Lord Jersey (the two *Middletons*, *Glenartney* and *Mameluke*), Sir John Shelley (*Phantom*), the Duke of Portland, owner of *Tiresias*, and father of Lord George Bentinck, Lord Exeter, the Duke of Richmond, and many more. A conspicuous figure was Jack Mytton of Halston, in Shropshire, who came into

large estates at his majority. When only fourteen he wrote to Lord Chancellor Eldon announcing that, as he intended to marry, £400 a year was not sufficient. That stern Judge replied:—"If you can't live on your allowance you must starve, and if you marry I'll commit you to prison." Jack entered the 7th Hussars a few years later, and began his education in Paris with the Army of Occupation. He went in for racing as hard as for every other form of sport, and owned *Banker*, who won sixteen races, among other good animals. But gambling killed him. He lost £10,000 to Mr. Ester at Calais over a single game of billiards. By 1831 his estates were gone. By 1834 he died a prisoner for debt. Before that year George IV. had passed away, and *Blacklock* was no more. Delmé

Radcliffe had gone too, a loss which probably contributed to the withdrawal of William IV. from a sport which his sympathy had never very warmly supported. But the Turf was fortunate in having such friends as the fourth Duke of Grafton (who died in 1844); the fifth Earl of Jersey, who owned *Riddlesworth*, *Glencoe*, *Ibrahim*, *Bay Middleton*, and *Achmet*; General Peel, the hero of the *Running Rein* Derby; and Sir Mark Wood, of Lower Hare Park, who owned those famous mares, *Camarine* and *Lucetta*. Then there was Major Wilson (Lord Berners), who won the One Thousand in 1834 and the Derby in 1837 with *Mayday*, and *Phosphorus*, both by *Lamplighter*; the Marquis of Exeter, owner of the flying *Galata*; Mr. C. Greville; Mr. Houldsworth; Lord Lowther (second Earl of Lonsdale), who won with the outsider *Spaniel*; Mr. Batson, who owned *Plenipotentiary*; Mr. John Bowes, of Streatlam; Lord Mostyn, owner of *Queen of Trumps*; the second Earl Grosvenor (afterwards Marquis of Westminster), owner of *Touchstone*; Lord Chesterfield, and many more, who were more or less contemporary with Lord George Bentinck.

It was appropriate that Lord George's father should have established by legal decision (in 1827) the right of the Jockey Club to warn off undesirable characters from New-

market Heath, and also that the important change should have been instituted about this time of calculating horses' ages from January 1st instead of May 1st. The air seemed full of reform, and the right man for the work soon made his appearance.

Lord William George Frederick Cavendish Bentinck was born at Welbeck on February 27th, 1802, the second son of the owner of *Tiresias*. The Army and Politics did their best to divide him between them as soon as he reached man's estate, and there is a story of a duel in the 10th Hussars which does not read very creditably to Lord George, especially as he found it possible later on to swallow his principles



Lord George Bentinck.

and meet Mr. Osbaldeston. No one could ever accuse him of want of courage on either occasion. But he was no doubt offensively arrogant ; and the truth lies rather between the extravagant hero-worship of John Kent and the deliberate belittlement of John Day. The removal of his horses from Danebury is a sufficient reason for the latter, just as the subsequent success of the sky-blue and white is sufficient explanation of the former. This momentous change, which occurred in 1841, really marked the crisis of his career. With as many as sixty horses running in public, a stud of a hundred, three training establishments, and huge subsidiary expenses, he was obliged to bet heavily to keep it all going. He did. He stood to win £150,000 on *Gaper* for the Derby, and though that horse did not get a place,



"*Elis*" (1833) by "Langar."

Lord George landed £30,000 on *Cotherstone*. In 1845 he won £100,000 by betting alone. But his expenses that year must have been at least £50,000, and on *Farintosh* alone he lost £3,000 in stakes. *Crucifix*, however, was more than a compensation. She won the Two Thousand, One Thousand, and Oaks of 1840, the latter

in presence of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, after sixteen false starts.

Dressed in buckskin breeches, made from the hides of his own stags, with well-cut boots of the orthodox length and antique colouring, a buff waistcoat, a scarf that was only to be worn once (though it cost a guinea), and a big ruby in it, and double-breasted coat ornamented by the buttons of the Jockey Club, he made a characteristic and patrician figure at Newmarket or any other racecourse ; and when waving the starting flag in his hand and followed by a score of racehorses, as happened at the Great Yorkshire Handicap, he was certainly a picture not easy to be forgotten. His reforms at the start, with his "advance-flag," were but a small part of what he did for the Turf. He forced trainers and jockeys to come out sharp to



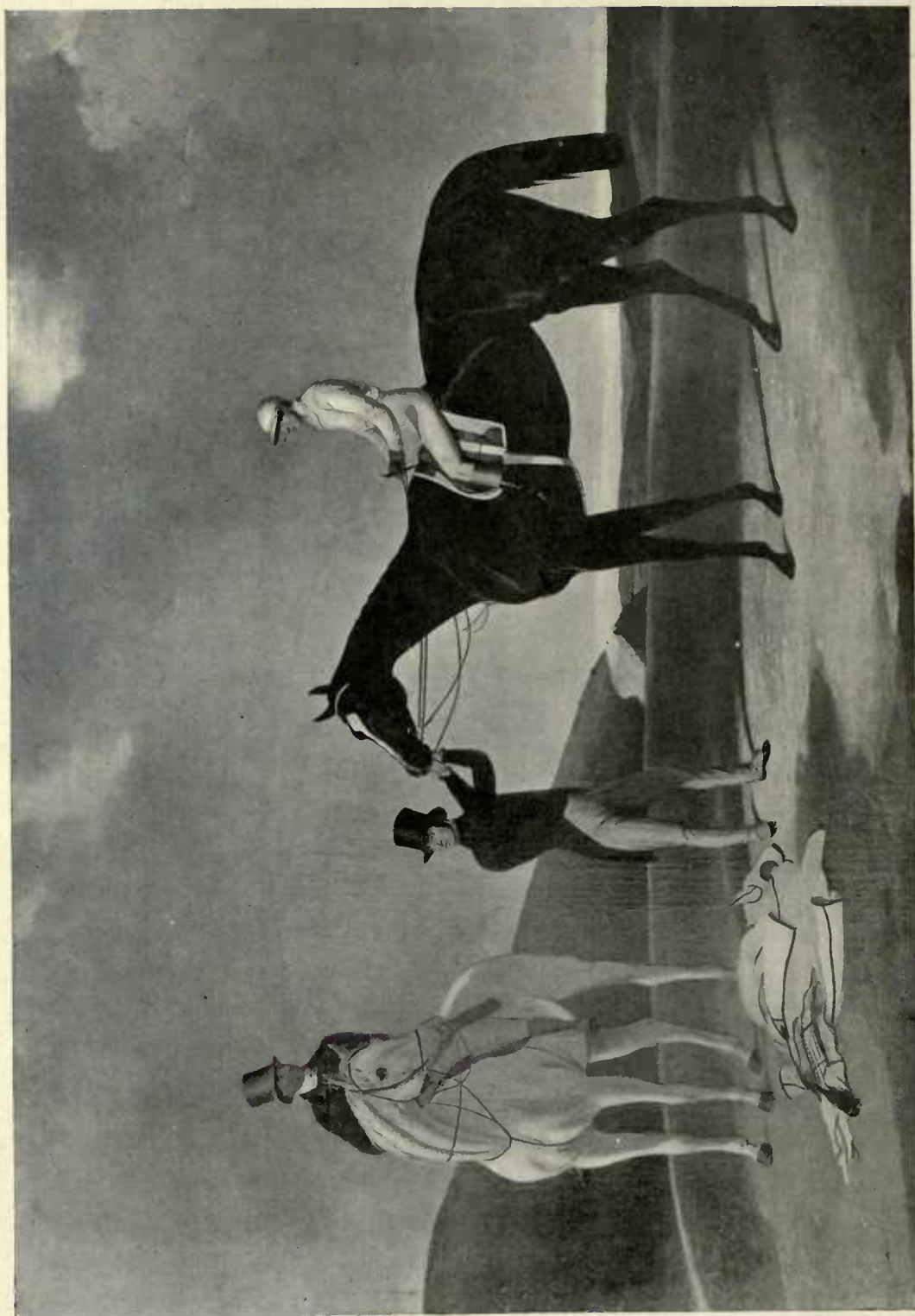


From the painting by J. F. Harding.

Crucifix (1837)
By permission of the Earl of Rosebery

time. He cleared the racecourse of defaulters. He gave frequent and practical expression of his hatred of all that was cruel and unjust. He did good all round, because he had done everything himself ever since, in 1824, he had ridden Mr. Poyntz's chestnut mare *Oliva* for the Cocked Hat Stakes at Goodwood, the meeting with which his name is more closely connected than it is with any other.

By 1827 he had already induced his father, the Duke of Portland, to support the Stakes Cup, and Drawing Room Stakes at Goodwood; but heavy losses over *Tarrare's* St. Leger compelled him to give up racing for a time. But he could not keep off the Turf. In the names of his valued friend, the fifth Duke of Richmond, with whose help he did so much for Goodwood, of his cousin, Mr. Greville, of Lord Orford, or of Lord Lichfield, the latter in the case of *Elis*, Lord George soon had his horses running on many different courses. But as the Duke of Richmond did not wish the number of horses running in his own name to be increased at Goodwood, Lord George established a stud at Danebury, with John Barham Day, and laid out £1,500 on bonedust alone. The first stallion, bought from Lord Jersey for £4,000, was *Bay Middleton*. Though he was the sire of *The Flying Dutchman*, *Andover*, and *Hermit*, he was not successful for Lord George. *Venison* did better, but was let to Mr. Sadler. In fact, if Lord George had not bought largely as well as bred, he would not have achieved his best successes. *Crucifix*, for instance, he bought from Lord Chesterfield for £60. *Chapeau d'Espagne* and *Grey Momus* were other winners he owned at this period, when victories seemed literally to rain upon him. To give some idea of his methods, it is worth mentioning that as soon as he found out *Crucifix's* form as a yearling, he entered her for every race then unclosed, and with her every horse he owned of the same age, so that no one should spot his favourite. Again, the famous episode of vanning *Elis* to Newmarket had its business side almost as strongly developed; for Lord George refused to run the horse until he could obtain the odds at twelve to one to £1,000, knowing that no one would be in a position to make such a bet unless he had previously backed *Elis* heavily on knowledge which should not have leaked out. He got *Elis* to the meeting in time, and won the money; indeed, as the late Lord Winchilsea observed, "It is difficult to say what Lord George Bentinck and relays of post-horses could *not* have done." In 1844 he ran 38 different horses in 182 races, in places scattered all over England, and in 1845, 30 horses in 190 races. *Emilius*, and his sire *Priam*, shared his affections with *Bay Middleton* as sires, and it was chiefly because *Crucifix* was *Priam's* daughter that he bought her, when both she and her aged dam looked



By permission of Leopold de Rothschild, Esq.

Lord George Bentinck's "Miss Elis."

about as ragged and unpromising as any bloodstock ever seen. "Lord George," wrote Greville in his diary, "did nothing by halves, and was afraid of no man."

His *Miss Elis* I reproduce from a painting, by Abraham Cooper, now in the possession of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, which was presented to Kent in memory of the triumphs in the Goodwood Stakes and Goodwood Cup, over which Lord George won £30,000 in bets. Abdale is mounted, John is leading her (dressed in his Gordon tartan waistcoat), and Kent is on the old grey mare in the Cluny Macpherson waistcoat, which is rather hidden by her head. Lord George further suggested "Kitchener walking away in the distance, loaded with a leathern purse, with 'Goodwood Stakes' inscribed upon it," but this the artist wisely omitted. It brings those days much nearer to us to remember that Abdale only died in December, 1902, at Richmond (Yorks), in his 78th year. A replica of the painting hangs in Welbeck Abbey, where the present Duke, who does not bet at all, is just as proud of *St. Simon* as ever Lord George was of *Miss Elis*. But the good Lord George did to the Goodwood Meeting and to racing in general is not to be measured by the extent of his own gains or even by the names of his own winners.

There have probably been few greater sensations in the world of sport than that felt at the Goodwood Meeting of 1846, when it was found that Mr. Mostyn had bought Lord George's entire racing outfit for £10,000. "The world," said Lord Beaconsfield, "has hardly done justice to the great sacrifice which he made on this occasion to a high sense of duty. He had not only parted with the finest racing stud in England, but he parted with it at a moment when its prospects were never so brilliant, and he knew this well." Among the stud thus abruptly dispersed was *Surplice*, the winner of the Derby and St. Leger of 1848. Lord Beaconsfield describes how Lord George bore that supreme irony of fate. His resolutions in favour of the Colonial interest had been negatived after all his labours by the Committee on the 22nd and 24th. On the night of that second day he heard that the horse he had sold had won the Derby.

"He had nothing to console him and nothing to sustain him except his pride. Even that deserted him before a heart which he knew at least could yield him sympathy. He gave a sort of superb groan.

"All my life I have been trying for this, and for what have I sacrificed it?" he murmured.

"It was in vain to offer solace.

"You do not know what the Derby is," he moaned out.

"Yes, I do," replied Lord Beaconsfield, 'It is the Blue Ribbon of the Turf.'

"It is the Blue Ribbon of the Turf," he slowly repeated to himself, and sitting down at a table buried himself in a folio of statistics."

Four months later he was dead.

He was found in a meadow on his father's estate of Welbeck, suddenly slain by a spasm of the heart. The strain of politics had proved too much for him. "He never did anything by halves," wrote Greville, "and having accepted the responsible post of leader of his party, he resolved to devote himself to their service and did so without stint or reserve."

During the time he had been on the Turf some magnificent animals made their reputation. There were, among others, Lord Jersey's undefeated *Bay Middleton*; *Elis*; *Cyprian*; Mr. Ord's *Beeswing*, by *Dr. Syntax*, the pride of Northumberland, who won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster in 1835, and beat *Charles XII.* for the Cup in 1842; *Harkaway*, by *Economist* (foaled in Ireland), with his huge easy stride, *Industry* by *Priam*, *Bloomsbury*, by *Mulatto*, Mr. Thornhill's *Euclid*, by *Emilius*, the Marquis of Westminster's *Satirist*, by *Pantaloön*, and his sister *Ghuznee*, *Our Nell*, Colonel Anson's *Attila*, *Touchstone's* son *Cotherstone*, who won one of Mr. John Bowes' Derbys, *Blue Bonnet*, by the same great sire, Lord Chesterfield's *Don John*, *Coronation*, by *Sir Hercules*, *Nutwith*, *Lancelot*, *Weathergage*, and many more.

By 1850 we come to that immortal pair, *Voltigeur* and *The Flying Dutchman*, and in the next volume I shall describe more closely the early part of that Victorian Era in which these two were among the most prominent horses on the English Turf.



The Duke of Schleswig-Holstein's "Logic."

END OF PART II., VOL. II.



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